THE LITERARY DIGEST

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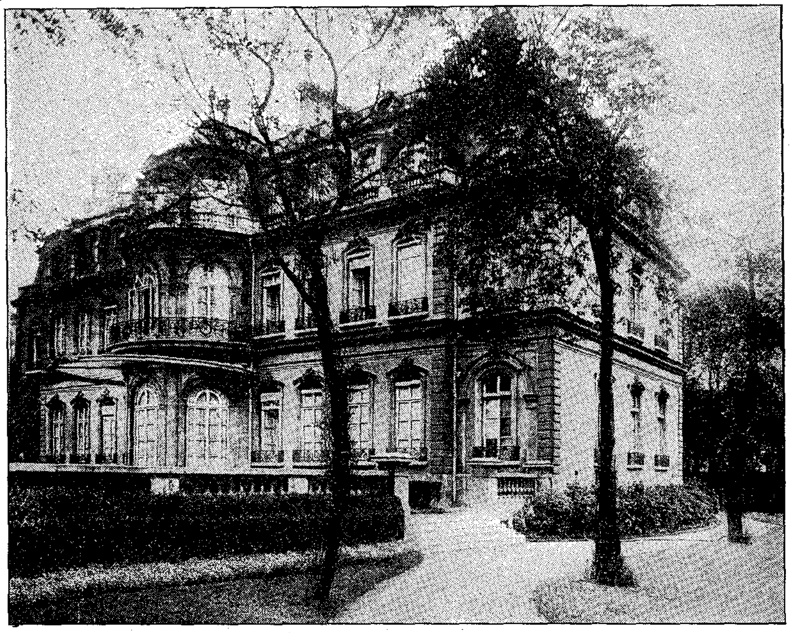
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

WHAT GERMANY MUST PAY

GERMANY HAS HAD HER WAR-DANCE and must now pay the piper. In 1871, Germany made France pay the full price of defeat; if she had won the present war, to use the words of a German business man, she "would have dictated peace at Buckingham Palace, and annexed the entire continent from the Ural Mountains to the Bay of Biscay." There is no indication that the Allies will dictate any such robber's peace, but they are determined, to judge from the pledges of Allied rulers, the emphatic declarations of the Allied press, and the stern comment of the man on the street in London and Paris and Antwerp and Chicago, to make Germany pay for the wreck and ruin she brought upon the world.



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"LA MAISON BLANCHE,"

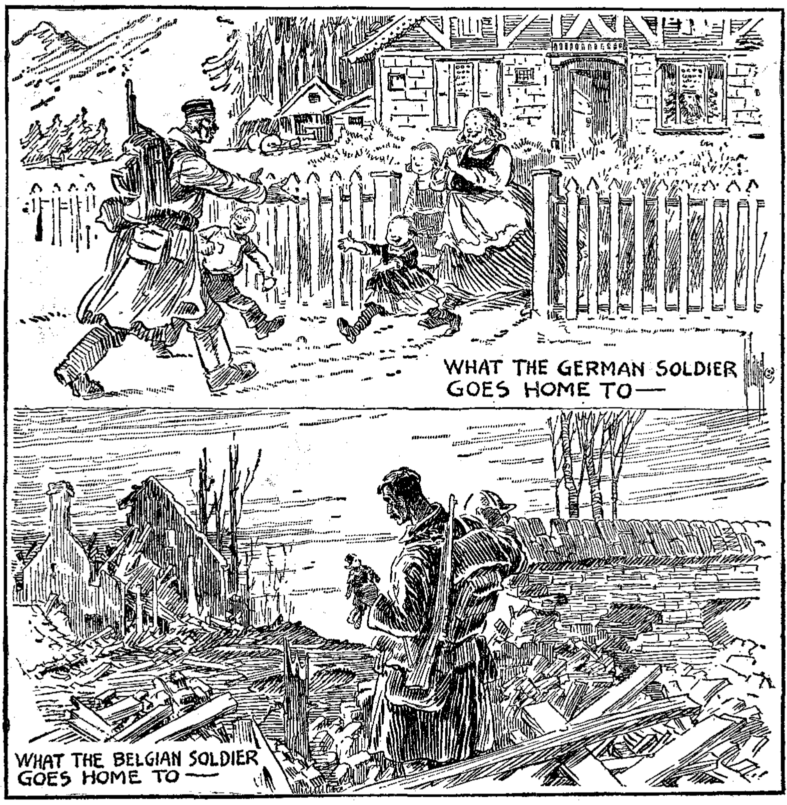
As the French call the Murat mansion, which is President Wilson's official residence in Paris, his temporary White House while absent from Washington.

President Wilson's leadership in peace-making has been distrusted by some on the ground that he might be led to favor a "soft" peace with our beaten but unrepenting foe. He answered such critics when he told President Poincaré in Paris that he fully appreciated "the necessity of such action in the final settlement of the issues of the war as will not only rebuke such acts of terror and spoliation, but make men everywhere aware that they can not be ventured upon without the certainty of just punishment." This declaration must set at rest those anxious ones who feared Mr. Wilson "might be lenient with the German criminals," says the Pittsburg *Post*. In the paragraph just quoted, it seems to another Pennsylvania editor that Mr. Wilson "commits himself by all the laws of logic not merely to the doing of justice, but to the doing of punitive justice." There must be, we are told, "not alone the reestablishment of that which Germany has thrown down and destroyed, but that reestablishment must be attended by penalty for Germany's crime, such penalty as will be notable in history and stand monumental before future ages." Several other editors are convinced by recent utterances of the President that he will be found in complete agreement with the Allied leaders in regard to the demands to be made upon Germany, whatever differences of opinion may develop in regard to such schemes for future peace as the league of nations. Indeed, it may be gathered from the dispatches of those newspaper correspondents who are trying to interpret the Presidential mind and forecast the decisions of the Peace Conference that the essential difference of opinion between President Wilson and Allied statesmen may be purely one of emphasis. Mr. David Lawrence cables from Paris to the New York *Evening Post* that President Wilson believes that the method of righting even such fiendish wrongs as those committed by the Central Empires "should not partake of the nature of loot or new wrongs," and thinks that Socialist sentiment "for no annexation and no indemnities is still unchanged among the masses."

But all the European Allies, declared Mr. Lloyd George in his appeal to the electorate of England, "have accepted the principle that the Central Powers must pay the cost of the war up to the limit of their capacity." This would seem to be a rejection of the "no indemnities" principle, but that formula "appears to be in process of abandonment by pretty much everybody" in this country, according to the Venango *Herald*, and the New York *Globe* voices the sentiment of many papers when it says:

> "If there were any signs of contrition for the countless crimes committed it might be different. The defeated army, which murdered and raped and devastated the fair lands of France and Belgium, is welcomed back in Germany as a victorious one and glorified by the people. And in every German home tonight they are probably strafing America and Great Britain and France and Italy just as hard as ever. The bully is on his back. The flag he flies is white, but his heart is as black as ever."

In one of the most conspicuously German of American cities the stanchly patriotic Milwaukee *Journal* warns its readers against a propaganda to induce sympathy for Germany and secure a mitigation of the terms on which she will get peace. "Out upon all such sickly sentimentality," says *The Journal*, in effect: "To put Germany where she belongs, to make her pay for the wrongs she has inflicted, to render her helpless to pounce upon the world in the future, that is a duty which we owe to civilization and to posterity." There is "a whirlwind of destruction rising against the deluded, the feeble, and the treasonable among Americans, those who are beginning to protect the unrepentant enemy country against punishment for its crimes." This whirlwind, declares the Washington *Post*, is the returning American Army, which has "caught the *Boche* in the basest acts of treachery and foulness," and coming home as a great political force will see to it "that the United States stands by its Allies to the end of the chapter of this war, which means that unless every American public official helps to make Germany pay for the damage she has caused, he must take the consequences." The contrast between "stricken France" and "unravished Germany" must be making a mighty and lasting impression upon the soldiers of all the Allied armies, the New York *Tribune* believes. And the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* sees in this contrast a plain proof that if Germany does not pay indemnities to the Allies, they will be paying indemnities to her. It asks us to face these facts:


WHAT THE GERMAN SOLDIER GOES HOME TO—
WHAT THE BELGIAN SOLDIER GOES HOME TO—

CHRISTMAS.

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

"Germany has waged a war almost wholly on Allied territory. Correspondents accompanying the various Allied armies into the Rhine country are struck with the poignant, stinging contrast between the sleek, comfortable, unharmed German cities which slip into peace almost as easily as American cities and the burned, dynamited, tragedy-haunted French and Belgian cities. If there were no reparation to France and Belgium, Germany would have won the war. She would enter the profitable competition of peace with a heavy handicap in her favor. It would be as if one mill-owner burned his rival's mill and was not asked to pay for it. He would soon get all the trade."

Then, "Germany has fought a cheap war. It cost her less than it did Britain, and her indebtedness is to her own people." During the war American indebtedness abroad has been reduced by several billions, "and on top of that America has loaned Allied Europe eleven billions." *The Ledger* asks: "Is Germany to shoulder none of this debt? If so, her late war was the most profitable investment in history." Of course, "there will be preferred payments and deferred payments." Belgium, France, Italy, and Servia "can not wait." If German cash is lacking, or useless to these sadly reduced peoples, "German labor could quite fairly be drafted to this superlatively just task of reparation." There is talk that Germany might pay her debts by "dumping German goods" in Allied countries, and that a boycott might endanger payments. But in any case, observes the Philadelphia paper, "it is not likely that either German products or German immigrants will be welcomed in any Allied nation for many a day. There will be a sentimental tariff against them, whatever the fiscal authorities do." The limit of indemnity is, according to this writer, "how heavy a burden can be safely laid upon the German people without risk of Bolshevism and repudiation on the one hand or a naked war of liberation on the other." Recent facts seem to indicate that Germany is "still stolidly Germany," and *The Ledger* concludes that there is "every prospect that the Peace Conference will have a solid German Government to deal with, and that it can safely impose conditions which will leave no doubt in the German mind for a generation as to who won the war."

After the signing of the armistice (on the basis, it will be remembered, of German acceptance of Mr. Wilson's "fourteen points"), the Cologne Chamber of Commerce began to prepare for peace by adopting a resolution "expressing the hope that the destruction of French and Belgian industries would allow a rapid recovery of German power." To *The Wall Street Journal*, which notes this little revelation of German idealism, it seems highly important that consideration should be given to a "fifteenth term for peace":

"In substance, that point should declare that Germany shall not profit through the wrecking of any Allied industry. Except to admit necessary foodstuffs, the blockade should not be lifted until every Allied country from England to Servia has been industrially rebuilt. One object of the wholesale murder of civilians was to weaken industrially the enemy countries. The greater proportionate loss of man-power in the Allied countries should be met by restrictions on the entry of raw materials into Germany. Every piece of stolen machinery should be returned before her own industries are allowed to resume.

"One of the departments of the Government at Washington has in its files a report of a German commission on industry after the war. Reading this, one can understand the motive for what at one time looked like pure vandalism. Vandalism it was, by descendants of the Vandals, but it was a deliberate destruction of international competitors, killing the workmen—and workwomen—and destroying plants and machinery for the one purpose of removing competition. A physical injury to a child helped to weaken future competition in the world's trade; and it was upon the power gained thereby that Germany hoped to launch another war for world domination. . . . . . .

"A peace that gives the cold-blooded perpetrators of these crimes an advantage over their victims would not be equitable. If any must suffer, let it be those who are guilty, but don't give them a start ahead of their victims."

So much for the desirability or necessity of presenting a bill to Germany at the Peace Conference. But how large will be the bill? Estimates run all the way from *The New Republic's* $10,000,000,000 for "reparation only" to Lloyd George's $120,000,000,000 to cover the whole cost of the war. This estimate of the total combined Allied claims against Germany, for expenses and actual damages, appears in the New York *Times:*

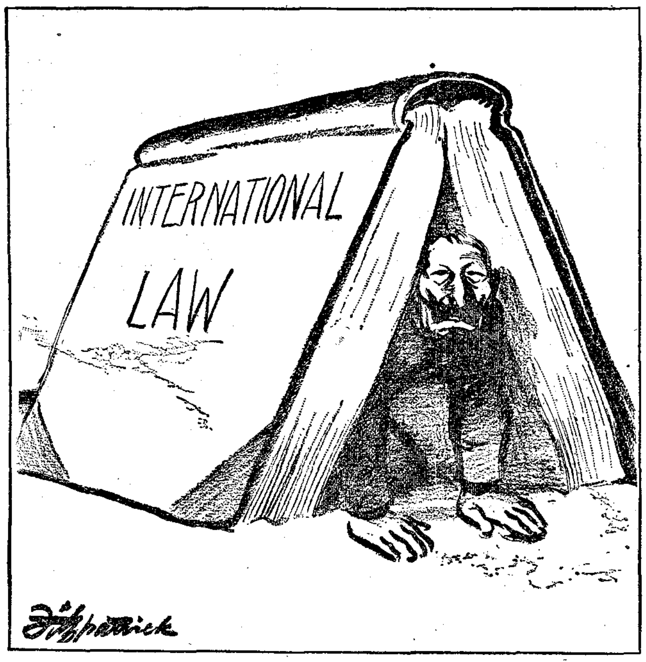
Great Britain	$41,500,000,000
United States	18,000,000,000
France	26,800,000,000
Russia	21,500,000,000
Italy	8,500,000,000
Belgium, etc	7,100,000,000
Total	$123,400,000,000

The British bill, it may be noted, includes $4,000,000,000 for ship losses and $3,000,000,000 for air-raid losses. *Le Matin* (Paris) estimates Germany's debt to France at $68,000,000,000. This includes $28,000,000,000 for the cost of the war, and twelve billions for the return of the 1871 indemnity with interest. Belgium's demands were discust briefly in our issue of last week.

Secretary Daniels said recently that the United States will ask for no territory or indemnity. But representative papers like the New York *Times*, Syracuse *Post-Standard*, Buffalo *Express*, and Sacramento *Bee* all insist that while we might or perhaps should claim no war-expenses from Germany, "we must exact payment," in the words of the Syracuse daily, "to the last penny for losses suffered through illegal warfare." Germany's submarine campaign cost us, according to this paper's figures, 375,000 tons of shipping and 775 civilian lives. If we take the burden of payment for this property and these lives from the guilty shoulders of Germany it would only be to "pass it on to the innocent shoulders of the American taxpayer," which, the New York *Times* declares, would be "rank injustice."

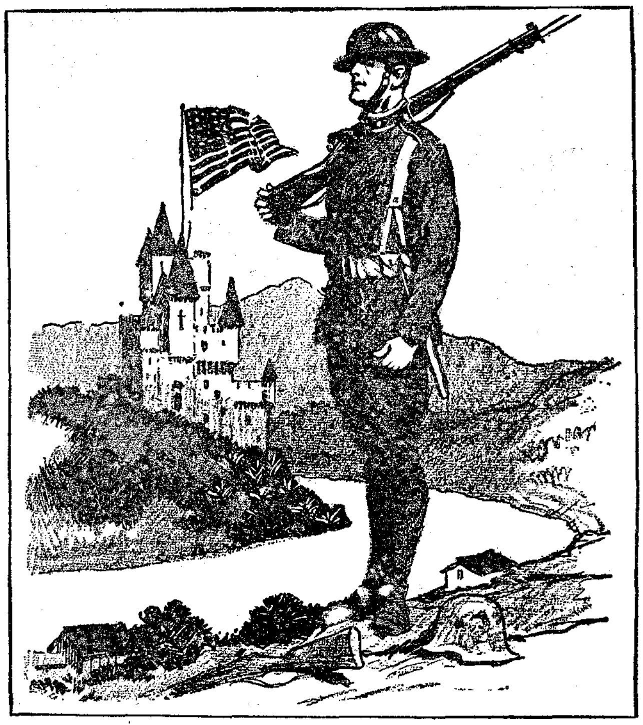
To "pick the bones of Germany" by demanding an indemnity of 120 billions or even more is repugnant to some elements in Allied countries. Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick writes to the Springfield *Republican* to demand that "there be no talk of punishment" of any sort at the peace table. Socialists in all countries, says *The Republican* editorially, agree that the only safe plan is "for each nation to pocket its own" war-losses. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, of England, opines that Germany's punishment has already been terrible enough to satisfy everybody who is intelligent enough to understand "what the downfall and failure of a great Power mean." Rather than punish Germany, it is now our duty, the Manchester *Guardian* quotes him as saying, to help her. The most pressing thing to do "is to set her on her legs again; for nobody who is not a political lunatic can face the prospect of a European chaos." A like stand is taken by *The New Republic* in this country.

Even such uncompromising foes of Germany as the New York *Sun* and Philadelphia *Inquirer* admit the impossibility of collecting anything like the whole cost of the war from Germany. One grave problem is presented by two correspondents of the New York *Globe* and Chicago *Daily News* in a dispatch from Paris. They ask whether such supposedly friendly peoples in Austria and Germany as the Poles of Posen, the Danes of Schleswig, Roumanians, Jugo-Slavs, Czechs, and Slovaks should be made help pay the bill. If they are exempted it will, of course, diminish the total indemnities which can be collected from the Central Powers.



A GOOD THING—NOW.
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

But some of our papers, notably the Indianapolis *Times* and the Mobile *Register*, are thoroughly convinced from recent information contained in European dispatches that Germany is quite able to pay a reasonable indemnity. They cite the London *Daily Mail* as authority for a statement that Germany's war-debt, being owed mainly to Germans, should be repudiated or set aside until Allied claims are met. Then there are the German mineral deposits, whose value alone is set at something like four hundred billions. The large properties of the Hohenzollerns and the Junkers could easily be confiscated. In the New York *Tribune* Mr. Gustave Miller explains how Germany could pay an indemnity of 100 billion dollars on the instalment plan, with interest. This would mean an annual payment of five billions for thirty-nine and a half years. Here is his plan in brief:



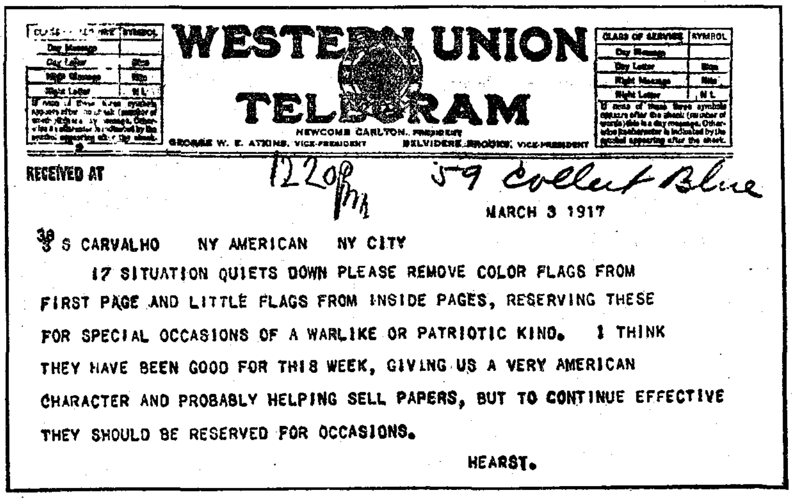
THE NEW SENTRY: THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.
—From *The Camp Lee Bayonet*.

> First of all, Germany's war-debt is to be repudiated, and also the prewar debts of individual states. Germany will save large sums by the elimination of all expenditures for colonies, Army, Navy, and royal houses. The income from state domains can be increased very largely through introduction of methods of intensive cultivation. The profits of the Prussian *Seehandlung* (a state banking house) can be turned into the indemnity fund. German railroads, by economy and by raising rates, can be made to produce a greatly increased revenue, and the same is true of street-car lines and post-office, telegraph and telephone systems. The forests of Germany, which have been so largely used as hunting preserves, can be made to produce a revenue well in the millions. The entire output of the German iron-mines can be taken over and would produce alone a billion marks a year. Half that sum could be obtained from coal and lignite production. Tens of millions of marks could be obtained from utilizing Germany's rivers for generating electricity. Taxes on potash, beer, wine, salt, tobacco, and sugar would yield millions more. Still more funds can be obtained from an inheritance tax, stamp taxes on commercial paper, sales taxes, and an income tax levied chiefly on large incomes. During the years of indemnity-payment Germans are not to be allowed to emigrate. Profits and earnings will, of course, be greatly curtailed and the standard of living will be lowered, but the Germans will still be better off than during the war and much better off than the Belgians, the Servians, and the French in the occupied provinces. They will suffer, but "they deserve punishment; they must be made to repent and must be prevented from again attacking humanity, at least during this generation."

MR. HEARST'S AMERICANISM

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST confidently protests the purity and worth of his Americanism as preached daily to more than 3,000,000 readers by his nation-wide chain of newspapers, and declares that "it is not for me or for the Hearst papers to make any defense" as a result of the testimony recently laid before a Senate investigating committee by agents of the Department of Justice and of the Military Intelligence Service. In the course of this testimony we learn that Dr. Albert Feuhr, who before our entry into the war was attached to the German Embassy at Washington as a director of German propaganda, paid the following tribute to the Hearst press in a confidential communication to the Imperial Government at Berlin:

"The Hearst newspapers, with their sharply anti-English tendency, are much more effective in support of our cause than newspapers with pronounced pro-German orientation could possibly be."


WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT
GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, VICE-PRESIDENT
BELVIDERE BROOKS, VICE-PRESIDENT

RECEIVED AT 1220pm 59 Collect Blue

MARCH 3 1917

38 3 S CARVALHO NY AMERICAN NY CITY

17 SITUATION QUIETS DOWN PLEASE REMOVE COLOR FLAGS FROM FIRST PAGE AND LITTLE FLAGS FROM INSIDE PAGES, RESERVING THESE FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS OF A WARLIKE OR PATRIOTIC KIND. I THINK THEY HAVE BEEN GOOD FOR THIS WEEK, GIVING US A VERY AMERICAN CHARACTER AND PROBABLY HELPING SELL PAPERS, BUT TO CONTINUE EFFECTIVE THEY SHOULD BE RESERVED FOR OCCASIONS.

HEARST.

WHAT THE FLAG IS GOOD FOR.

A telegram introduced at a hearing of the Senate Committee investigating German propaganda in America.

Dr. Feuhr's judgment "seems to be well supported by the facts," remarks the Peoria *Transcript*, while other papers argue that even now danger lurks in Mr. Hearst's well-known and persistent hostility toward England and Japan. "No man can perform a worse service than to stir the sensitive chords of race feeling between the United States and Japan," affirms the St. Louis *Star;* and many editors on both sides of the Atlantic believe that the best guaranty of the future peace of the world will be found in the willingness of the United States and the British Empire to stand shoulder to shoulder in comradeship and understanding.

Captain Lester, of the Military Intelligence Service, read into the records of the investigating committee an editorial which appeared in Mr. Hearst's New York *American* on April 25, 1917, about three weeks after the United States entered the war. This editorial, which declared that we were being virtually made the catspaw of England, led to the following colloquy between Senator Sterling and Captain Lester:

SENATOR STERLING—"Since this was published after we entered the war, and since it is a bitter attack upon England, and intended to create suspicion and distrust of England, our principal ally in the war, would it be said to be other than simply pro-German? Would it be called anti-American, since it was published after we entered the war?"

CAPTAIN LESTER—"There is no question about that. . . . It was anti-American and pro-German."

SENATOR STERLING—"What would you say its effect as a whole would be?"

CAPTAIN LESTER—"If every official in the government service of the United States, from the Chief Executive, and every male citizen of the age of eighteen and up, had read that article and believed it, they would have quit, laid down."

SENATOR STERLING—"And there would have been no unconditional surrender by this time?"

CAPTAIN LESTER—"It would have been unconditional surrender by the United States."

SENATOR NELSON—"To Germany?"

CAPTAIN LESTER—"Yes, sir."

Before the same committee Mr. A. Bruce Bielaski, chief of the bureau of investigation of the Department of Justice, testified that before our entry into the war the Hearst organs "were the most pronounced in favor of Germany," and of Hearst himself he said that "there is no other newspaper man whose attitude was so friendly to Germany." Even after we entered the war, according to this government official, Mr. Hearst's attitude "continued very questionable," and "many articles published in his papers, if published after the passage of the Espionage Act as amended, would have subjected him to prosecution." "It is certain," remarks the Springfield *Republican*, "that Berlin appreciated the services of these papers, which, it must be said in fairness, were not paid for." Altho a fund of nearly $28,000,000 was dedicated to German propaganda here, the Department of Justice attributed Mr. Hearst's attitude solely to his anti-British and anti-Japanese bias. Some of Mr. Hearst's employees, however, according to Mr. Bielaski, were on the payroll of the German Government. In a Washington dispatch to the Boston *Christian Science Monitor* we read:

"One of the reasons why the International News Service was banned from Great Britain and France, Mr. Bielaski said, was because there were strong suspicions that in some of Dr. William Bayard Hale's dispatches to the Hearst papers were code messages from the German Government.

"'Why did Mr. Hearst favor the German cause?' asked Knute Nelson, Senator from Minnesota.

"'Because of his intense hatred of Great Britain, his close friendship with von Bernstorff, and his hatred of Japan.' Mr. Bielaski answered in substance.

"On three counts particularly it was indicated that Mr. Hearst had played an obstructive game even after the United States entered the war.

"1. He opposed sending United States troops to Europe.

"2. He had, before the passage of the Espionage Act, published articles which in a veiled manner were commendatory of Germany.

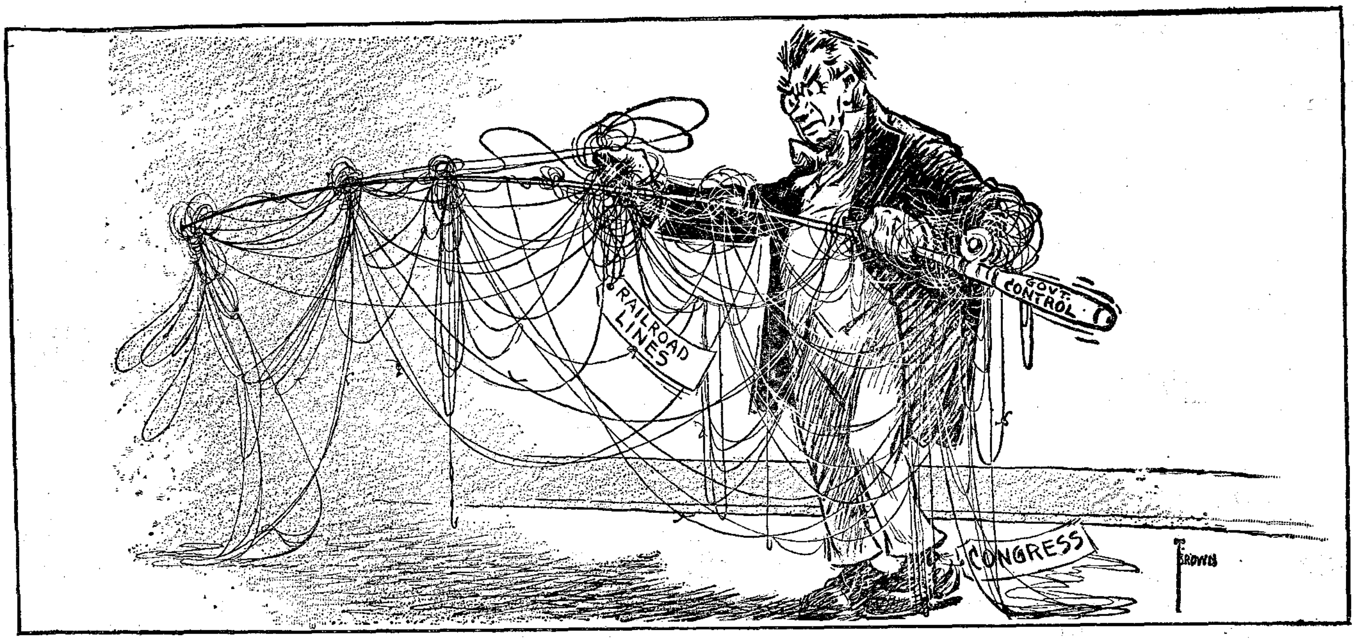
"3. His articles in favor of peace were not calculated to help the prosecution of the war."

Mr. Hearst's New York *American* reminds his critics that "previous to the month of April, 1917, we were at peace with Germany," and that until our entry into the war "it was the undoubted lawful right of every free American to sympathize with any one or with none of the European belligerents." It also declares that "the telegrams from Mr. Hearst to his editors, exhibited to the Senate Committee, emphasize the one idea that in all things his papers must be American—not British papers, not German papers, but every day and all the days American papers." "It is upon this vital point," the same editorial continues, "that the Hearst papers most strenuously differ from the lackey press wearing the livery of privilege and responding with alacrity to the push-button of the predatory interests." And in a letter addrest by Mr. Hearst to Mr. Brisbane and given to the press we read:

"There is a large Tory element in this country which seems to think now as it thought in the days of the Revolutionary War—that the only way to be pro-American is to be pro-English.

"I do not think so, and, in fact, the American histories that I have read in my school and college courses and since that time clearly demonstrate that the best way to be pro-American is sometimes to be anti-English. . . . . . .

"Before America entered into this war I was, as I have frequently said in my instructions to the editors of my papers, neither pro-English nor pro-German. My attitude was that of *Mercutio*—'a plague o' both your houses.'"



HIS LITTLE JOB. —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

Some of his brother editors, however—and Mr. Hearst suspects the voice of rivals—point out that his editorial bruskness toward England was in marked contrast to his attitude toward Germany. They recall his characterization of the Kaiser and his associates as the "high-minded and humanitarian rulers" of Germany, and his insistence that "we are making a terrible mistake in this sentimental objection to submarine warfare." And the Indianapolis *News*, remembering his assertion that the infamous Zimmermann note proposing an alliance of Mexico, Japan, and Germany against America was a forgery perpetrated by our own Attorney-General, observes:

> "Tho Mr. Hearst says in his telegrams of instruction to his subordinates that he was neither pro-German nor pro-Ally, but simply pro-American, he seems to have been ready to believe that his own Government or its agents were guilty of the crime of forgery rather than believe anything evil of Germany."

In *The Star* of the same city we read:

> "Mr. Hearst cuts a very small figure before the country in the disclosures showing that he was actively promoting German interests up to almost the last moment before we declared war and was making charges against the Administration, such as charging Attorney-General Gregory with forgery, that would later have subjected him to arrest under the espionage law, a measure then pending and to whose passage he was violently opposed. Tho an American born and bred, he has lost the respect of honest citizens and belongs in the list of political and journalistic derelicts."

Particularly offensive to many editors was Mr. Hearst's use of the American flag to give his papers "a very American character" and to increase sales. Says the Washington *Herald:*

> "Mr. Hearst, in his explanation, says that he was glad to see his telegrams published. We can see him writhing in glee as he read them. He says they are all based 'on a single and sincere desire to conduct my newspapers in the interests of the American people.'
>
> "This high-sounding bunk would read well if we had not read the telegrams from Mr. Hearst ordering an American flag-dressing for his papers, even as he obstructed the cause for which that flag stood. The sobriquet 'Star-Spangled Shammer' never looked so becoming on Mr. Hearst as it did when his telegrams were released."

And in the Springfield *Union* we read:

> "Whatever may be the outcome of the disclosures concerning the attitude of Mr. Hearst toward the war, it would seem to be entirely proper and appropriate that he be prosecuted for using the flag for advertising purposes. Whenever his 'neutrality' was construed by the public as of the 'made in Germany' order, he sought to set things right by the free use of our national emblem in his various publications."

MR. McADOO'S RAILROAD "DEPTH BOMB"

PRESIDENT WILSON left for France with a final word to Congress that the question of the railroads was an unsolved problem to him, but some editors note at the same time that hardly was he gone than Mr. McAdoo, Director-General of Railroads, sends a valedictory plea to Congress that government control be extended for five years until January 1, 1924, with the comment that "the President has given me permission to say that this conclusion accords with his own view of the matter." Director McAdoo has taken the nation off its feet by this proposal, remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.), coming so soon after the President's announcement that he had no "confident judgment of his own." *The Wall Street Journal* maintains that a second reading of the arguments in justification of Mr. McAdoo's railroad "bomb" "discovers such confusion of ideas among them that they are totally uncharacteristic of the Director-General at his best." On the other hand, advocates of government ownership, such as the New York *American*, praise the McAdoo plan as sound and timely, and this Hearst journal adds that "Mr. McAdoo has shown splendid good sense in his letter to Representative Sims promulgating the plan to give public operation of the railroads at least a sporting chance to show what it can do under the easier peace conditions by continuing public operation for five years." In his appeal to Congress Mr. McAdoo says in part:

> "There is one, and to my mind only one, practicable and wise alternative, and that is to extend the period of Federal control from the one year and nine months provided by the present law to five years, or until the first day of January, 1924. This extension would take the railroad question out of politics for a reasonable period. It would give composure to railroad officers and employees. It would admit of the preparation and carrying out of a comprehensive program of improvements of the railroads and their terminal facilities which would immensely increase the efficiency of the transport machine. It would put back of the railroads the credit of the United States during the five-year period, so that the financing of these improvements could be successfully carried out. It would offer the necessary opportunity under proper conditions to test the value of unified control, and the experience thus gained would of itself indicate the permanent solution of the railroad problem.
>
> "The American people have a right to this test. They should not be denied it. It is to their interest that it should be done. In my opinion, it is the only practicable and reasonable method of determining the right solution of this grave economic problem.
>
> "I am not now and have not been for the last year interested in proving or disproving the theory of government ownership or any other kind of theory. The railroads have been operated for the last year with the purpose of serving efficiently the para-

mount needs of the war and at the same time furnishing the best possible service to the public whether such operation tended to prove or to disprove any theory of railroad control, no matter what it might be."

The Hartford *Post* (Ind.) reminds us that Congress, which has been complaining because it had not been treated as a coordinate branch of the Government, now has its opportunity, for the railroad problem is distinctly a legislative one. If Congress is not satisfied with Mr. McAdoo's plan, let it devise a better one, or let it arrive promptly at the conclusion that "no plan other than the former system of private ownership is possible," observes this journal, which proceeds:

"It was too much to expect that Secretary McAdoo's suggestions with reference to the railroads would be received with a unanimous and vociferous shout of approval. It trod upon too many toes. It hit, first of all, at the corporate owners of the railroads, fearful in any event of government ownership and increasingly fearful of it in event of their failure to get their property back for five years instead of the originally specified twenty-one months. And then it didn't appeal to those who want to bring about a transportation millennium by means of immediate public ownership. And those who want to make an issue for the political campaign out of the railroad question are likewise not suited."

The Topeka *Capital* (Rep.) holds that the railroad problem is one on which nobody has "an arbitrary opinion." It is an open question, and "fortunately party politics is not in any way as yet mixed in it." This journal also considers the problem "one for Congress rather than for the Administration to determine by the adoption of a definite policy," and points the way as follows:

"Either government control and private management and ownership, or government control and management and private ownership, or government ownership outright. When Congress determines among these three general policies, then the real problems of detail will come up for consideration; and that they are difficult, that there is no agreement on them, any more than on the policy itself, railroad executives being widely at sea, as well as Congressmen and public, is generally recognized."

Indorsements of Mr. McAdoo's plan appear in the Mobile *Register* (Dem.) and the Baltimore *American* (Rep.), which says:

"There is one argument for the five-year period that has not been set forth. This is with respect to the men abroad. The army of occupation following the first million to arrive will not get back—all of them—inside of two years, possibly, and events may make the period longer. It would be highly desirable to avoid the release of such bodies of men for the nation's industries at the time that the Government would be unloading the railroads. For upon the latter occurring there will be a sharp drop in wages, with wage unrest. This coming together with a big addition to floating labor through demobilizations, the situation might be made very undesirable, to say the least. Five years means carrying the system through the reconstruction period, and this appears to be wise."

Many objectors, however, base their opinion on Mr. McAdoo's statement that "this extension would take the railroad question out of politics for a reasonable period," and representative of this view is the remark of the Norfolk (Va.) *Pilot* (Ind. Dem.), which says:

"Should government control be extended for five years, politics would inevitably not only enter, in constantly increasing measure, into the operation of the railways during that period, but, at its close, would prove the decisive factor in determining the country's permanent policy toward its agencies of transportation. To prevent the one or the other would be humanly as impossible as to counteract the influence of the moon upon the tides of the sea. The hundreds of thousands of railway employees, all of them voters, would become welded into a mighty political machine, using its power to secure for its members high wages, short hours, and indulgent supervision, and certain to employ its full strength to render permanent a situation to which it owed alike its origin and its continued existence. That there would and could be nothing even so much as approximating a 'fair test' under such conditions ought to be so obvious as hardly to require supporting argument. To expect it would be worse than idle."

As a concrete instance, a Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* quotes Senator Norris, of Nebraska, as charging that the railroad administration was used as a bludgeon against him during the recent campaign, and Mr. Norris is reported as having said:

"First came the big raise in wages for all the railroad men. Next came the President's appeal for the election of Democratic Senators and Representatives. Following this came the appeal of Director-General of Railroads McAdoo for a Democratic Congress. These were general, of course. Then the President made a special appeal for the election of my Democratic opponent, Mr. Moorehead.

"But now comes the rub. One week before election every employee of the railroad administration in the whole State of Nebraska got a letter from the secretary of one of the unions which started off with a line of congratulation about the nice raise, providing the best wages railroad men had ever enjoyed.

"It then called attention to the fact that this scale had been granted by the Democratic Administration, and smoothly worked on to the fact that the President and Mr. McAdoo had appealed for the election of a Democratic Congress. Then, after a few graceful words about helping those who help us, it suggested that it was the duty of every railroad man in Nebraska to vote for Moorehead, my opponent.

"Now, in my own town of McCook there is a normal Republican majority of about two hundred and fifty. I could normally carry it by about four hundred. But it is a railroad junction town, and the appeal to the railroad men cut in pretty deep. I carried the town by just eighty-five, and I estimate the fact that the railroads were being run by the Government cost me just five thousand votes in the State."

A strong objection by a Democratic paper comes from the Montgomery *Advertiser*, which says that every reasonable man not interested directly one way or another in the railroad problem must smile at this plan "to take the question out of politics," and adds:

"It is now the one dominant political issue at Washington. The next Presidential election will hang largely upon the issue, no matter what time is fixt for the roads to be returned to their owners. How is it possible to take the question out of politics, when a Presidential campaign will be waged in 1919? And how can the question be removed from politics when the Director of Railroads announces, as he has done, that wages of railroad-workers would certainly not be reduced as long as the Government operated the railroads?"

Then the Charleston (W. Va.) *Mail* (Ind. Rep.) objects that "the gross misuse by the Administration of the 'adjournment of politics plea' causes grave suspicion when a member of that Administration suggests the idea of taking the railroads out of politics," and the Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.) maintains that it can not agree with Mr. McAdoo's idea that a five-year extension of government control would take the railroad question out of politics, for "only the privately run enterprise can be kept out of politics. Public ownership and control immediately and of necessity places an enterprise in politics." The New Orleans *Times-Picayune* (Ind. Dem.) observes:

"Federal ownership of railways is by way of becoming a major political issue in this country. The present Congress established government control as a war-measure, fixing limits to the duration of that control which permit the American voters to determine the peace-time future of the railways. Certainly it has no mandate arbitrarily to extend the period of peace-time control and tie hard and fast the hands of the voters and of three Congresses to be elected by them. It seems strange that the President, within nine days after declaring that he had 'no answer ready' and urging Congress to institute a 'complete and impartial study' of the whole railway problem, should reverse his judgment and indorse a recommendation of snap judgment—for that, as it seems to us, is what Mr. McAdoo's proposal amounts to."

THE SEIZURE OF THE WIRES

GOVERNMENTAL OPERATION of every means of communicating intelligence, whether by mail, telegraph, or telephone, is frankly advocated by the Postmaster-General as he takes over the Atlantic cables and adds them to the land wires already under his control. If Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Commercial Cable Company, objects, then the leading officials of that company are ousted from all connection with their cable, which is put under control of President Newcomb Carlton, of the rival line. "We are marked for annihilation," exclaims Mr. Mackay, but "we will see about that," he adds, and starts a suit to enjoin the Postmaster-General from interfering with his property. A bill is introduced into Congress to continue government control until Congress decides otherwise, and Chairman Moon, of the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, says in introducing it that the President approves the plan. Postmaster-General Burleson justifies the idea in a letter to Chairman Moon, saying:

> "The principle which justifies government control of the postal service applies equally to all electrical means of communication. The Constitution, in giving Congress control over post-offices and post-roads, obviously contemplated, not particularly physical structures, but the communication of intelligence. . . . . . .
>
> "The wire service is a public utility of universal necessity and is adapted to the performance of no other function than that of conveying intelligence; and, disregarding the divergence of views as to government ownership of public utilities generally, it must be recognized that electrical agencies of communication stand alone as an essential utility performing a government function."

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"WE WILL SEE ABOUT THAT,"

Says Mr. Mackay, as he sees his company "marked for annihilation" by Postmaster-General Burleson.

An extended survey of the situation has been made by the Post-office Department, Mr. Burleson continues, since the Government assumed control of the wire systems, and it "clearly appears that unification of control and operation is necessary to eliminate the waste and inherent defects of the competing and duplicating system which has heretofore existed." Mr. Burleson maintains that the Government alone can safely exercise the right of monopoly such as the wire service calls for, but urges that the "advantages of private initiative in research, investigation, and experimentation, and in other ways where possible and consistent with government monopoly, should not be lost in the inauguration of such a new system." Approval is voiced by the New Orleans *Item*, which argues that "one by one we will separate the few great things that belong to the people from the possession of small private monopolists, leaving to individuals what properly belongs to them, and keeping the peace among all by rendering justice as far as possible to all." And the Cleveland *Press* agrees. It remarks:

> "There are some things that a Government such as ours, dealing with large units and actuated only by thought of service, can do better than any individual. In the first place, the individual hasn't the great capital or power for organization of the Government. In the second place, his very existence demands that he show a profit on every bit of business he does. Profit, not service, becomes the first consideration.
>
> "Great emergencies show what are the things the Government can do best. The present war has been startling in this respect. We had not gone half-way toward getting our whole force into it before the railroads broke down and—Uncle Sam had to take them over. And then came these very telephones, telegraphs, and cables that Vail is talking about. It was a case of our absolutely having to have the right kind of service whether the operating companies could give it to us at a profit or not. And our Government stept in and got it for us.
>
> "The war is over, or practically over. But has the emergency taught us our lesson? The danger is past. But the immediate future holds much of importance. In connection with this telephone-telegraph-cable-wireless scheme this is particularly true. . . . . . .
>
> "We are decidedly for the pooling of not only telephone- and telegraph-lines and cables, but the mails and wireless as well. But the people should hold the strings in matters in which they are so vitally interested, just as they have always held the strings on their mails and highways."

To those who urge that "the war is over" the Savannah *Press* replies:

> "Assuredly there is more need, now that actual war-conditions have passed, for the control of the cables than when opportunities for German intrigue through other lands was practically prevented. It may or may not be a part of the policy of Mr. Wilson to keep the cable-lines permanently under governmental supervision; we confess that we would not be in the least perturbed to discover that such is his idea. It seems to us that such a plan would insure safety against the sorts of plots and intrigues which the German Government has long carried on through the intertwining lines of communication which the cables afforded. For preventive means against any future recrudescence of this sort of plotting, the control of cable- and telegraph-lines by governments seems to us a very rational and sane policy."

A survey of the press, however, shows that many doubt the wisdom of government control at this time. It is "unjustifiable, high-handed, and inexpedient," declares the Rochester *Post-Express;* it is "an unwarranted extension of power," objects the Wheeling *Intelligencer*, and "we may well ask ourselves if in making the world safe for democracy we have not endangered our own democratic Constitution." In fact, says the Columbus *Dispatch*, "Germany exercised no more drastic methods in conducting her government than may result from our Government acquiring by seizure the means of communication." Mr. Steenerson, ranking Republican member of the Post Office Committee, states the peril in these words.

> "The danger consists in establishing an army of men in office who are dependent on some one for their jobs. There never was a greater menace to a free government."

The Chicago *Tribune* devotes a strong editorial to the possibilities of political manipulation and interference with wire-messages, while the Indianapolis *News* writes caustically of the inefficiency of other utilities now under government management. "Unhand the American people," it exclaims, "and give them a chance at the world's business which they have saved in the war. They do not need the politicians to run the cables or the railroads. This is not a Spanish or a German country. The people have some initiative left," and we are reminded that—

> "During the war we all surrendered to the main purpose—victory—but our rights, privileges, and conveniences were simply lent for a purpose and not surrendered. We did not flop overnight from a people believing in individual initiative to a socialistic and paternal nation. The little experience we have had with government control of wires and railroads was enough to cure us of any further tendency in that direction. The cable service has become a joke, the telegraph nearly as slow as Burleson's mail deliveries, the express business a mere wreckage of its former enterprise and efficiency, and as to the

railroads, if we had been dependent on the methods of development and expansion now provided, we might have been as far behind in transportation as is China."

Government control of the wires "would be an infliction which this country will never endure," avers the San Francisco *Chronicle*, which proceeds:

"There was never a bureaucrat who was not crazy to extend his authority and increase the number of votes which he could control. An Administration which could control the railroad, telegraph, and telephone vote would, indeed, be very safely entrenched and might found a dynasty.

"From time immemorial the management of our postal service has been extravagant and inefficient. It was never worse than it is now. We endure it because government control of the mail service seems necessary, and we have not found any way to improve it. It is so big and so intricate that no one outside the service can tell just where improvements could be made, and those inside will not.

"In all countries in which the Government controls any form of communication by wire there has been ghastly failure. And for the support of the miserable service which they get they all have to fall back on the taxpayers. We do not precisely know the results under the former autocratic governments of Central Europe, but elsewhere we do know. The telegraph and telephone services of the United States are marvelous creations of private enterprise. And, without oppressive charges, they pay their own bills and pay dividends on their cost, as they should, for the dividends are well earned.

"They are earned by the continuous alertness of their owners to encourage, develop—often at the cost of millions—and adopt new inventions, by civility to the public, responsibility for errors, perfect secrecy, and all-around efficiency. To turn over such admirable instruments of civilization to the ineptness, wastefulness, arbitrariness, unprogressiveness, and general inefficiency of a government bureau, and especially to such a monument of inefficiency as Postmaster-General Burleson runs, would be something like a relapse into barbarism.

"That is not the worst of it. Having got possession, under the war-power, this particular bureaucrat proposes to keep them. If our Constitution is still in force the telegraphs and telephones will automatically revert to their owners when peace is declared. If the Government wants them, and if, after an election in which it is an issue, the people authorize it, the properties can be condemned and paid for in cash. There is no other lawful way in which they can be got without consent of their owners.

"To grab them under the war-power and refuse to return them when peace is declared is nothing less than revolutionary."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

The ghost of Edith Cavell will sit in the Peace Conference.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Still, a league of nations might succeed altho projects of church union fail.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

The league of nations idea is a good one, provided the umpire question can be settled satisfactorily.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Revolution is the broaching of the wine of freedom, and Bolshevism is the ensuing delirium tremens.—*New York Tribune.*

Men pray for what they want and Providence makes them sore by handing them what they ought to have.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Not only are the Germans licked and humiliated, but world-wide prohibition is staring them in the face.—*Bonner Springs (Kan.) Chieftain.*

The Associated Press says this session of Congress promises to become historic. Our notion is it promises to become hysteric.—*Houston Post.*

"Hepublics have evidently arisen in Vienna and Budapest."—*Evening paper.* And it looks as if we might have a shepublic in this country soon. —*Punch* (*London.*)

Liebknecht, the German Bolshevik, says he is against peace, and if he keeps on he's going to find the Allies in entire accord with him on that point.—*New York Tribune.*

President Wilson says that thirteen is his lucky number. This is also the opinion of those who oppose his point concerning the freedom of the seas.—*New York Evening Post.*

The war hasn't started yet for one Hiawatha (Kan.) soldier boy who is expected home soon. Two young women, neither of whom will be trifled with, are flying service flags for him.—*New York World.*

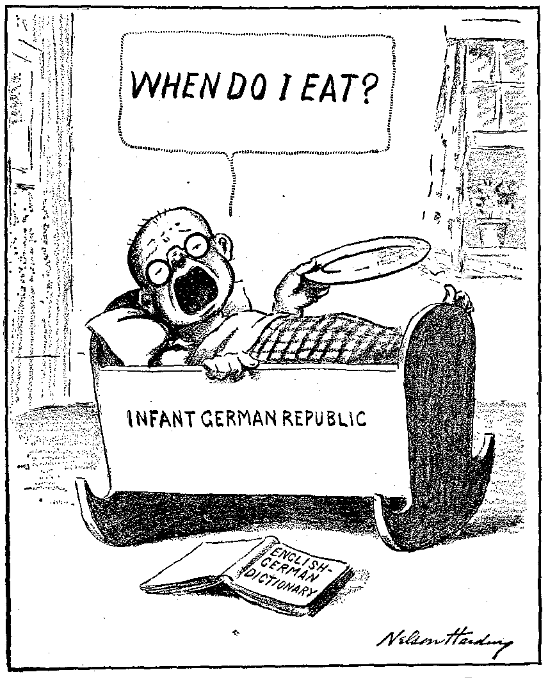
Germans are going out of their way, press dispatches say, to show courtesy to the invading Americans. That is just what we went out of our way to teach them.—*New York Tribune.*

In war, chivalry is the best policy, not only because it is decent and right, but because there is such a thing as getting licked. Germany is sorry now that it overlooked this important point.—*Houston Post.*

"We are down and out; isn't that enough?" remarks the crownless prince in one of his interviews. Everybody knows that they are down, but what must be made sure for all time is that they are out.—*Utica Observer.*

Mr. Brisbane has bought another newspaper. Evidently anxious to secure a newspaper through which no one could suspect him of dealing with the brewery interests, Mr. Brisbane bought one this time in Milwaukee.—*Kansas City Star.*

We can only give a preliminary survey of the situation: There are in the uniform in France at the present time six future presidents, 367 future governors of States, 3,643 future members of Congress, 134,987 Federal department clerks, 64,322 members of State legislatures, 54,908 justices of the peace, and 235,876 postmasters. It is well enough for present office-holders in the United States not to lose sight of this forecast. Full reports will increase the democratic majority all along the line.—*Houston Post.*



FIRST CRY OF A PRECOCIOUS CHILD!
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

Germany started out to lick the world and only got as far as its boots. —*Tampa Tribune.*

Will there be just one league of nations? Or a Major League and a *Boche* League?—*New York Evening Sun.*

The Crown Prince isn't taking so much interest in the old man's shoes as he did not so long ago.—*Anaconda Standard.*

The armistice terms should have required the Huns to tell the truth for a period of thirty days.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

After we have beaten our swords into plowshares the next thing will be to straighten out our corkscrews into hat-pins.—*Kansas City Star.*

Now that the Hun has paid the price for peace, the South would like to know what he is willing to pay for cotton.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

The Crown Prince says he was sure the war was lost after the Marne. So he fought Verdun just to make absolutely certain.—*New York Tribune.*

Another international mystery is where the Bolsheviki of all lands obtain the funds with which they appear to be continually well supplied.—*Chicago Daily News.*

It may prove to be just as impossible to seize the person of Wilhelm von Hohenzollern for punishment as it was to get an American army into France.—*Albany Journal.*

A Southern newspaper is so cruel as to remark that there would have been no opposition if it had been Congress that was going out of the country.—*New York Evening Post.*

Our War Department bought 119,000,000 pieces of soap for shipment overseas in the last six months, which sounds as if we are preparing to get into contact with the Bolsheviki.—*Indianapolis Star.*

And now our returning soldiers will soon be demanding of their mothers and wives doughnuts "like the Salvation Army used to make."—*Long Island City Star.*

An American scientist recommends tooth-drawing as a cure for insanity. But his compatriot, Mr. Davis, could tell him that the treatment had no effect in the case of the Kaiser.—*Passing Show (London).*

Civilized countries willing to abandon conscription when Germany shows the way are like that wise Frenchman who was ready to abolish capital punishment "if the murderers would start first."—*Wall Street Journal.*

If the Kaiser is indicted, tried, and condemned on all the charges individuals are trying to lodge against him, there will be so many executions ordered for him that the balance of his life will afford him practically no leisure.—*Detroit News.*

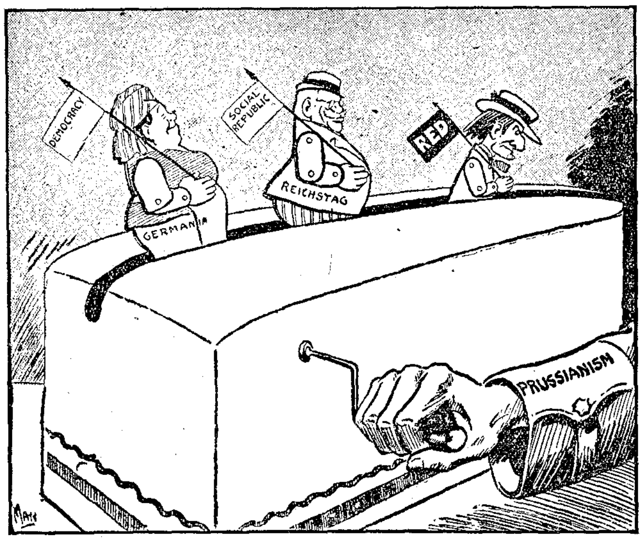
Billy Sunday's Kansas City friends will be glad to know that he's still hitting them up against the center-field fence. In a recent sermon Billy remarked that "the Kaiser has sunk so low he'll have to take an airplane to get to hell."—*Kansas City Star.*

It is said that the English language will be used in the Versailles conference. In recognition of the presence of the President, it seems to us the delegates would make the American language the official language, but we suppose the English delegates wouldn't be able to understand it.—*Houston Post.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

GERMANY'S RIVAL REVOLUTIONS

THE COLLAPSE OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE seems to have left the Fatherland in such a pretty state of confusion that no German quite knows where he owes allegiance. In Berlin a Socialist Government is more or less in control; Hamburg and its adjacent territory has been proclaimed "the Republic of the Elbe" under the presidency of an able seaman of the former mercantile marine. Bavaria has another government with a strongly nationalistic Bavarian tone, while yet another is to be found in Saxony. The German-speaking regions of Austria appear to have formed themselves into a republic desiring unity with the Germans to the north of them, but not receiving any too enthusiastic a welcome. Amid the conflicting and confusing news arriving directly and indirectly from Germany, it may be useful to explain the situation in simple terms. This we find in a succinct form in the London *Daily Mail*, which tells us that—



THE HIDDEN HAND.

—*Sunday Chronicle* (Manchester).

"The Socialist Coalition Government, which usurped power in Berlin on November 9 (consisting of the reunited Majority and Minority Socialist leaders), desires to convene a National Assembly on or about February 8 or 9 to decide the future form of Germany's government. It is proposed, for this purpose, to compile a new register of voters on January 2, to elect delegates to the National Assembly on February 2, and to open the Assembly six or seven days later. Meantime the Socialist Government at Berlin is arranging a complete redistribution of constituencies throughout what was formerly the German Empire. Elections of delegates to the National Assembly are to take place on its basis. Under this redistricting the Socialist Coalitionists believe they will obtain a large majority of the delegates, owing to the preponderance of the working-class vote."

But this Socialist coalition, to which all the other actual or nominal local republics in Germany seem to be yielding a sort of half-grudging leadership, has its determined opponents, of whom *The Daily Mail* says:

"Three separate schools of opposition to the Socialist coalition are in the field:

"1. The Liebknecht-Rosa Luxemburg 'Bolshevik' extremists.

"2. The Bavarian Republic, led by President Kurt Eisner, who mistrusts the Berlin régime because it includes Old Gangsters like Solf and Erzberger.

"3. The non-Socialist democratic classes, representing the *Frankfurter Zeitung-Berliner Tageblatt* school of progressive radicalism, industry, and high finance.

"All three of these oppositions more or less favor a national assembly and the earliest possible establishment of some republican form of government. But none of them completely trusts the dictatorship of Ebert, Haase, Scheidemann, and company. The non-Socialist democrats declare openly that the Ebert-Haase crowd wants merely to establish an autocracy of their own in succession on the ruins of the Hohenzollern autocracy.

"Meantime the Councils of Workmen and Soldiers throughout the country (barring Bavaria) appear to accept the authority of the Berlin Socialist coalition. Law and order still prevail, tho this state of affairs may alter any moment. Whether the pot will boil up and over to an extent which the extremely lady-like German 'revolution' thus far has not witnessed remains to be seen. A fact always to be remembered is that the real rulers of Germany, the Junker bureaucracy, remain on their job, doing 'business as usual' under their ostensible Socialist masters."

Of these oppositions, undoubtedly the most important is Kurt Eisner's Bavarian Republic. It is in Bavaria that we find the first really constructive policy so far outlined by the German revolutionists. Eisner's policy, roughly stated, is that German unity shall continue and that German-Austria and Germany together shall form a United States of Germany, each constituent state occupying a position of equality with an end of anything in the shape of Prussian supremacy. Eisner's great achievement—particularly in his own eyes—is that he has succeeded in preventing anything like disorder in Bavaria, and in his proclamation he exults. This proclamation as quoted by the *Kölnische Zeitung* runs:

"The first actions of the revolutionary Government have produced important successes. Since the revolution the leading men of the Entente speak otherwise than they did before. Our appeal to the conscience of the world has not remained unheard. The spirit of the patriarch who leads the French Republic speaks to-day with human understanding and trust. America promises a defeated enemy to ease the terrible crash by the provision of food. We hope that we shall also succeed in getting imports of raw materials. We are to-day confident that, thanks to our revolutionary and reasonable policy, the idea exprest in our note to the Entente is ripening to fulfilment—that the league of nations must be formed by the common labor of ourselves and our enemies to overcome the destructions of war.

"Relying upon the confidence of the enemy Powers, we regard it as all the more our task to prepare sincere community among the German tribes also. We believe and hope that a union of the German Empire and the German-Austrian Republic can not be postponed. We are resolved to carry through this national policy with a firm hand; the self-determination of Bavaria within the whole system must be maintained and secured. Desiring to achieve the aim of establishing the United States of Germany, including Austria, as the only possible solution of the national problem, we must in the immediate future carry through a more suitable arrangement of the German states, which, without any predominance of any one state and without impairing the freedom and independence of Bavaria, will also find the measures necessary for reasonable unity."

While Munich appears to be enjoying tranquillity, Berlin is having anything but a happy time. Liebknecht and his Spartacus group are raising a merry riot every day in the hope of bringing off some sort of Bolshevik revolution. The constant disorder in the former capital city is making the other parts of Germany a little tired, and the Catholic *Kölnische Volkszeitung* is quite annoyed about it. It writes:

"We would rejoice to see fire descend from heaven and reduce the horrible Babel of Berlin to cinders. . . . To hell with Berlin. The people there are without heart or soul and are the implacable foes of all *Kultur*. In the great record book of humanity a monstrous debt of blood is inscribed against Berlin.

"We surely have not made ourselves acquainted with the revolting sentiments which we now know prevail in the Prussian capital. We have been wilfully blind to Berlin's immense moral cesspool and we refuse any longer to remain under the sway of Berlin."

That stalwart supporter of the new Socialist Government, the Berlin *Vorwärts*, is getting seriously worried by the attitude taken both at home and abroad toward the central authority of Berlin, and it solemnly warns the Government to clean house and hold a national assembly at the earliest possible moment:

"Information has been received that Admiral Beatty refuses to negotiate with delegates from the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council because they are not representative of any recognized Government. Furthermore, we learn that the food-supplies of which the United States had held out a prospect will be temporarily held up in Rotterdam and Copenhagen because the American Government intends to wait and see whether Germany is able to give the securities demanded by America for a free constitution and a fair distribution of supplies. We must be prepared for a declaration being made from this side, but negotiations can only be conducted through a government supported by a legally elected national convention.

"Until such declaration is made, there will be neither peace nor bread. What shall we do if such a demand is made, or, rather, what are we doing to forestall such a declaration? Germany must not give the impression that she is only establishing a democracy because she is forced into it by external powers."

HOW WILHELM HELD OUT—The paternal solicitude which the ex-Kaiser always showed for his starving people has often almost touched our hearts, but now we find that the Kaiser's sympathetic tears were crocodilean in character. The *Berliner Tageblatt* quotes from the *Frankfurter Volkstimme* an account of what Wilhelm Carle, a member of the Berlin Workers' and Soldiers' Council, found stored away in the Kaiser's castle. Carle writes:

"I requested those on duty to show me his Majesty's provisions—those, be it observed, of the Imperial private household, not of the Court, which is regarded as a state institution. I was readily shown into the large storerooms. I expected to find a store, but what I saw there surpassed all my expectations. Here in large, white-tiled rooms was everything, really everything one can possibly conceive in the way of food. No, I must correct myself. One can not conceive that after four years of war such enormous quantities of food could be stored. Preserved meats in great cans, white flour in sacks piled up to the high ceilings, thousands of eggs, gigantic basins of lard, coffee, tea, chocolate, jellies, and preserves of every kind, arranged in apparently endless rows. Hundreds of blue sugar-loaves, bags of peas and beans, dried fruits, biscuits, etc. One is speechless and involuntarily thinks of the old jest that the quantities are so great that one man alone can not form any idea of them. The value of the stocks amounts to several hundred thousand dollars.

"Were it not that these food-supplies are needed and can be better employed at the moment, I should like to suggest that they should remain undisturbed in a national museum as an everlasting token to the German people in order that their children and their children's children might still see how in Germany—while millions starved—'those by the grace of God' held out."

THE KAISER IN CANADA

THE ARISTOCRATIC RETREAT of the Kaiser in Holland may serve for a while, but sooner or later, we are told, the "guest" will have to depart. A correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* incautiously suggests that Wilhelm von Hohenzollern may retire to his estates in the Canadian Northwest. This raises the wrath of *The Mail*, which thinks that the Canadian Government should do something about it. This is what C. Fox Smith, of *The Mail*, says:

"What is Canada going to do with regard to the extensive land-holdings acquired by the ex-Kaiser through his agents on the Pacific coast of Canada?

"During the years immediately preceding the war personal friends of the Kaiser were hard at work in British Columbia, partly in the now familiar processes, of 'peaceful penetration,' partly on the private behalf of their Imperial master and friend, perhaps with a view to the possibility of such a contingency as the present.

"In those days the Junker class had established a firm foothold in the British Columbian capital.

"The Counts Alvo and Bodo von Alvensleben, members of a family of undeniable *Almanach de Gotha* standing, were conspicuous alike in social and business circles. Their real-estate concern in Fort Street was one of the largest in the province, and the holdings of the firm included extensive water-frontages which would no doubt have been extremely useful to raiding German cruisers and submarines had they succeeded in extending their activities to the North Pacific.

"The birthday of the All-Highest was celebrated in the usual fashion at the Kaiserhof Restaurant—the rendezvous of the Victorian Junkers on such occasions—with plenty of speechifying and drinking.

"But the Alvensleben activities did not stop at such frivolities. Circumstances enabled me, during a connection with a government department, to obtain an interesting insight, in the light of later events, into the ramifications of the German system of penetration. So recently as the latter part of 1913 they were buying up large tracts of government lands both on the mainland and on Vancouver Island, the applications for purchase being made in the names of clerks and employees of the firm. I have seen as many as twenty such applications made at one time to the Provincial Lands Department, and tho at the time they might appear *bona fide* enough, the fact has now been pretty solidly established that the whole transaction ought to have been in one name alone—that of William Hohenzollern.

"On the outbreak of war the Counts Alvo and Bodo withdrew themselves, their aristocratic, duel-scarred, and dissipated countenances, and their underhand activities (which included the fomenting of trouble on the question of Indian immigration to British Columbia) into the State of Washington, whence they no doubt hoped to keep an eye on their interests and intrigues in their late headquarters. It is not known what has become of them since America came into the war, but it is to be hoped that their powers for mischief are at an end.

"In any case, it is certain that the whole of the Alvensleben transactions will be thoroughly investigated to their source, and that Canada will not 'stand for' any dealings with the ex-Kaiser or his friends."

While official Canada has, so far, shown no particular desire to have the "All-Highest War-Lord" domiciled in the West, official America has extended a generous hospitality to the Kaiser's devoted servants, the Alvensleben brothers. It is true they do not appreciate their dwelling—it is an internment-camp.

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WILHELM.

The most recent portrait of the well-fed ex-Kaiser. He will be sixty years old on January 27.

WHO ARE THE SPARTACIDES?

A MYSTERIOUS GROUP of German Bolsheviki have recently made their appearance in the cable dispatches from Germany, which must have somewhat puzzled the American reader. This is the Spartacus group, or Spartacides, and they are, we are told, a party of extreme Socialists, led by Dr. Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, who wish to see a proletarian autocracy replace the old military autocracy in the Fatherland. The name, they tell us, is derived from the fact that early in the war Dr. Liebknecht issued a number of anti-war pamphlets signed with the pseudonym "Spartacus." The choice of this name, a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* avers, is due to the fact that the revolutionists of 1848 had a partiality for signing their anonymous pamphlets with classical names, a habit which the Liebknecht group have revived. The original Spartacus, it will be recalled, was a Thracian soldier taken prisoner by the Romans, reduced to slavery, and trained as a gladiator. He escaped, proclaimed the freedom of all slaves, raised a powerful army, and several times defeated the Roman consuls who were sent against him. An unhappy augury for the success of Dr. Liebknecht and his Bolshevik followers lies in the fact that that Spartacus came to his defeat and death in B.C 71 through dissensions among his followers.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung* draws a graphic picture of the terrorism exercised in Berlin by the "Spartacus gangs." He writes:

> "Dr. Liebknecht himself, whose imprisonment has obviously clouded his formerly keen intelligence, and probably turned his brain, spends his time in visiting barracks in Berlin, Spandau, and elsewhere, and inciting the men to refuse to allow any distinctions even of non-commissioned rank or to accept anything resembling orders from officers or under-officers or to admit them to the local councils. His chief of staff, Dr. Levy, who before the war was his business partner in his lawyer's office, is preaching fanaticism in Berlin to all and sundry.
>
> "The word Spartacus goes through the city like a bogy. Civilians, soldiers, employees, capitalists, all feel themselves equally threatened. A sitting of the Prussian Lower House had to be adjourned because it was feared that the Spartacus gang was going to seize the building.
>
> "The *Lokal Anzeiger* has several times failed to appear, as the result of repeated efforts by the Spartacus gang to seize it. Careful burghers chain up their house doors, and it would be well if the steadier elements of our workmen and soldiers would chain up the door of their hearts against the murderous and suicidal ideas of the Spartacus gang."

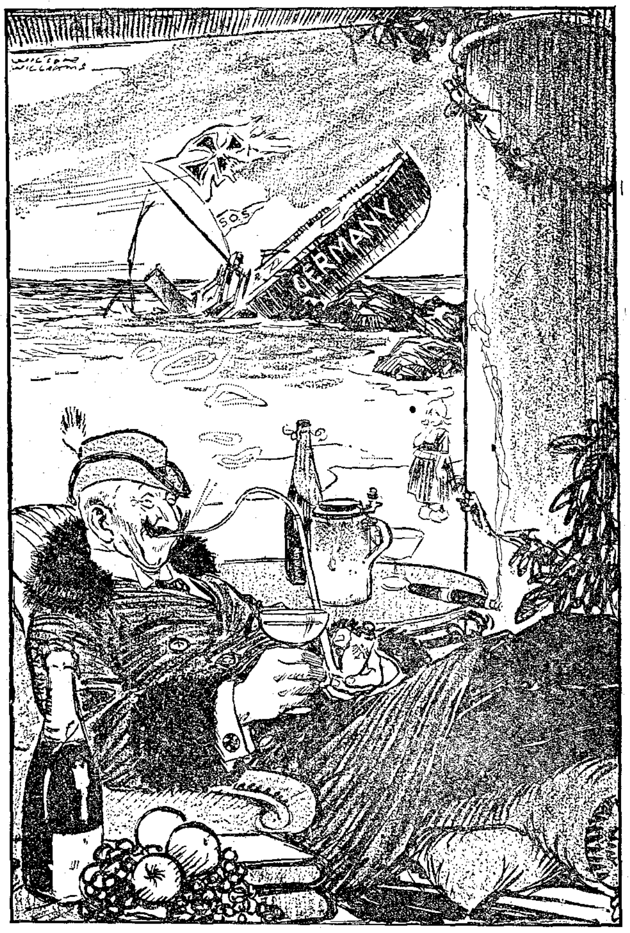
The Spartacides seem to have a particular predilection for embarrassing the newspapers, in order, we are told, to terrorize one or other of them into becoming a Spartacus organ. The Manchester *Guardian* writes:

> "It seems that the Berlin newspapers are still having an anxious time. The writing of their leading articles is constantly being interrupted by the arrival of a handful of unscrupulous-looking bandits with a machine gun. It must not be supposed, however, that these intruders belong to the Independent Socialists, who recently formed the Coalition Government with the Social Democrats, or Majority Socialists. They belong essentially to the Spartacus group, a small collection of extremists, led by Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, who had little or no following at all before the revolution. The group had few members, no newspaper, and only a mysterious connection with the Bolshevik *Isvestiya* since the Russian revolution.
>
> "Not only is any newspaper to be provided with a military guard against its forays, but the Spartacus people have also been relieved of another newspaper that they had seized. Like the *Lokal Anzeiger*, the *Norddeutsche* has not submitted tamely to its forcible transformation into an *Internationale*, but has reemerged from its crisis as the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, and announces that it will continue its policy as before. This means that the Spartacus group has still no newspaper of its own."

Having failed to keep the *Lokal Anzeiger*, which they seized, the Spartacides have produced a small daily sheet, which bears the name they gave to the *Anzeiger* when in their hands—*Die Rote Fahne*, or Red Flag.

THE HUN'S "UNDEFEATED" SOLDIERS

THERE IS A LACK OF HUMOR almost pathetic in the speeches that are being made over Germany to warriors now returning from the Western Front. Despite the fact these heroes are slinking back to their homes with the armies of the victorious Allies almost treading on their tails, the premiers, mayors, and other functionaries seem quite oblivious to the fact that the Rhineland is occupied by an enemy whom the "undefeated" soldier was entirely unable to keep out. For example, witness Premier Ebert's comic lucubration as reported in the *Berliner Tageblatt* when he welcomed the Prussian Guards on their return to Berlin. With the utmost solemnity he remarked:



THE SKIPPER WHO SKIPT.

WILHELM THE SKIPPER—"I have piled my ship on the rocks, but I seem to have saved my own skin—for the present."

—London Opinion.

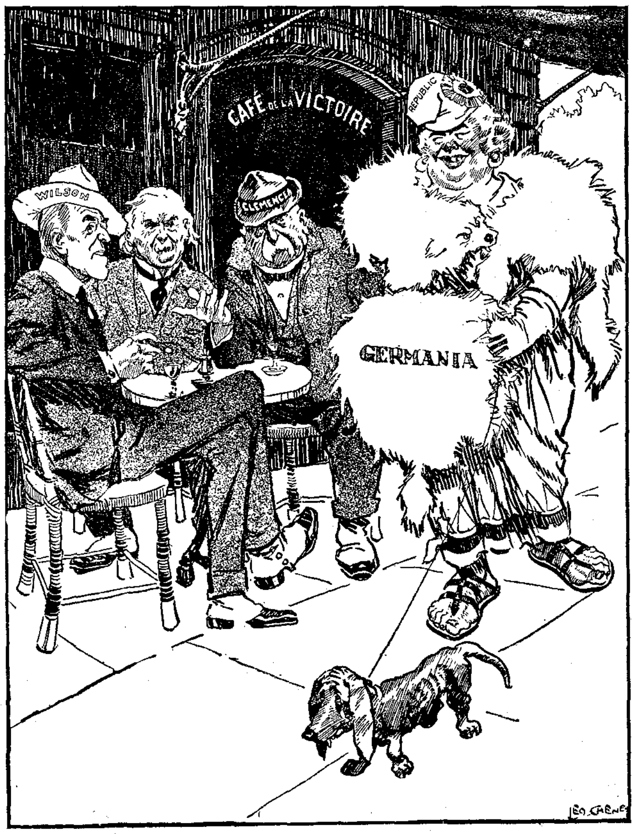
> "Your deeds and sacrifices are unexampled. No enemy overcame you. Only when the preponderance of our opponents in men and material grew ever heavier did we abandon the struggle.
>
> "You endured indescribable sufferings, accomplished incomparable deeds, and gave year after year proofs of your unshakable courage. You protected the homeland from invasion, sheltered your wives, children, and parents from flames and slaughter, and preserved the nation's workshops and fields from devastation.
>
> "With deepest emotion the homeland thanks you. You can return with heads erect. Never have men done or suffered more than you."

As the American reader peruses this ebullition he is apt to wonder whether the "unexampled" deeds to which Premier Ebert refers were in any way associated with the performances of the German Army in Belgium, and whether they are holding their "heads erect" because in protecting their "wives, children, and parents from flames and slaughter" they are particularly proud of the infamous pillage, arson, and rapine that they successfully accomplished in France. On the other hand, here and there a paper can be found that in an incautious moment will admit that Germany has lost the war. But even here we find the soldier of the Fatherland is still "unconquerable and unconquered." Hear the *Frankfurter Zeitung* on the subject. In a lacrymose article it writes:

> "We greet you, German soldiers. Germany has lost her war. But you have won yours. You have rescued German honor, and thus conferred upon our Fatherland the possibility of raising itself up and building anew. German soldiers, when one day you take your grandchildren on your knee and tell them all about this war, you need not be ashamed."

NO CLASH ON THE "FREE SEAS"

SUBTLE GERMAN PROPAGANDA, they tell us, has been at work both in America and England since the armistice was signed, endeavoring to stir up, if possible, friction between the two great English-speaking Powers. A certain success has been achieved, and at one time it looked as if American and British ideas might clash upon the subject of the "freedom of the seas," to which the President attaches so much importance. The British, at any rate, have sensed the danger and realized the source whence it came, and they are determined to let nothing mar the cordiality which has grown up between America and Britain during the war. The London *Spectator*, which, it is shrewdly suspected, reflects the views of the British Government, declares that the pivot on which the world's future turns is the deep and lasting friendship between the United States and Great Britain, and that while this point is kept firmly in view there is no possibility of misunderstandings. The London weekly contends that the freedom of the seas must be interpreted in the British sense, and that to discuss it at all before a league of nations is actually in existence would be a cardinal mistake. As a *quid pro quo*, *The Spectator* advocates that the Monroe Doctrine ought to be accepted as the public law of the world, duly formulated and confirmed with the sanction of all parties to the peace settlement. *The Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that the presence of President Wilson himself at the Peace Conference will be the greatest factor in eliminating any possibility of misunderstanding between the two countries, and says:



GERMANIA'S GLAD EYE.

CLEMENCEAU—"*Eh bien, mon cher Président*, if you knew the old Jezebel as well as we do, you wouldn't be deceived by her approaches, even though she has disguised herself in that hat!"

—*Passing Show* (London.)

> "Mr. Wilson will at last have an opportunity to see for himself the havoc wrought by the Germans in France and Belgium, and from personal conferences be able to understand the point of view of those who suffered from these infamous depredations.
>
> "President Wilson has a judicial mind. No living statesman is better able to weigh evidence or more ready to face facts with courage and determination. Too much has been made of the letter of Mr. Wilson's 'fourteen points' and too little of their spirit. His reference to the freedom of the seas, for instance, has caused much discussion. As Mr. Lloyd George has pointed out, our Navy is a weapon not of offense, but of defense, and we do not mean to give it up.
>
> "The war has demonstrated that not only our own safety but the safety of civilization itself depended upon our naval supremacy. When a league of nations is established and has become not an idea to be aimed at, but a realized confederation of mankind, then, perhaps, we can modify our claim to sea-power."

Viscount Grey, former Foreign Minister of Britain, in a recent speech indorses the view of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, that too much has been made of the letter and not enough of the spirit of the "fourteen points." Misunderstanding of the freedom of the sea doctrine is due, he says, more to prejudice than fact, tho he slyly points out that the United States in actual practise does not accord as much freedom of the seas as does Britain. As reported by the London *Times*, he said:

> "There is a considerable prejudice against the phrase in this country because freedom of the seas is believed to be a German phrase. It is an American phrase, not German, the Germans adopting it and using it for their own purposes in a sense to which Great Britain could never agree.
>
> "Even in America there is some rule about foreign ships not being allowed to carry goods between American ports and between America and the Philippines. Some other countries have rules of the same kind. Britain never had a rule like that. We have been more completely for freedom of the seas in time of peace than any other nation."

That the British are not altogether in love with the phrase we can well understand when we recall just what the Germans meant by it. Here, for instance, is a definition of the term by Count zu Reventlow, of the Berlin *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, made only a little more than a year ago. He wrote:

> "What do we Germans understand by the freedom of the seas? Of course we do not mean by it that free use of the sea which is the common privilege of all nations in time of peace, the right to the open highways of international trade. That sort of freedom of the sea we had before the war. What we understand to-day by this doctrine is that Germany should possess such maritime territories and such naval bases that, at the outbreak of war, we should be able, with our Navy ready, reasonably to guarantee ourselves the command of the seas. We want such a jumping-off place for our Navy as would give us a fair chance of dominating the seas, and of being free of the seas during a war."

As an offset to any further sea aggression such as Count Reventlow's naval doctrines suggest, Britain welcomes our recently announced naval program, and in commenting on this the London *Daily Express* remarks:

> "The British Government is ready to concede to the Government of the United States the freest of all free hands in naval development. It welcomes the idea of the extension of American sea-power as one of the best guaranties of the peace of the world. At the same time, the British Empire claims for itself the fullest right to defend the arteries of commerce and communication which are the life-blood of an Empire bound by ties of blood, but separated by vast oceans. All we ask for the Empire is what we willingly concede to the Republic—freedom of action. It would appear that his Majesty's Government are in agreement with the Congress."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

EXPERT MEDICAL ADVICE ON INFLUENZA

DISAGREEMENT AMONG PHYSICIANS at the recent Chicago meeting of the Public Health Association, regarding many important points in the character and treatment of influenza, is reported in the daily press. Nevertheless a substantial agreement on some other points quite as vital appears clearly from a reading of the medical journals, and practical suggestions for the home-care of patients will be found in a statement issued by the British Royal College of Physicians, quoted at the end of this article. Experts would seem to be at one in looking upon the present epidemic as simply a variety of a well-known disease prevalent, with occasional outbursts of violence, for hundreds of years. They agree that it is a germ disease and that it is very contagious at close range, altho probably not communicable through air, water, or material objects; that its danger consists largely in the likelihood that it will be accompanied or followed by a peculiarly virulent type of pneumonia, whose occurrence is favored by neglect or wrong treatment, and finally that not all persons are equally susceptible, those in weakened physical condition usually succumbing first. Points still open to discussion are the reasons for epidemics in general and for this one in particular, the nature of the precise germ or group of germs responsible for it, and the efficiency of various forms of preventive and curative treatment, including quarantine, as generally practised, inoculation with serum, the "influenza mask," and the use of various drugs. Regarding the outbreak itself, whose world-wide character has earned it the name of "pandemic," the writer of a leading editorial in *The Lancet* (London, November 2) speaks as follows:

> "If those who feel ill would stay at home; if those who are well would avoid traveling in railway-carriages with the windows closed, or in unventilated trams and busses; and, above all, if the public would forego picture-palaces or other crowded places of amusement so long as the epidemic continues, much would be done to limit the spread in populous centers."

The fact that the army camps have been excellent places to study the disease unaffected by local conditions makes a recent article by Dr. George A. Soper, Major U. S. A., one of the most interesting reports on its progress. Dr. Soper, writing from the Army's Division of Infectious Diseases and Laboratories in Washington to *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, December 7), states his belief that "had it not been for the pneumonia, the pandemic would not have attracted much attention." The disease has come in "waves," often with the violence of an explosion. He goes on:

> "Within about a week after the outbreak of the influenza, there occurs an ominous prevalence of pneumonia. The pneumonia does not exist as a separate epidemic, but is always a follower of influenza. How the two diseases are related is not positively known. It is clear that the influenza paves the way for the pneumonia, if it does not actually produce it."

Steps taken by the military authorities to combat the disease fall under three heads, and apparently any efforts elsewhere must also be similarly classified. Major Soper gives them as "isolation, sanitation, and education." These he briefly explains as follows:

> "1. By isolation is meant any and all procedures by which infected could be separated from the susceptible persons. Included in this list were steps for the prevention of crowding, quarantine, head-to-foot sleeping, the separation of heads at mess, and the use of cubicles and masks.
>
> "2. Under sanitation may be included the cleaning and airing of barracks and bedding, the oiling of floors to keep down the dust, the boiling of mess-kits, and many other procedures.
>
> "3. Education, always a predominant motive in the Army, was applied as never before to the prevention of disease among troops. The medical officers were taught what to expect in the way of symptoms and what principles of prevention to put into effect. The men were taught something of the principles of disease-transmission and how to carry out their part of the work of prevention."

As a result of these methods the disease "is already practically gone in most army camps." Much can be done in military camps, of course, that can not be done in civil communities, but their example points the way. It must be said that some physicians have doubted the permanent efficacy of any kind of quarantine measures and have pointed out that in New York, where they have been few, the disease, on the whole, has been less violent than in Boston, where, after the first outbreak, they were exceptionally strict. Still, such measures have been chiefly relied on, altho in different degree, by most American cities, and their necessity has not been widely questioned. With regard to means of transmission, Dr. Soper is very clear. He says:

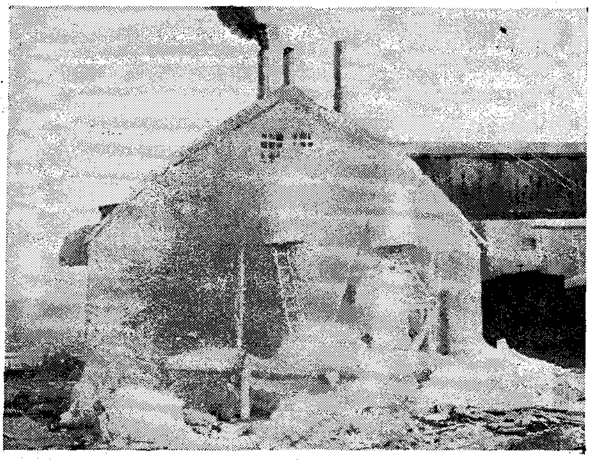
> "It is a fundamental assumption that influenza is produced when, and only when, material from the mouth or nose of infected persons gets into the mouth or nose of some one who is susceptible. As is plainly recognized in respect to intestinal infections, the hand probably plays an important part in the transmission of influenza. Coughing and sneezing help greatly to spread the infection.
>
> "It has long been known that interchanges of bacteria occur commonly from mouth to mouth under ordinary conditions of social intercourse. Most of these organisms are harmless under normal conditions of health. That their capacity for harm is sometimes increased, sometimes reduced, according to various circumstances, is highly probable. . . . . . .
>
> "The conditions that govern susceptibility to influenza are not understood. Good general health, absence of fatigue and of cold and hunger are methods of prevention which have long been advocated by many and which in spite of scientific criticism still have much to recommend them. Whatever conduces to low bodily tone is believed by most persons to favor infection. Some, however, hold that specific immunity either does or does not exist, and that wet feet, insufficient bedding, chill, hunger, and fatigue have nothing to do with susceptibility.
>
> "Vaccination against pneumonia is practicable; but such preventive treatment is in the experimental stage as respects influenza. As to natural immunity, one attack is believed to protect against another, and some people seem to be immune without ever having experienced an attack."

If "low bodily tone" conduces to the disease, as Dr. Soper thinks, evidently his second point—"sanitation"—is of vital importance. Municipal action in this direction is hardly noticeable, owing to the stress placed on isolation. Such attention as is paid to it is individual, under the advice of the medical profession. When we come to the third head, "education," we find that more is probably being done by public bodies than in any previous epidemic. Leaflets have been scattered broadcast, through the medium of public and educational bodies, schools, public libraries, and associations of all kinds, to enlighten the public regarding the disease, its symptoms, and the methods of preventing and fighting it. From the supplements to the United States Public Health Reports by Surgeon-General Rupert Blue, we quote the following paragraphs, which not only show the extent of these efforts at popular education, but will serve to give our readers some idea of the devices and methods

(*Continued on page* 117)

HARVESTING SALT LAKE'S SALT

WE HAVE SALT ENOUGH in the United States to supply the world's needs for years to come; and, as a matter of fact, most of the salt that we used last year came from within our own borders. Curiously enough, the enormous deposits of the Great Salt Lake are just beginning to be touched. Our annual production is about seven million tons, and only 50,000 tons of it, or one part in 140, comes from the big lake. Geologists place the total of its available salt-deposits at 400 millions of tons, so that it alone would supply our national needs, at the present rate, for about sixty years, while if we should take no more from it annually in the future than we do now, it would last eight thousand years. At present Michigan and New York lead as salt-producing States, and Utah stands only ninth. Yet the salt-works at Salt Lake, including their refineries, are among the largest and most complete in the world. Says Stanley W. Todd, writing in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago, November):



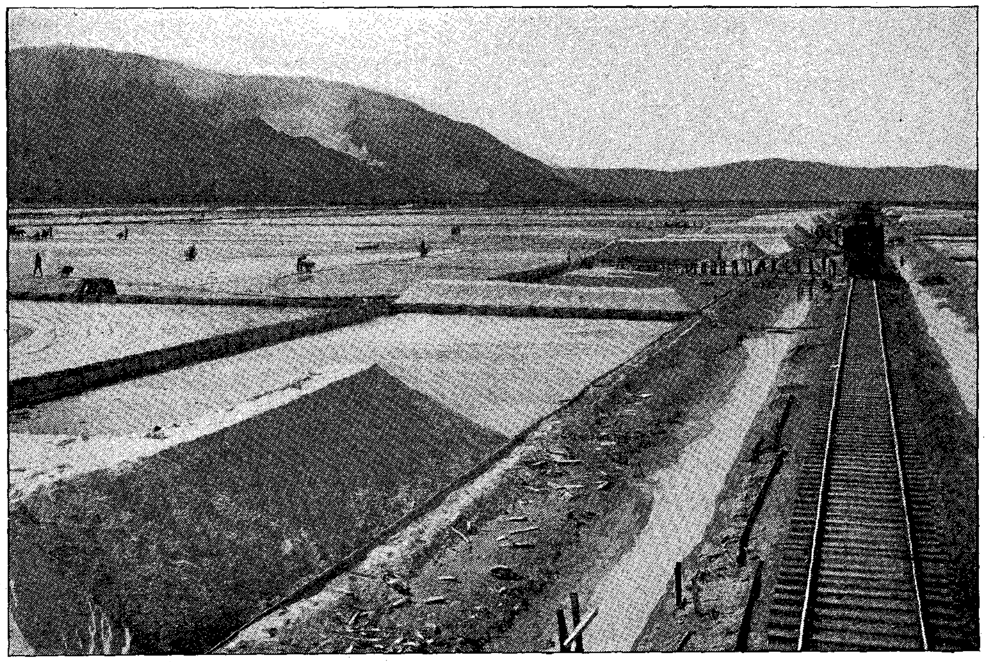
A SNOW-HOUSE MADE OF SALT.

A Great Salt Lake refinery encased in its own product.

> "Perhaps no salt ponds anywhere in the world possess so many natural advantages as the Great Salt Lake. Lying as it does in one of the great valleys of the Rockies, on the eastern edge of the great basin, the lake extends north and south for 75 miles, while its width varies from 30 to 50 miles. It has an average depth of 20 feet and is 4,218 feet above the sea-level. There is little rainfall throughout the year, and the ever-present sun, together with the flat shores, contributes to the ideal conditions of summer operation. The lake has no outlet and the water is as nearly saturated with salt as it can be, without crystallizing. That is, it is about 23 per cent. density, which is so heavy that the human body floats. Bathing in Salt Lake is, in fact, considered one of the novelties not to be overlooked by tourists.
>
> "Great strides have been made in recent years in the methods of making high-grade salt, both by the grainer and the vacuum-pan processes. Solar evaporation and grainer methods are used at Salt Lake, the mill being located at a place called Saltair. A salt-pump stationed nearly a thousand feet from shore forces the water up on a sluiceway leading to the mainland. The water flows into a canal that leads to the great salt-ponds some distance away. During the season when the harvesting is under way, the water is pumped from the lake at the rate of from 10,000 to 12,000 barrels a day, the pumping being carried on from ten to fourteen hours.
>
> "The sluiceways and canals moisten the salt ponds for a week, until the salt, after the first evaporation tests, is about an inch deep. After a period of drying, the ponds are flooded again. The water is then 'skimmed,' much after the manner of skimming a pan of milk, to remove all floating foreign substances, and then sluiced into the ponds being worked. When the water is entirely evaporated, another layer of salt is left, this process being repeated until a thick depth of salt in its natural state has been deposited. Sometimes from four to five months are required to secure the proper amount of salt deposits.
>
> "With the crude salt from two to six inches in depth, the harvest begins. Horse-plows, traction-engines, and other farming implements are used to plow up the salt deposits, which are handled by laborers equipped with wheelbarrows and placed in long mounds along a railroad spur, constructed to make access easy to the refinery a mile away. The salt is loaded in a semimoist condition into freight-cars.
>
> "From the outside, the refinery has every appearance of a snow-house. When the cars arrive at this factory, their contents are loaded into an automatic elevator, which carries the salt to the upper parts of the plant and deposits it in stock bins. From these bins the moist salt is automatically fed, by worm-gear carriers, into three great 'driers' or drums, each 6 feet in diameter and 32 feet long. Through these hot air is forced under high pressure, drying and purifying the wet salt and making it ready for grinding."

From the driers, the salt goes to the grinding-machines, resembling coffee-grinders, which reduce the crude material to finer grades as follows: table salt, dairy salt, meat salt, ice salt, rock salt, and pickling salt. The writer goes on:

> "As these crystals are all mixed together some method of sorting or straining the residue is necessary. This need has been met by what are probably the most ingenious machines in this method of salt-production—sieves or strainers. They are 9 feet high and operate automatically. When the salt enters the sieves at the top, it is shaken over the surface of different screens by hundreds of small iron hammers, pounding simultaneously on the edges. This works the salt down over the sieves and sifts it into individual bins.
>
> "Then come the weighing and sacking of the salt. Automatic conveyers carry the product from the different bins under the sieves on the floor above to the weighing and sacking departments underneath. A single weighing-machine, under the guidance of an operator, weighs out the salt into the proper-sized bags with lightning rapidity and remarkable accuracy.



Illustrations by courtesy of "Popular Mechanics," Chicago.

GREAT SALT LAKE'S SALT-WORKS ARE AMONG THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

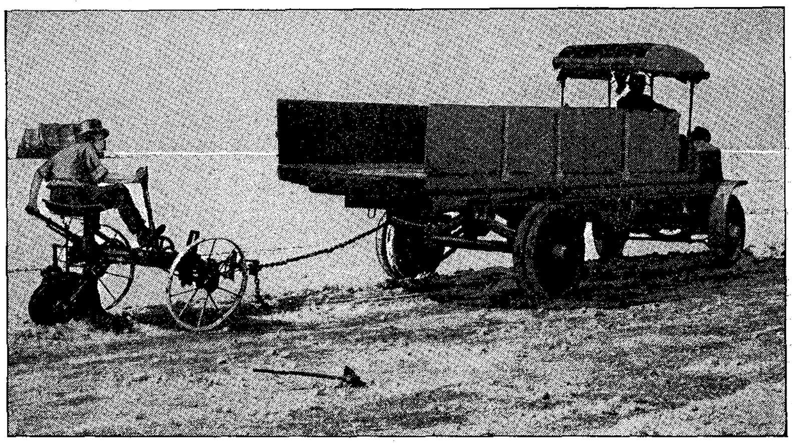
The filled bags are then turned over to girls operating six sets of special sewing-machines. They can, in fact, turn out 12,000 completed bags of salt a day by this process. On the average, nine tons of salt pass through the refinery every hour of the day. From the time the first water is pumped into the salt-ponds until the finished product leaves the sacking-machine, no human hand touches the salt. It is claimed that the salt secured from Salt Lake is 99.98 per cent. pure.

"Between the grinder and the sieves, there are large quantities of fine 'salt-dust.' But this is not allowed to go to waste. It is mixed with the proper kind of sulfur and placed in molds, which undergo a hydraulic pressure of seven tons. In this way bricks of rock salt, 7 inches square by 14 inches long, are turned out in rapid succession. This salt, which is intended for cattle, is impervious to the elements and has no sharp corners to cut the tongues of horses or sheep, precautions being taken to avoid that. Such has been the demand for these sulfurized-salt bricks that men are working night and day turning them out."

VACCINATION AGAINST INFLUENZA

WARNING against too much confidence in the published accounts of the efficacy of influenza vaccine is given editorially by *The Journal of the American Medical Association.* (Chicago, November 9). According to this journal, we have no record of any properly conducted and controlled experiments on human beings with influenza vaccines. No results of careful observations are as yet at hand. These things being so, the writer asks, what should a fair-minded and thoughtful physician say as to the face value of influenza vaccine? He goes on:

> "Vaccination against epidemic influenza is in a wholly experimental stage. Nothing can be learned as to its real value from indiscriminate vaccination of the public. The physician who, in view of the severity of the epidemic, feels that he is justified in vaccinating his patients, should be fair to them and protect himself by informing the patient that he regards the procedure as wholly of an experimental nature. Pending developments, nothing should be done by the medical profession that may arouse unwarranted hope among the public and be followed by disappointment and distrust of medical science and the medical profession."



FARMING A SALT-FIELD.

Doubt on so-called "official" influenza statistics in cities and towns is thrown by Dr. George A. Soper, of the United States Sanitary Corps, in an article contributed to *Science* (New York, November 8). Says Dr. Soper:

> "The total number of cases of influenza in the present outbreak, inside and outside of the army camps, will never be accurately known. Altho it is beyond doubt that the disease which is prevalent in the camps is the same as that which is widely distributed in civil life, it is not to be assumed that all the cases which occur are officially reported or that every case which is supposed to be influenza is really that disease. At this season of the year there are always epidemics of colds and other respiratory infections. The weather this year has been particularly favorable to their occurrence. Under the present conditions of public anxiety, it is but natural that all cases of illness which at all resemble influenza should receive that designation. The net result of all the factors which enter into the matter is confusion. The army records have been systematically tabulated and studied from the first. When the pandemic has subsided the information to be derived from these data should be of much permanent value."

ELECTRICALLY HEATED TOOLS

ELECTRICITY REIGNS SUPREME wherever light, heat, or power is to be applied locally, or to a limited extent. The electric flat-iron, now so widely used, is a familiar example of its advantages—the heating of the tool by a device contained within the tool itself. Utilization of the electric current for heating appliances, devices, and tools in industrial plants has begun an extensive career, if we are to believe George J. Kirkgasser, who writes in *Industrial Management* (New York, November). Mr. Kirkgasser outlines applications of this use in eighteen different industries and shows and describes many of the simpler devices. More than one perplexing industrial problem, he tells us, may be solved by the adoption of some such elementary tools as these. The application of electricity for heating purposes, Mr. Kirkgasser asserts, brings methods into the lime-light and exposes inefficiency. The result may be that cycles of operations are rearranged, a reduced amount of manual labor found sufficient, and fewer cases of imperfect products turned out. Then, too:

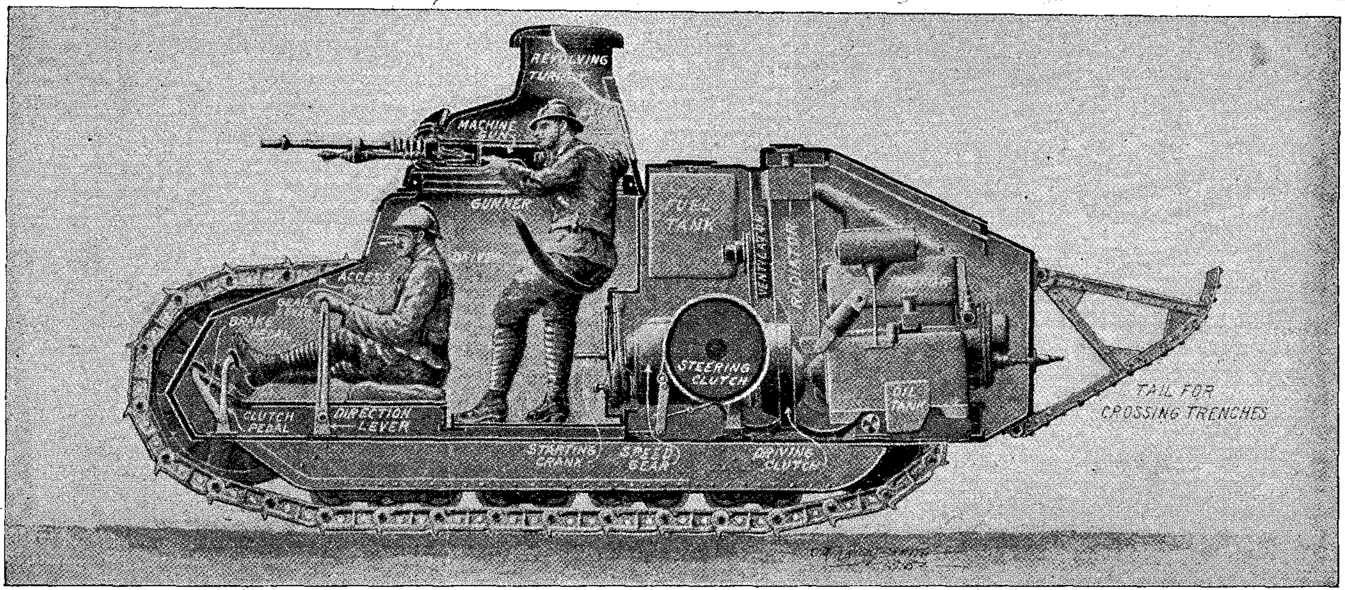
> "As another result of easy control of electricity the temperature can be maintained or varied automatically or manually to produce a more uniform product. With operations where automatic control of current and temperature is used the human element is eliminated.
>
> "The applications of various appliances which have been more or less standardized do not offer a serious problem, since these devices perform somewhat similar functions in the various industries. But where the application is such that it involves a portion of the manufacturing processes, a closer study of the entire method of manufacture is sometimes necessary. This is, however, desirable for many reasons—not the least being the fact that some time-worn methods are shown to be needless."

Electric furnaces for melting brass, steel-melting furnaces, and furnaces for heating, annealing, and forging steel all operate at a temperature of 1,800° F. and over, and we are told that the use of this type of apparatus, employing electricity for producing heat, has caused a big stir in the iron and steel industry:

> "The United States is foremost in electric-steel output with 233 furnaces, not including this year's installations. Ten years ago there was one solitary electric furnace in this country, and the total output for the year was only fifty-five tons. In 1917 the estimated tonnage was about a half million tons.

Nearly every factory now uses electric soldering-irons, Mr. Kirkgasser tells us, either in production or in maintenance and repair work. Biscuit-manufacturers recently jumped into the big-user class by employing them for sealing the metal boxes in which crackers, biscuits, etc., are shipped to the boys in the Army. He says:

> "Girls do this work, and the portability, cleanliness, and safety features made their use ideal. The number of motions as studied by an efficiency engineer are much fewer than with the iron heated in a gas-furnace, besides the elimination of the gas-fumes and impoverishing of the air, which is considerable where many gas-heaters are used and many employed. From the fire-hazard standpoint alone, the electric iron is worthy of its hire because of the great need for every building standing and the difficulty experienced in rebuilding should a fire occur."



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NOW THE WAR IS OVER, THE INSIDE OF A BABY TANK MAY BE SHOWN.

BABY TANKS AND WHAT THEY DID

WHO WON THE WAR? The answer is easy: it was won by teamwork. One of the dogs in the team was the baby tank, and well he did his part. Supplanting his earlier and more cumbersome predecessor, and being perfectly adapted to the work cut out for him, he did that work in unison with the infantry, which it was his duty to support. Now that the job is over, his picture comes out in the papers. A troublesome feature of military writing, says the author of an article in *The Scientific American* (New York, November 30), is that the most interesting things can not be described in full until they have ceased to be timely. A month past, when battles were still raging, a drawing of the interior details of a small French tank would have been most opportune. But military exigency prevented. Now the secret may be told. He goes on:

"The small tank shown in the accompanying drawing represents the outcome of improved tank tactics. These tactics caused the abandonment of the heavier and larger British and French tanks in favor of the smaller type.

"Thus the big Allied tanks, weighing in the neighborhood of twenty-five tons and carrying a crew of eight to ten men, were replaced early this year by the 'Whippet' tanks of the British and the 'Renault' tanks of the French, both these types being small, two-man tanks, carrying a single machine gun or small cannon as compared with the four to six guns of the larger tanks.

"Tank tactics are now based on the perfect coordination between tanks and infantry; and with the older, slower-moving tanks it was found well-nigh impossible to keep these two arms moving in perfect unison. Again, the early tanks were cumbersome, difficult to maneuver, and withal presented a more than fair mark to enemy gunners.

"Because of their size and the large crews required, the number of tanks available for an attack was strictly limited. Furthermore, in actual practise the power of the tank and its ability to crush enemy defenses were found to be of secondary value only, since the main object is to carry guns, ammunition, and the crew.

"It remained for Louis Renault, of Billancourt, France, to develop a fast 'Baby' tank to meet the new requirements. This he did, and fleets of his tanks made their appearance this spring, shortly after their counterparts, the British 'Whippets,' had scored new victories against the enemy. The Renaults were a success from the start, being adopted by the French Army and later by the American forces fighting in France.

"The Renault tank, as will be noted in the accompanying illustrations, consists primarily of an elongated armored body measuring about thirteen feet in length, six and one-half feet in height, and a trifle over a yard in width, equipped with a set of caterpillar treads and a power plant. The armor varies from one-fifth to three-fifths inch in thickness, and is of a special chrome steel plate, capable of withstanding small-arms fire and the burst of small shells. The body is surmounted by a revolving turret which carries the single machine gun . . . with which the tank is armed. Some Renaults are provided with a short-barrel three-inch cannon, in which case the turret is rigid."

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BABY TANKS GOING INTO ACTION.

The interior is divided into two compartments—one for the crew and the other for the power plant. At the forward end sits the driver, and back of him the gunner, who operates the gun in the revolving turret. A wide belt or strap serves as a seat for the gunner, who can turn the turret to any point. Slits, one-eighth inch wide, afford a measure of vision for both men. Entrance is by doors immediately in front of the driver. To quote further:

"In the rear compartment are located the Renault engine, fuel tank, and oil tank; the radiator, which receives a constant stream of cold air by means of a special ventilator; and the other members of the power plant. The crank-handle for starting the engine extends into the forward compartment, directly behind the gunner.

"The little monster weighs in the neighborhood of seven tons with its full equipment. It develops a speed of between six and seven miles an hour. While not as formidable a vehicle as the larger tanks, to be sure, the Renault readily shatters all forms of barbed-wire entanglements and solid brick walls."

WIRELESS: FETTERED OR UNFETTERED?

HAS WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY been freed from the chains of "static"—atmospheric electricity—or has it not? According to an announcement by the president of the Marconi Company, quoted recently in these columns, the company's engineer has perfected an invention that frees wireless altogether from such interference and increases its value manifold. But now comes Mr. Newcomb Carlton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, which uses wires in its business, and alleges that the invention announced by the Marconi Company (which does without wires) is "a humbug." The Marconi people retort that Mr. Newcomb Carlton speaks that of which he knows not, and that Mr. Weagant, inventor of the device, will shortly describe it in a paper before the Institute of Radio Engineers. Meanwhile the American people preserves a judicial frame of mind and recollects that neither of the parties to this pretty little fight has condescended to tell us the principle on which the device in question works or the methods by which it is utilized. All of us must evidently hold our breaths and wait for the meeting of the Radio Engineers. Says President Carlton, in an interview printed in the New York *Times:*

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MR. EDWARD J. NALLY,

President of the Marconi Company, who claims wireless has been freed from the chains of "static."

"The interesting statement by the Marconi Company, that wireless communication is now perfected, serves to remind me of similar predictions made by that organization and its friends during the last ten years, none of which have so far completely materialized. I have been in fairly close touch with the progress of wireless since 1908 and have observed an interesting coincidence between the predictions of epoch-making progress and the flotation of a fresh issue of stock. Had even a small part of these predictions materialized there would to-day be no marine cables or even land wires. I know something of what is now claimed to be the greatest step forward that has yet been made in wireless matters, and I venture to say that it will prove to be similar in character to many of the other much-heralded innovations. . . . . . .

"It should also be noted that thus far there is no confirmation of the value of this invention by any government department acquainted with wireless or by competent disinterested wireless engineers."

When Mr. Nally had read the above statement he said, as quoted by *The Times*, that it was the sort of a statement he would expect Mr. Carlton, "having cables of his own," to make. He continued:

"However, it is the fate of inventors and those who have attempted 'epoch-making progress' to call forth the slurs and ill-tempered comments of the ignorant or those whose interests were affected. Marconi's original invention met with similar skepticism and denunciation on the part of those whose scientific vision and business foresight was limited. No stock has been issued by the Marconi Company since I have been connected with it, nor is any new issue contemplated; the company's resources are abundantly sufficient for its purposes."

With respect to the statement that no competent disinterested engineer had confirmed the claims made for this invention, Mr. Nally said:

"The obvious reason for this is that technical details can not be disclosed until after the conclusion of peace, but I may say that it is the intention of the inventor to present a paper before the Institute of Radio Engineers covering completely the discovery and invention. Furthermore, the Marconi Company intends to invite a delegation of engineers chosen by various engineering and scientific bodies of the country to witness the operation of the static-preventing system immediately after the presentation of the technical paper. Obviously, such an offer would not be made unless the statements contained in the announcement could be supported by facts."

Photograph by Rochlitz Studio.

MR. NEWCOMB CARLTON,

President of the Western Union Company, who asserts that the Marconi claim is "a humbug."

Seen at his office later by a *Times* reporter, President Carlton said further:

"We have investigated it and know all its details. That the invention will do something toward eliminating static under certain conditions there is no doubt, but to say that it is a cure-all, that it will do away with all difficulties under all conditions in all weathers and during every month of the year, is pure humbug. Every credit should be given to those who have made improvements on the wireless, and undoubtedly wireless will always have a place supplementary to the cable and telegraph, but to say that the cable and telegraph will be unnecessary is nonsense. If for no other reason than that the cable has privacy and reliability, it will always have a certain preference over the wireless."

A still later word appears in the New York *Evening Post.* According to this paper, Mr. Nally said:

"Non-progressives may be divided into classes. There is the man who says it can't be done, the man who fears it might be done, and, thirdly, the man who would like to say it shall not be done. Mr. Carlton is entitled to the distinction of adding another class for himself in that he, claiming cryptic knowledge of something he has not seen and could not know anything about, empirically condemns it.

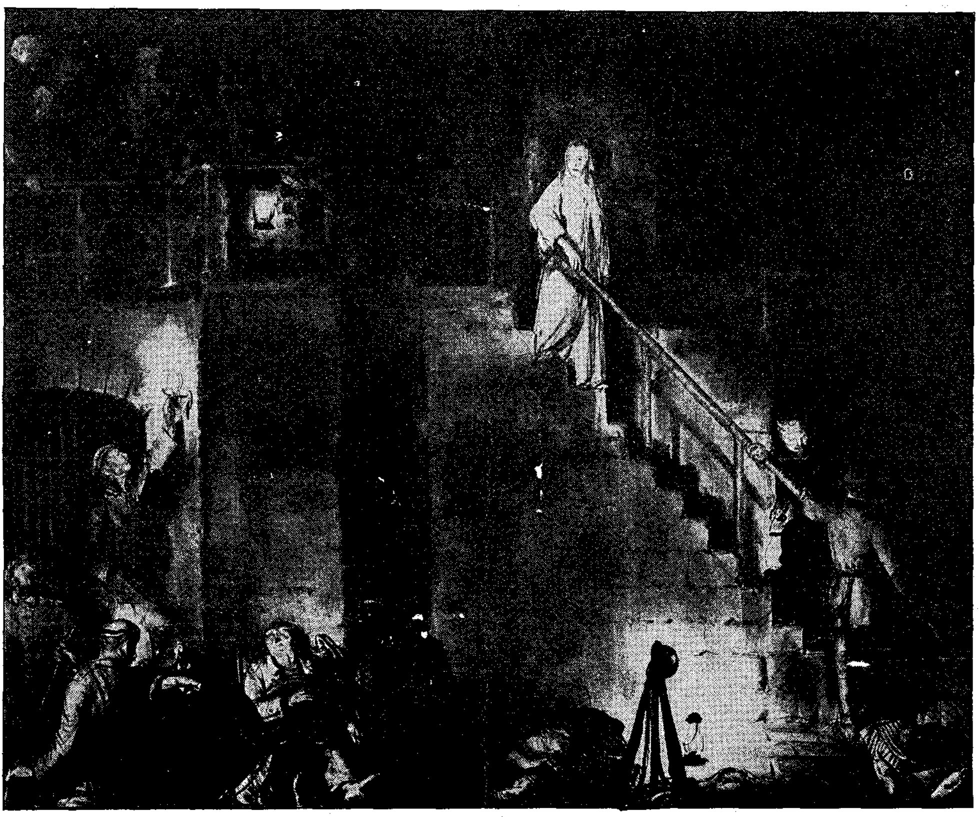
"It is not a nice position for the head of a large corporation to take, but he is following historically in the footsteps of some other Western Union presidents, one of whom deflected the genius of Elisha Gray from developing the telephone. Another president, of similar 'low visibility' completely failed to encourage the genius of Edison, who was forced to work elsewhere than in the telegraph business, and whose wonderful achievements since are known to all mankind.

"But all this perhaps accounts for the lack of progress of science in land-line telegraphy, which has advanced very little beyond the days of Morse, and certainly not at all beyond the days of Edison's connection with it."

LETTERS - AND - ART

HOW AMERICAN ARTISTS PICTURE THE WAR

Most branches of the fine arts suspended work at the beginning of the war and tried to peer into the future with the self-same question: How is this to affect us? The graphic arts are already able to answer, now that the war is over. And in the Allied War Salon, opened at the American Art Galleries, New York, painters and draftsmen are giving us the evidence that, in the view of one critic at least, "it has exercised no mystical, talismanic influence." "The artists of the world have suffered no 'laying on of hands,'" he says; "they have received no new and strange inspiration; they have been in no wise transformed by contact with the great theme." Mr. Royal Cortissoz, critic of the New York *Tribune*, who writes this, disarms opposition by laying aside the rôle of critic. "In the presence of the immeasurable tragedy upon which the curtain has not yet been rung down," he says, "one shrinks from applying to these myriad impressions of it the ordinary touchstones of esthetic appraisal." His unwillingness to blame is perhaps helped by the fact that the artists bring him no new challenge. For this, too, he carries no censure because "we must see that this failure of new doors to open in the realm of art was inevitable"—by the very nature of the war. For proof he turns back to the Napoleonic era and the effect of its events upon the French artist Raffet:



"THE MURDER OF EDITH CAVELL."
This poetic treatment by George Bellows shows the tragic theme "enveloped in an unearthly loveliness."

> "That lucky lithographer had, in the first place, a colossal personality to place a romantic accent upon all that he did; and, secondly, he drew his designs in an epoch of open warfare. A battle was for him a glorious spectacle, playing naturally into the hands of a pictorial composer. In our own day all this has been changed. No matter how firmly convinced we may be that Marshal Foch is in military genius the peer of Napoleon, we can not visualize him as 'tying together' the episodes of the Great War after the manner of his predecessor; and, furthermore, his scene has been, on the whole, totally different from that of the Emperor. Trench warfare has called for almost any type of artist save a Raffet. It has called, rather, for the master of detail. Here we come close to the secret of the present exhibition.
>
> "Its most characteristic, most interesting qualities are those of the documentary record. There are pictures included, it is true, and to some of these we shall return with appreciation, but it is not in the group of large oil-paintings on its threshold that the war-salon makes its truest affirmation. That is to be sought, rather, in the collection of drawings made by the official artists of the United States Army. If the war has produced anything for us it has produced these snap shots in water-color or pencil. They vary in appeal according to the temperament of the draftsman. Capt. George Harding is notable for his dramatic spirit, for the picturesque *élan* with which he sketches our troops. Capt. J. André Smith is interested in making literal transcripts from nature. He and Capt. Ernest Peixotto and Capt. W. J. Aylward are students of topography rather than of military action. They supply the setting of the war, so to say, the traits of scarred landscapes and ruined buildings. In Capt. Wallace Morgan's drawings, as in those of Captain Harding, we get more of the soldier type, more of military movement. Captain Morgan, by the way, is especially rich in touches of character. His poster, 'Feed a Fighter,' is a magnificent portrait. Looking at all these drawings in the mass—and they are so numerous that it is frankly impossible to deal with them otherwise—one kindles to their truth, to their unmistakable value as records. Their purely artistic significance is another matter.
>
> "If we have been steadily skeptical as to the war's having any esoteric effect upon art it has been for the reason that in art you can never get away from the question of style. Not the most heroical of experiences will add that priceless element to an artist's equipment. He must be born with it or go without it to the end of his days. And without it he may be never so clever, never so faithful and proficient, and yet fail to strike twelve. That, in sober truth, is the conclusion to which we are forced by the drawings aforesaid. They are good drawings, properly to be preserved and admired for the light they will always throw upon the facts observed by the draftsmen. They are not, as drawings, as works of art, at all distinguished. The English have had the same experience as our own in this regard. Their men at the front have all done valuable work, but only one or two of them, G. Spencer Pryse and Frank Brangwyn, have put upon the common theme an uncommon stamp. Pryse, we may note in passing, is perhaps the most compelling figure in this show. His lithographs are large in conception and are executed with a fine, swinging stroke. Wherever a drawing of his is placed we are bound to pause. There are, of course, in the great body of black-and-white work here innumerable things that for one reason or another arrest and repay attention.

The savagery of Raemaekers, the daintiness in the etchings of Caproni, the humor in George Wright's Pelham Bay sketches, the consummate virtuosity of Forain, the humanness of Steinlen, the poetic grace of Charles Shannon—these and divers other strains of personal force unquestionably give pleasure. Nevertheless, among the draftsmen Mr. Pryse maintains an unchallenged supremacy, rising well above that subjection to detail which, as we have said, the nature of the war has irresistibly imposed upon most artists."

The painters who had not the fatigue of field work have "naturally been freer to throw off the all-pervasive handicap." Mr. Cortissoz thinks it significant, tho, that Mr. Bellows's "Murder of Edith Cavell" is "a piece of most circumstantial realism."

"It is quite the finest thing Mr. Bellows has ever done, really rich in that deep, tenderly felt beauty which as a rule he would appear to disdain. The scale of color used in this canvas is not very broad. But the play of light and shade exploited within it is so subtle as actually to enrich the artist's tones. His tragic theme is enveloped in an unearthly loveliness. He is a poet on this occasion. Another realist who somehow rises above himself is Mr. George Luks, the contributor of several New York street scenes, packed with soldiers and crowds of people aflutter with flags. Mr. Luks, like Mr. Bellows, is generally wont to make a virtue of brutality. Now it would seem that he, too, has been in Arcadia. He orchestrates his crowds and colors with a new gaiety, and, by the same token, with a new delicacy and skill. The 'Blue Devils on Fifth Avenue' is a truly rollicking picture, a *tour de force* that takes us captive as in a gust of high spirits. Mr. Paul Dougherty, the sea painter, has produced a noble canvas in his big 'Submarine Tragedy.' The scene is grandly realized. For this reason one could dispense with the aimed revolver of the Hun on the *U*-boat. It points a moral, but it teases the heroic simplicity of the composition. Marines and shipyard motives frequently appear, as was to be expected, and there are a few of the allegorical pieces which were to be looked for as a matter of course. But among the painters, as among the black-and-white men, we are always coming back to such 'actualities' as Mr. S. J. Woolf's 'First-Aid Station at Seicheprey,' the snap shot translated into color."

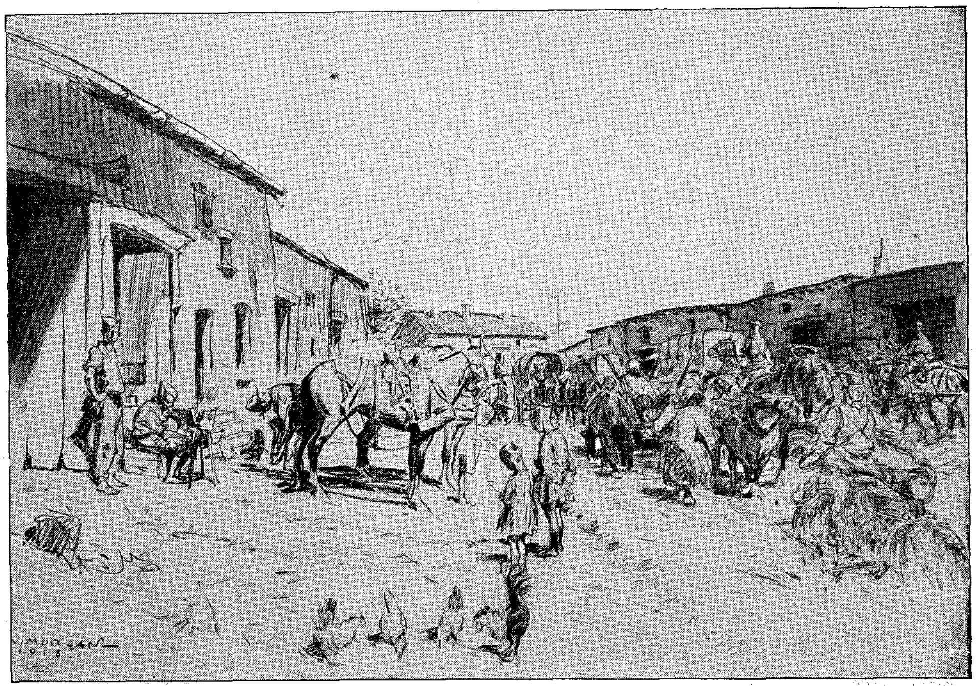
The exhibition is held under the auspices of the Division of Pictorial Publicity—of which Mr. Charles Dana Gibson is chairman—of the Committee on Public Information. It enjoys the cooperation also of the Committee on Arts and Decoration, of the Mayor's Committee on National Defense, and of the American Federation of Arts.

The exhibition shows also in mass the posters that have served us in various "drives" and encourages the New York *Times* critic to believe we have made appreciable progress there, tho still behind the achievements of English poster artists. We read:

"Only a few of us will recall, through the swarming and oppressive sensations of the past four years, the utter discouragement of our first efforts in poster-making. We were tawdry and cheap almost in proportion to the stimulus and importance of the occasion. We helplessly revealed the unpreparedness not of our art but of our organization of art, activities for any such stirring emergency. Then the public helped us with its jeering apprehension of the failures on parade. There is genuine satisfaction in turning to the American section and finding such poster designs as those now familiar to our American public."

A BRITISH DRAMA OF LINCOLN

HAS LINCOLN EVER APPEARED as a character in a really serious American play? Last year he was seen by reflection in a piece whose leading character possest many of his traits, and whose life moved within the circle of Lincoln's personal influence. For many years the vaudeville houses had presented before them a sketch which succeeded in suggesting the outer man through the actor's physical equipment helped out by skilful make-up. Shall we receive the great Lincoln play from England, where the Emancipator has long been almost a national hero, and from which has come Lord Charnwood's biography? A play called "Abraham Lincoln" has been presented at the Repertory Theater in Birmingham, whose director, Mr. John Drinkwater, has recently brought out the piece of which he is the author. The excuse for it, as shown by Mr. H. W. Massingham in the London *Nation*, is that "England is at this moment interested in America." The central figure of the play leads Mr. Massingham also to "breathe a prayer that small bits of his character may be grafted on to our statesmen before they muddle the peace which another great American has enabled them to win." The *Nation's* editor turns away from what he calls the "syndicate of soullessness" that control the London theaters to this outburst in the "provinces":



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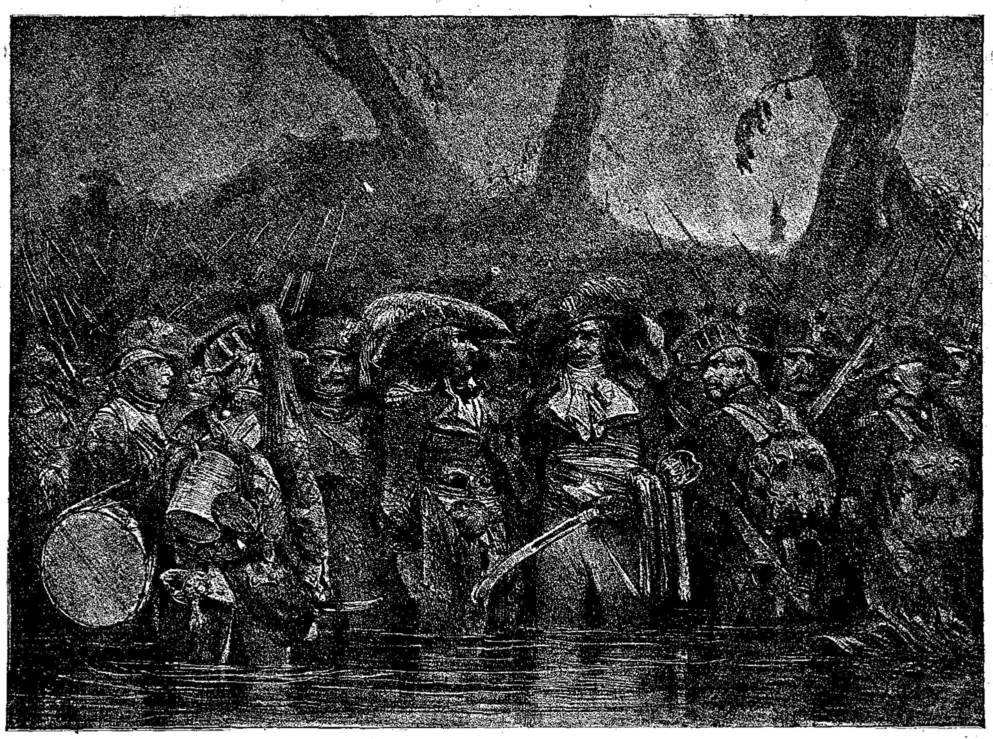
A ROADSIDE BLACKSMITH, NEAR THE LINES, SAZNEY.

Alongside the supply activities of the front lines, Mr. Wallace Morgan observes the signs of domestic life—women, children, and even chickens clinging to their homeland, though endangered by German shells.

"Mr. Drinkwater's task is a difficult one, in spite, or rather because, of the singular attraction, and indeed magnificence, of its subject. I imagine that Mr. Drinkwater has hardly had the time to study Lincoln in detail. Yet he is clearly alive to his charm. Lincoln was the most adorable of all the really great leaders of men. Fox was as delightful, but Fox had neither Lincoln's unfailing success nor his tragic end. Therefore, it would seem as if you might have in 'Father Abraham' a suitable hero of drama. Lincoln had style, humor, a wonderful personality. He was simple and subtle, glorious and physically uncouth, and he fell in the hour of victory for one of the greatest of wars and causes. What dramatist could ask for more? But there are difficulties. Lincoln stood alone. His rivals—Douglas, Chase, Seward—were not really comparable with him. He was never beaten save by Death. And tho he had extraordinary distinction, he was not romantic. Did he ever love a woman? It is doubtful. He was as melancholy as *Hamlet*, but, unlike *Hamlet*, he did not fail. So winning, so compelling, were his powers that he was never even seriously thwarted. He rose steadily, and having attained the highest place, kept it. His failures were episodes; and his career therefore was almost bare of contrasts, of all that violent, imposing, pathetic material with which tragedy is mainly concerned. For death—even premature and violent death—is not tragic unless it is associated with some thwarted or ignoble strain in a man's life. That was not the case with Lincoln. He was eminently *felix opportunitate*. His sun sank suddenly, but in full splendor, and the career that so ended was that of a consistent, tho a sublime, opportunist. And you may make anything of an opportunist but a hero. *Siegfried, Othello, Solness*, must die. But they must die ruined.



A NAPOLEONIC TRENCH PICTURED BY RAFFET.

The legend beneath reads: "The enemy does not suspect that we're here. It is now seven o'clock: we will surprize them to-morrow at four in the morning." Modern trench warfare, says Mr. Cortissoz, "has called for almost any type of artist save a Raffet," who preserves for us the Napoleonic scene.

"I imagine that Mr. Drinkwater perceived this defect in Lincoln as the subject of emotional drama, and rightly abandoned the attempt so to treat him. All that the dramatist could do in this way with Lincoln would be to take one of the episodes of his life—to detach one of those beautiful touches and incidents that show how lenient he was, how high-minded with small or smaller men, how tactful; in a word, what an exalted and faultless gentleman. That is the work of comedy. But Mr. Drinkwater, with his serious bent of mind, is not a natural writer of comedies, and, moreover, in this particular stress of events it would be pointless to write a comedy about Lincoln. Therefore he has rightly chosen to present his play in the form of a dramatic chronicle of Lincoln's life, to present it with intention, and to make a fairly definite application to our own war."

But at this point the *Nation's* editor enters a *caveat*, for, as he says, "if there was one thing more than another which insures Lincoln's immortality, it is his style." Going on:

"He and another great orator, Bright, wrote and spoke magical English: at their best they could not do anything else. You can not alter a word in the Gettysburg speech any more than you can change a word in the Ode on a Grecian Urn. Mr. Drinkwater has found it necessary to compress a good many of Lincoln's sayings into a small compass in order to produce the continuous and illustrative effect at which he aims. That is pardonable. But Lincoln, the politician, is one man; Lincoln, the maker of words that glorify our speech forever, is another, and an absolutely inviolate personage. Therefore I hope that when Mr. Drinkwater produces his play in London he will relieve it of the blot which takes a portion of the last sentence of the Second Inaugural, adds to it a piece of the last sentence of the Gettysburg speech, and dumps them both into an imaginary address delivered from the President's box in Ford's Theater within a few moments of the assassination.

"To do Mr. Drinkwater justice, this is his only serious offense, if one excepts a rather primitive caricature of Frederick Douglass. The larger lines of Lincoln's character do appear in the series of dramatic interludes—Lincoln's modest acceptance of the Presidential nomination, his battles of tactics with his always difficult Cabinet, his pardon of a young soldier sentenced to be shot for sleeping at his post, his refusal of Never-Endianism — which form the main divisions of the play. The plan, with the connecting chronicle, spoken in verse by two players, separately or in unison, approaches that of 'The Dynasts.' The atmosphere is not magical or alluring, but it is Lincoln, and the feeling is Lincoln. More could not be expected, even of the collaboration of a Shakespeare with a Plutarch. The grand Lincoln touch—the spectacle of a man of simplicity, humanity, and nobility conducting so tortuous and cruel a thing as war, and coming miraculously unstained out of it—is a moral phenomenon. It might furnish a dramatic situation had there been any point in Lincoln's career when, in winning the war, he seemed palpably to be losing his soul. But that never occurred. The man who at its close refused to make examples of the leading rebels — who said, 'Enough lives have been sacrificed; we must extinguish our resentments if we expect harmony and union'—was as entirely captain of himself as of the American nation and of the cause of human freedom. Therefore it is that Lincoln's career, essentially flawless, is also undramatic. Mr. Drinkwater gives it the appropriate moral and crown. If he has missed the chance which made nearly every one who came in contact with Lincoln fall in love with him, that again is a fault incidental to the method of the chronicle. Mr. Drinkwater has written a thoroughly interesting 'morality' play, and the public spirit which inspires such an act of education is beyond all praise."

TWO WARS IN SONG

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WILL BE NEEDED to pass judgment on the songs that the war has inspired in us. So an editorial writer of the New York *Times* thinks, basing his prediction on the time taken to appraise the Civil-War songs. Many an article, and even book, has been written on that war, and they teach us that the songs of the old war "reflected more different shades of feeling than have to-day come to the surface." Our war has fortunately been so short that aside from the "Over There" mood, we have lived through no other state of mind. And the writer points out that "'Over There' was just as singable up to the very day of the armistice as it was when the soldiers began to cross the Atlantic." But the "hopes, disappointments, and renewed determination" of our Civil-War moods can be traced in the varying themes of its songs. Perhaps this contrast will serve the appraisers of a future generation as a useful index of the part really played by the United States in the conflict; a part that we now see in the exaggerated glow of the elations of victory. The Civil War had its "Over There," only differently phrased:

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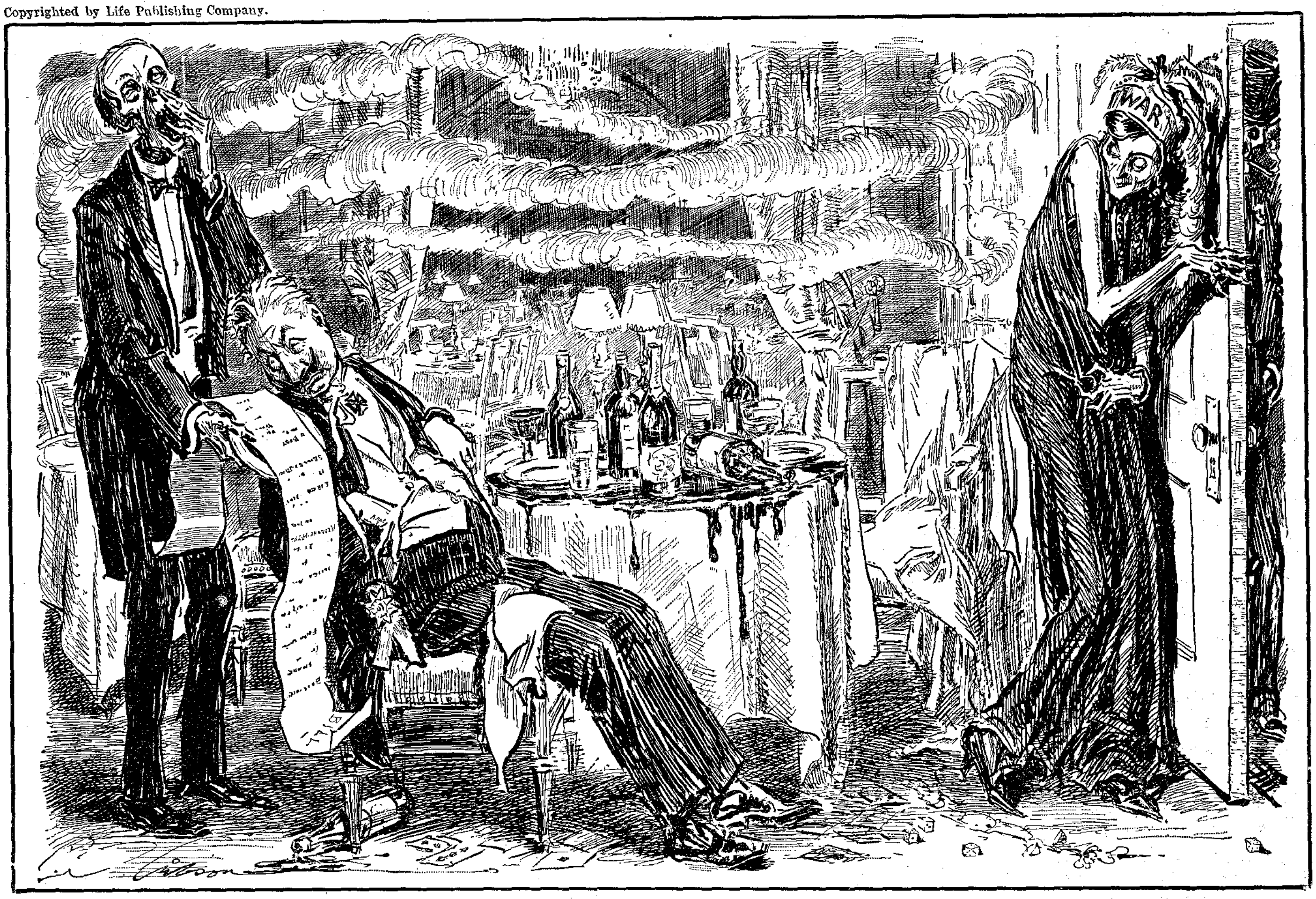


TOWARD MORNING.

Mr. Gibson's mordant cartoon shown in the Allied War Salon is apropos to the moment.

"In the first year of the Civil War such a song as 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching' could not have been written; it needed the great losses of the North to bring it out.

"'Over There' was surely the great song of this war, as 'John Brown's Body' was of the other. George M. Cohan is entitled, not for the first time, to the credit of having his hand on the people's pulse, of being a real interpreter of their moods. 'The Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming, and we won't come back till it's over, over there,' and the gay but threatening melody epitomized the whole struggle from the American viewpoint. Later Cohan struck another chord, 'When you come back, and you will come back, there's a whole world waiting for you,' but here he only touched a phase. In the earlier song he struck the national note, as George F. Root struck it in the old war with his 'Rally Round the Flag.' Root, too, had his song of a single phase, 'We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.' We may call Cohan the Root of this war.

"Next to Cohan must be placed Irving Berlin, with his 'I Hate to Get Up,' tho he wrote others. The two catchiest lines, those which paraphrase the bugle-call, were not original, having been used in the Army long before he entered it; but it was he who made a song around them, a song that was sung all over the country by soldiers and civilians, sung in France, too. Ivor Novello's 'Keep the Home-Fires Burning' was written before the war, but is entitled to rank as a war-song, because it was adapted to the purpose; and the same may be said of Zo. Elliott's 'There's a Long, Long Trail,' which the soldiers across the water sang on their marches.

"'Good-by, Broadway; Hello, France!' was first in the field, went well while it lasted, but was too commonplace to hold out. As popular a song as any was 'Joan of Arc,' which had two singular points about it. The author, Alfred Bryan, was also the author of 'I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier,' which was in great favor among the pro-Germans and pacifists before we went into the war. When we did, it dropt out of sight instantly, and Bryan as quickly changed his sentiments and caught up with 'Joan of Arc,' which is as militaristic a song as could be written. It is irritatingly commonplace in words, but the music by Jack Wells is inspiring, and a French translation has been made of it which is a real poem, whereas Bryan's English words are bathos, made all the worse by such absurd mistakes as placing Normandy among the victims of the German invader. In place of that blunder the French translator used words which in English would read, 'The bells of Reims they sound in pain,' thus changing a turnip into a rose."

Sentimental songs were naturally the voice of the home people. "Your Boy and My Boy," "Hello, Central, Give Me No Man's Land," "Bring Back My Daddie to Me," and "America, Here's My Boy," tried to express the sentiments of sacrifice, of yearning for absent ones, of loneliness of those left behind in security, while the soldier with all his emotions needed for the work in hand sang "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag." There was a common meeting-ground too:

"We all joined the soldiers enthusiastically in Geoffrey O'Hara's 'K-K-K-Katy,' which, written by an army man, has real soldier humor. It ranks with 'The captain with his whiskers stole a sly glance at me,' the comic soldier-song of the old war. In fact, the presence of so many merely sentimental and worthless songs is a fact growing out of the shortness of this war; they could be duplicated in the earlier war. It was not until that struggle had grown deadly that we came to such desperately earnest songs as 'Rally Round the Flag.' Yet the early days of that war gave us, on the Confederate side at least, such a splendid thing as Randall's 'My Maryland!' and such a rousing battle-song as 'The Bonnie Blue Flag.' There has been nothing to approach them in the war just ended. As for the soldiers, they obstinately refused to sing martial songs set down for them, just as they have in this war; and where our soldiers sang 'The Long, Long Trail,' written before the war, so the soldiers of the Civil War sang 'The Years Creep Slowly By, Lorena,' written before that conflict. 'Dixie,' the greatest war-song of those days, was made so by the soldiers; it was in reality a minstrel melody written two years before the war.

"The two wars were linked in a noble fashion in one song. John Hay's fine poem, 'When the Boys Come Home,' written in Civil-War days, was set to fine music by Oley Speaks in 1917, and became the noblest musical expression that the A. E. F. ever found."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

TREES TO KEEP GREEN THE MEMORY OF OUR HEROIC DEAD

A CHURCH IN TACONY, PA., has been the pioneer in a movement that may become of world-wide observance. It is to plant trees in memory of soldiers and sailors who died in the war. The more the suggestion spreads the wider it receives approval. Besides the memorial element in the act, it is a kind of reparation paid to universal nature for the devastation of some of her fairest countrysides. Then, too, it is a grateful recognition of the service rendered by inanimate nature in the great effort of defense. It has been said that France's great forests were more effective barriers against the Hun than anything that man has been able to build; and one of the most dramatic episodes in America's active participation in the war occurred in the depths of a vast forest. It is a coincidence worth noting that the poet-soldier with whom this paper has been most intimately associated wrote what many critics believe to be his best poem in praise of trees. It is this poem which the American Forestry Association has put forth in its *Bulletin* as a means of propaganda for its idea, and we reproduce it here. The church which has first put the new plan into execution deserves mention first. *The Bulletin* informs us that other churches are planning to do likewise:

"Four memorial trees have been planted on the lawn in front of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Innocents, Tacony, Pa., to keep fresh the heroic sacrifice of their lives by four of the town's sons who died in France. Two of the men were killed in action, the others died in hospitals close behind the battle-lines, according to a report to the American Forestry Association, Washington, which is urging the planting of living, growing trees to commemorate the brave deeds of America's soldier and sailor dead. Relatives and friends of the Tacony heroes participated in the planting; there was a brief address by Rev. Robert A. Edwards, rector of the church of which the men were members, and the choir sang appropriate hymns. Plans are being made in many other parts of the country to honor in similar manner the men who died in democracy's cause."

THE TREE

BY JOYCE KILMER

Who Gave His Life in France

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Next after this Tacony church comes a State of the South announcing itself as having taken definite action:

"In memory of her sons who gave their lives in the Great War, Louisiana is planning to plant 440 miles of 'victory oaks' and other suitable trees along Jefferson Highway, the State's principal road which runs from north to south and connects with the highway that extends all the way on to Winnipeg, Canada. The plan advocated by the American Forestry Association, Washington, has been approved by Governor Pleasant, who declares that 'no more fitting memorial could be reared to our soldiers, dead and living.' The details of the memorial have been turned over by him to M. L. Alexander, head of the department of conservation. The trees will stand about forty feet apart. Oaks will be used wherever possible, altho in some parts of the State other trees will thrive better.

"Many of the State governors and other officials, as well as patriotic organizations of various sorts throughout the country, also have written to the American Forestry Association expressing their hearty approval of this method of honoring this country's soldier and sailor dead."

"Let the cult which commemorates heroism and sacrifices be preached anew," says Mr. Robert S. Conklin, Commissioner of Forestry for Pennsylvania, "and our whole people be brought to a realizing sense of the terror and threatened destruction through which, happily, we have just come." He adds:

"There is no more suitable method of commemorating the deeds of heroism of our soldiers and sailors. Let the memorial trees be planted; let them be put in prominent places. . . . We feel there is no more beautiful method of commemorating the deeds of heroism of our soldiers and sailors in the Great War than by erecting to their memory a memorial which will remain green and flourishing for scores of years and be a constant reminder by the return of each period revival of the fresh memory of the one in whose honor it has been planted."

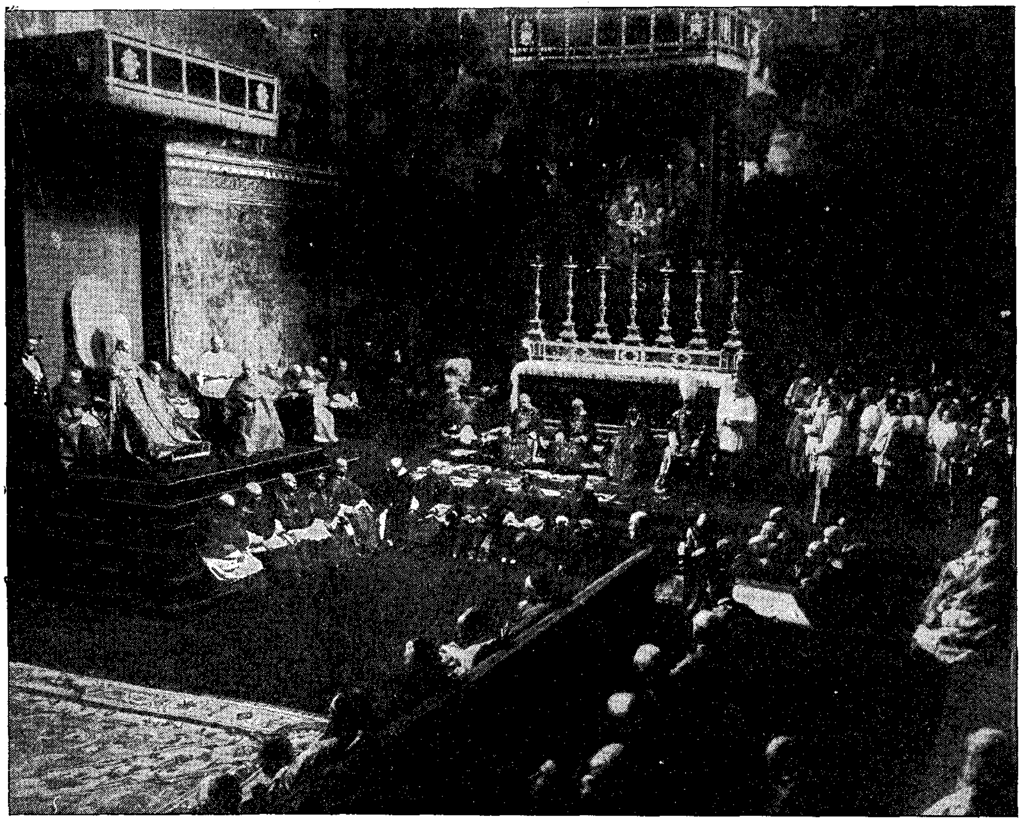
Mr. Charles Lathrop Pack, president of the American Forestry Association, and a great many others, Governors of States, and men prominent in public life, give the scheme their hearty approval. Mr. Pack writes:

"What finer tribute can be paid the men who have given their lives in the great cause, what finer tribute can be paid that man or the man who came out of the struggle alive than the planting of a living tree in his honor—a living tree that will go on after him and keep fresh the memory of his deeds."

PAPAL NEUTRALITY INDICTED AND DEFENDED

PRESIDENT WILSON'S VISIT to the Pope, which has been looked upon as likely to take place, can be undertaken "without danger of embarrassment because of the difference between the Vatican and the Quirinal." So a Paris dispatch to the New York *Tribune* announces, citing the precedent of King Edward's visit as establishing the etiquette of the program. What will be the subjects of conversation between the two remains a matter of interesting conjecture. *The Living Church* (Milwaukee) refers to "pressure" having been brought to bear upon the President "to use his influence with the Allies to secure representation of the Pope at the Peace Conference." It also calls to mind the secret correspondence published by the Russian revolutionists a year or more ago wherein it was shown that the Allies had agreed that no such representation should be allowed. This Protestant Episcopal organ sees the possibility of influence sufficiently strong to lead to a reversal of this determination and it "earnestly hopes" that "American public opinion will be emphatically recorded in dissent of any recognition of the Pope." In support of this view we read:

> "It is quite possible that the facts may never be positively known; but the impression that the Kaiser promised the restoration of the Temporal Power of the Pope in the event of his victory seems to rest upon a very strong probability. It would give to the Kaiser a strong hold over the Pope during the continuance of the war, would be his most effective punishment of Italy, and would forever give him and his successors, along with the inherited privilege of Austria, a strong control over papal elections and policies. Through the Pope, the Kaiser would rule such portions of the world as would not have been brought under his more direct sway. It is inconceivable that all this advantage was not thought of by the Kaiser and by his Austrian catspaw, and the papal attitude throughout the war fits admirably into such an understanding.
>
> "No doubt it is true that no certain evidence of this is in possession of the Allies. It may easily have been so insidious an understanding that actual evidence does not exist. But the Allies are at least justified in taking the ground that, once and forever, the temporal power of the Pope is ended and will never again be established. American opinion may well insist upon this and the American press lay stress upon it. It is not a matter of religious prejudice. It is not a matter of unfriendliness to a great, world-wide religious communion. It is rather a firm, unalterable determination that admits of no compromise. Rome never again shall, never again can, resume a temporal power over particular states nor a temporal influence over sovereign nations. And the sooner this is realized by the Pope and his associates—we believe it is already recognized approvingly by the vast majority of Roman Catholics in this country—the sooner will the Pope be freed from the imaginary imprisonment of his body and the real and vital imprisonment of his soul."



THE POPE HOLDING A PEACE MEETING.

This painting, the first ever made of an assembly in this papal chamber, shows Pope Benedict receiving the Cardinals to offer special prayers for the end of the war. The time was shortly after Germany asked the United States for peace.

The Pope's attitude toward the belligerents during the war was one subjected to more or less bitter criticism in many countries along this line, so much so, in fact, that one of his spokesmen here reviews the question and pleads for a proper understanding in order that the ends of religion may be served. "Without the latter the benefits of victory can not be secured for Christianity," says the Right Rev. Monsignor Fay, domestic prelate to the Pope and chaplain to Cardinal Gibbons, who protests against what he names "baseless attacks and unwarranted assumptions concerning the purposes of the Catholic Church." But Monsignor Fay, speaking to a representative of the New York *Evening Post*, declares that he is "unable to understand why the impression prevails that the Pope has said nothing on moral questions, or that the Papacy has been dumb in the face of German atrocities." A review of the various activities of the Pope, we are assured, shows that he has indeed spoken on many occasions. "He protested against the rape of Belgium, against the breaking of treaties, against the use of the submarine, against the bombing of unarmed towns, and against the deportation of the Belgian population." The Monsignor qualifies:

> "It is true that these things were done by diplomatic notes, except with regard to Belgium, when the Holy Father made his statements in open consistory; but these notes are the only way the Holy Father can express himself. What I conceive people would have him do would have been the condemnation of Germany that would have made it impossible for German Catholics to support their Government.
>
> "It must always be remembered that when the Pope speaks he does not express a personal opinion, or an exalted official opinion, but he speaks as the head of the only international religious body in the world, and he speaks to be obeyed. He must, therefore, be much more careful than the heads of other religions who do not have the same authority over their followers that he does.
>
> "If he had threatened Germany, he would have been absolving German Catholics from allegiance to their sovereign. The Holy

See has not used this authority since the sixteenth century, and it is the general opinion of Catholic theologians that it is not inherent in his place as pastor, and the Catholics of the English-speaking world obtain exemption from papal laws by professing that the Pope has no such power.

"It would have been horribly dishonest if the Pope had used the circumstances of this war to claim this power again. It could have been said, and not without justice, that the Pope had used the position of the Allies to claim an advantage which he could not have gained in normal times. It would have put German Catholics in the position of declaring that he was using the same circumstances to embroil them with their governments and make their lives impossible.

"The Church is supreme in her own domain, and the state is supreme in its own domain, and therefore the Pope must be most cautious in expressing views when those views have political complexion. He used his most efficacious means of protesting against Germany's actions, without imperiling the relations of any Catholic to any government, whatever it might be. And, indeed, as the German newspapers have not failed to point out, his condemnations have fallen on them, and not on the Allies.

"Even in the first days of the war, when the triumph of Russia, as then constituted, would have meant the destruction of the Catholics of Eastern rites united to the Holy See, only once did he speak, and then directly to the Russian Government, about the exile and imprisonment of the Archbishop of Lemberg, and the attempt to destroy the Catholics of Ruthenia by placing over them a bishop out of communion with Rome. This was not a condemnation of the Allies, but simply a condemnation of the Government of Russia.

"Catholics do not distinguish between the Papacy and the Catholic religion, altho in past times they have often distinguished between a reigning Pope and the Papacy. The Papacy is a necessary and constituent part of our religion."

"PRAYING GENERALS"—The pronounced religious tone of the leading officers on the Allied side is a quality that matches itself with the justice of their cause. Our readers have already seen how devout a man is Marshal Foch. That the head of the American forces as well as generals of the British are praying men is one of the personal factors noted by *The Congregationalist* (Boston), which sketches the scene on Thanksgiving day at Chaumont, the American headquarters in eastern France, where a formal service was held under the auspices of the leaders of our American Army with many dignitaries present representing the Allied nations:

"The commander of the American forces made an address in which all boasting was conspicuously absent and the serious and religious note was dominant. Here are some of his striking words with regard to recognition of the divine help without which even the superb valor of our troops might not have been crowned with success.

"'Victory was our goal. It is a hard-won gift of the soldier to his country. Only the soldier knows the cost of a gift we now present to the nation. As soldiers inspired by every spiritual sentiment, we have each silently prayed that the success of righteousness should be ours.

"'Great cause, indeed, have we to thank God for trials successfully met and victories won. Still more should we thank him for the golden future, with its wealth of opportunity and its hope of a permanent universal peace.

"'With thankfulness, we humbly acknowledge that his strength has given us the victory. We are thankful that the privilege has been given to us to serve in such a cause.'

"These words of General Pershing recall the remark credited to that stern British soldier, Lord Kitchener, when the news came to his London office in October, 1914, that General Joffre had thrown the Germans back at the Marne, 'Somebody has been praying.' Marshal Foch's well-known custom of taking a portion of every day for quiet meditation and prayer and the devout spirit of General Allenby, the conqueror of Jerusalem, must also be noted in this connection.

"That men of iron like these military leaders in the cause of freedom have all through these terrible months realized that 'if it had not been the Lord who was on our side, then the proud waters had gone over our soul,' should carry a powerful lesson to the whole world."

COST OF RUNNING THE RED CROSS

THE VALUE of our recent generous giving is emphasized in the report of the War Council of the American Red Cross. Funds so large pay the costs of their administration in the very interest they earn before they are disbursed. So, it is stated in a Washington dispatch in the New York *World*, that "for each dollar contributed by the American people for war-relief work more than one dollar and one cent is expended for that purpose, the extra cent being provided by interest on the funds." Expenses of operating the national and divisional headquarters of the organization come from a fund provided by membership dues, the war-fund not being drawn upon for any but relief expenditures. For the lover of details the correspondent has compiled a succession of interesting statements which we quote here:

"The total management expenses of the organization for the fiscal year was $2,164,865. Included in this total was the amount necessary to maintain the organization at national headquarters in Washington, the heart and brain of the Red Cross, and the fourteen divisional headquarters, the arteries of the organization running through continental and territorial United States. These divisions have immediate supervision over some 3,864 chapters, which in turn divide themselves into many thousands of branches.

"The above total expenditure for the administrative bureaus at headquarters was divided as follows: War Council staff, which includes advisory committees and clerical forces reporting to the War Council, the latter body directing all Red Cross activities, $58,537; general manager's office, $111,640; department of development, which directs the money-raising and membership campaigns and the work of the chapter organizations, $197,126; department of publicity, including costs of printing, postage, etc., $197,812; department of accounts, $76,222; office of treasurer, $22,348; office of secretary, $17,980; bureau of standards, $36,329; department of foreign relief, $5,685; bureau of cables, $3,463; bureau of insurance, $940; administrative supplies, $40,816; operation of buildings and grounds, $92,058. All the foregoing items refer to the national headquarters organization. The expenditure for maintaining the fourteen divisional headquarters was $1,303,910.

"At the time the report was compiled there were 8,512 persons employed in various capacities at national, divisional, and the different foreign headquarters of the organization, close to 2,000 of this number being volunteer workers. More than 3,500 workers are employed overseas."

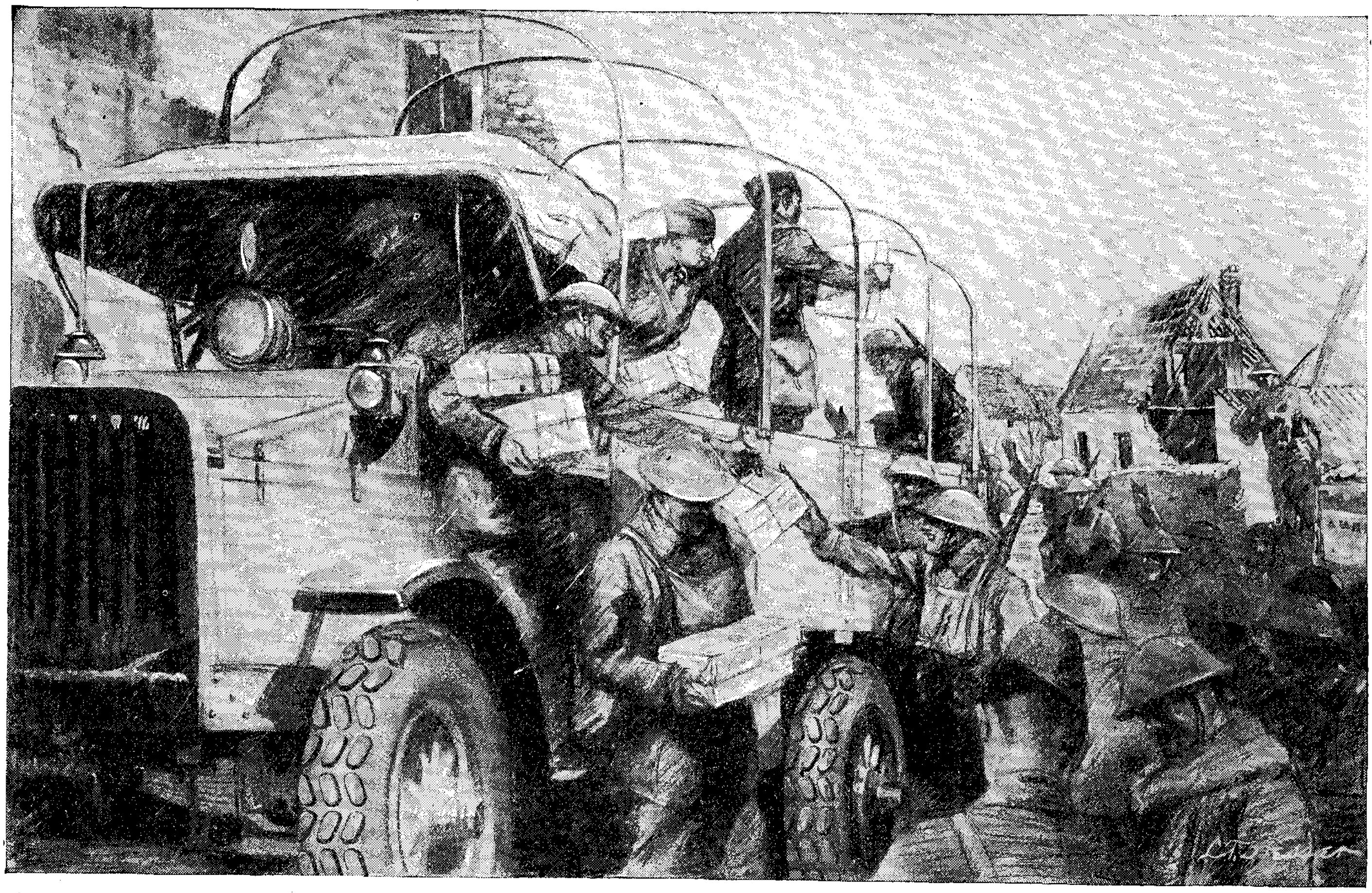
The small army of paid workers necessary for the enterprises undertaken number by this report 6,234. A majority receive between $600 and $1,000 a year in salary, tho $1,500 and over is the wage for some. Specifically,

"There are 723 employees receiving salaries of from $1,500 to $2,000 a year, 214 from $2,000 to $2,500, 94 from $2,500 to $3,000, 77 from $3,000 to $4,000, 28 from $4,000 to $5,000, 16 from $5,000 to $6,000, 12 from $6,000 to $6,500, 6 from $6,500 to $7,800, and one $10,000. The Red Cross is a great business as well as relief organization and requires specialists in many lines. Many of the executives are volunteers who gave up high salaries in private life to work for the Red Cross, not as 'dollar-a-year-men.' but absolutely without salary recognition.

"The unpaid workers on the roster are not to be confounded with the more than 8,000,000 volunteer women workers who perform Red Cross labors in the workrooms of the organization. The fact that these patriotic women give their services free, turning out last year alone finished articles with a value of $44,000,000, makes it possible for the Red Cross to keep its operating expenses at such a low level.

"After $107,716,348 had been appropriated for work in Europe and the United States there remained in the treasury on July 1, 1918, the beginning of the current fiscal year, the sum of $50,879,023. . . . . . .

"The appropriations for foreign relief were divided as follows: France, $36,613,683; Italy, $6,410,630; Great Britain, except Canada, $3,684,529; Belgium, $1,432,374; Russia, $1,216,685; Roumania, $2,714,610; Servia, $1,000,582; Switzerland, $807,937; Armenia, Syria, and Palestine, $3,461,827; Canada, $500,000; Poland, $200,000; Portugal, $6,000; miscellaneous foreign relief expenditures, $1,739,813."



Peace - and Packages

Christmas boxes—straight from home—have made two million Yanks hilarious.

Cars and trucks sped delivery—just as they did back here.

Wherever the flag flies, the mission of motor vehicles is the same—to avoid delays, cut down congestion, and to rush deliveries.

They have become essential units in our national transport system.

That's why thousands of concerns who require quick, dependable delivery at low cost equip their cars and trucks with good tires—United States Tires.

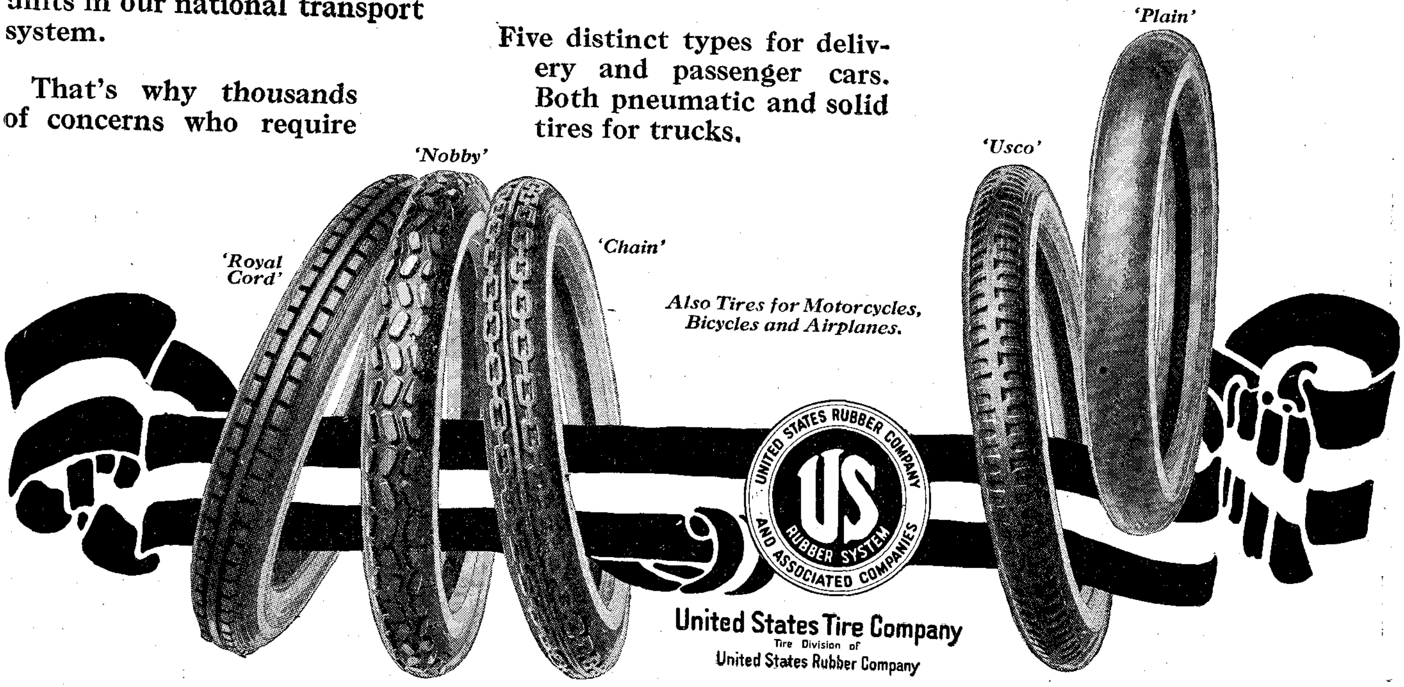
War tried and proved the surplus strength of United States Tires.

It is this tremendous and lasting vitality that guarantees longest life, highest type of service and lowest cost per mile.

Five distinct types for delivery and passenger cars. Both pneumatic and solid tires for trucks.

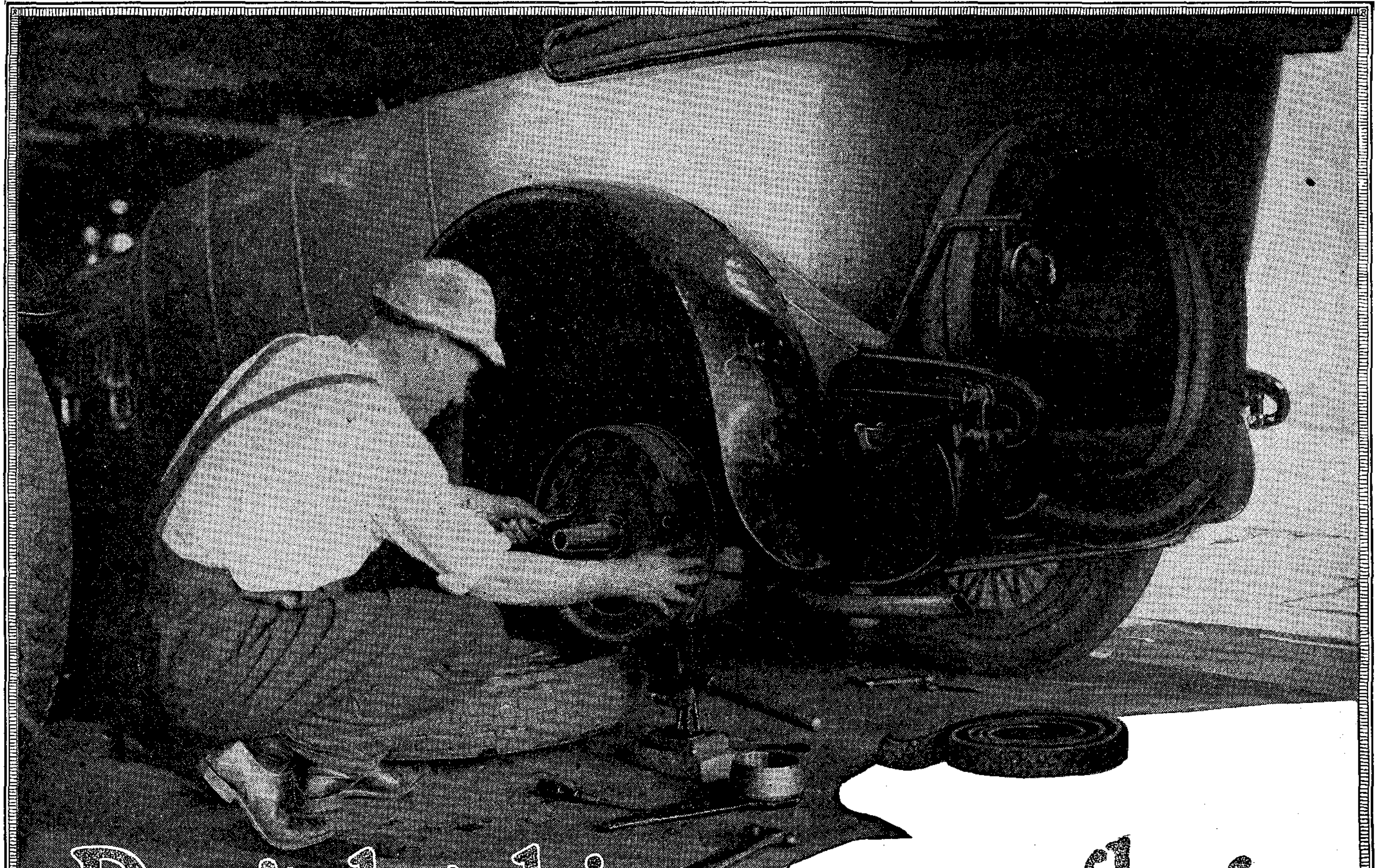
United States Tires are Good Tires

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that make United States Tires Supreme.



Also Tires for Motorcycles, Bicycles and Airplanes.

United States Tire Company
Tire Division of
United States Rubber Company

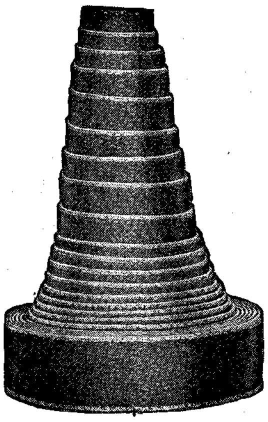


Don't let him camouflage *your* brakes

"Cheap" brake lining is often hidden beneath the brake bands. You only find this out when the lining quickly wears away or refuses to hold. Then the car goes back to the shop for *new* lining followed by another repair bill, and what is more important—your car is temporarily out of commission.

Make every dollar do the work of two. Save gas by coasting. Conserve it by stopping engine when standing. Buy good oil and tires. Get substantial *wear* at the brakes with Raybestos, *guaranteed to wear one year*. Raybestos "grips", it gives added security and insures satisfactory service.

Raybestos BRAKE LINING



You can readily tell whether or not *your* brakes are lined with *real* Raybestos. Every inch of genuine Raybestos is edged with silver.

The Silver Edge Protects You from "Cheap" Substitutes

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn.

WAR-TIME-FOOD-PROBLEMS

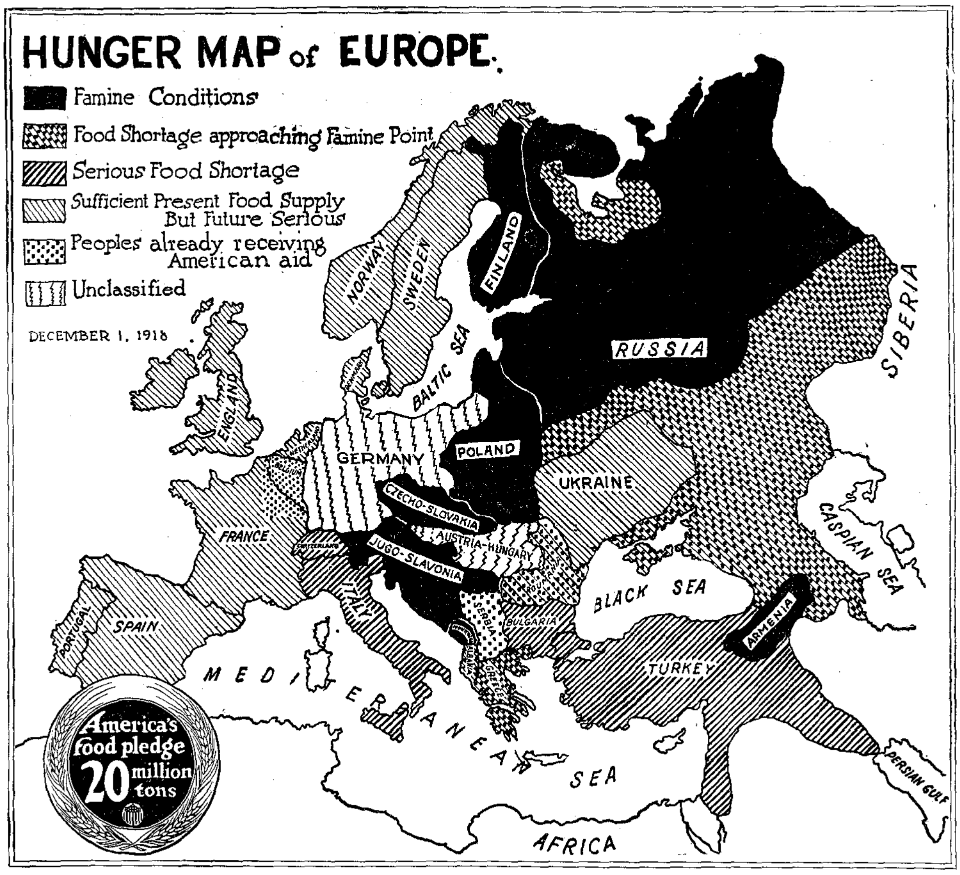
Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST *by the* UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION
and especially designed for High School Use

HUNGER—THE BLACK SHADOW

"I'M HUNGRY!"

How many dozens, scores, hundreds of times you have used those words! Very likely you have said it within twenty-four hours of the time of reading this article. And yet when you made that remark the chances are that you were indicating only a passing discomfort—a hunger that would probably be allayed within a few hours.

Quite another sort of hunger is that desperate kind toward which the future holds no gleam of hope. The hunger which you have so often felt is to the real hunger of famine as a mere rivulet to Niagara.


HUNGER MAP of EUROPE.
▇ Famine Conditions
▩ Food Shortage approaching Famine Point
▨ Serious Food Shortage
▧ Sufficient Present Food Supply But Future Serious
▦ Peoples already receiving American aid
▥ Unclassified
DECEMBER 1, 1918
NORWAY
SWEDEN
FINLAND
RUSSIA
SIBERIA
BALTIC SEA
ENGLAND
DENMARK
NETHERLAND
BELGIUM
GERMANY
POLAND
UKRAINE
CZECHO-SLOVAKIA
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
FRANCE
SWITZERLAND
JUGO-SLAVONIA
ROUMANIA
CASPIAN SEA
BLACK SEA
ARMENIA
SPAIN
PORTUGAL
ITALY
SERBIA
ALBANIA
BULGARIA
GREECE
TURKEY
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
PERSIAN GULF
AFRICA
America's food pledge 20 million tons

Such a comparison will serve to indicate to you the kind of hunger which Europe is already undergoing or is threatened with. Truly it needs no graphic presentation in map form to call famine a Black Shadow. And yet even a shadow may have gradations. To-day it is everywhere recognized as the duty of any nation where there is food to spare or where such a surplus can be created to destroy this shadow, making it lighter and lighter until at last it disappears and health and the opportunity for normal existence are restored to stricken peoples.

Obviously, famine can not be relieved in Europe—no matter how favorable shipping conditions or how successful conservation efforts—unless the situation is exactly understood. The best way to make clear the conditions in Europe to-day is by means of such a map as is given here. You will note that this map is dated December 1, 1918. Due allowance must be made for that fact, because what was true on that date in some particular country may grow better or worse almost overnight. One of the tasks before our people and our Government to-day is to strive to make every new hunger-map show conditions which are less acute.

Moreover, there are certain special conditions which make it imperative to relieve some countries sooner than others. To find an example of this, one need look no farther than Belgium, northern France, and Servia. Even with small imagination it will be instantly recognized that those countries, devastated, undernourished, and stript bare of food and agricultural equipment by enemy occupation, are in such straits as to require immediate relief—relief which is already being sent them from America.

Similar conditions resulting from warfare are to be seen in Roumania, Russia, Poland, Finland, and among the Czechs and Jugo-Slavs. In all those regions, whereas there have been about five million deaths by war, deaths by famine in the same period have amounted to more than twenty million. Armenia has been given over to massacre. No food could be imported and only secret sowing and reaping have been possible.

Russia also has been torn by external and internal discord. There has been disruption of transportation and of all normal business life. Under three years of famine Poland has lost one-fourth of her population. In Finland the blockade has supplemented the distress caused by revolution, and the same terrible conditions are unfortunately true among Czechs and Jugo-Slavs

To be sure, there are portions of northern and eastern Russia where there is still a remnant of agricultural equilibrium. But such sections, like Roumania and Greece, are constantly threatened with famine.

As the map indicates, less acute hunger conditions exist in Italy, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Switzerland. But even so, the predicament of these lands is still serious. According to the map there is a sufficient present food-supply in England, France, Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, Ukraine, and the Scandinavian countries. But the threat of hunger lurks always in the background.

Of the four hundred and twenty million people probably included in the areas mentioned, only a small proportion at present have food enough to last until the next harvest. Now, it is true that the removal of the sea blockades will permit food to have access to many countries heretofore cut off from outside relief. Nevertheless, Belgium, Servia, Roumania, Greece, the Czechs, and Jugo-Slavs must be helped systematically and immediately.

Time will prove a great factor in relief work. Some countries must be supplied at once; others can help themselves at the moment, provided they are given guaranties of food for the future.

As well as supplying food to stricken nations, we must contribute to their upbuilding in every way, for famine seldom ceases while nations are in chaos. Later maps may show different conditions from this presented above, but not for a long time will they indicate that there can be a slackening of aid, for it is no exaggeration to say that the Black Shadow of Hunger which hangs over Europe, in its spirit and evil possibilities, hangs over the entire world.

CURRENT POETRY

THE old year is dying—the year of victory—and the new year of peace is at hand. A young cadet in the air service has echoed what we must all be thinking this New Year in this poem from the Denver *Rocky Mountain News:*

THE NEW YEAR

By Thomas Hornsby Ferril

The last note of the sounding bugle dies.
The drums are still. Into the realm of years
Which are no more, where even memories
Are dead, and petty jealousies and fears
Have ceased to be, where bitterness has gone,
And only leaves behind a heritage
Of happiness, the Old Year passes on.
The echoes now are still. Time lifts the page
Of young men's blood and battle-fields of death,
And, as he turns it o'er, in love of them
Who gladly sacrificed their mortal breath,
The clear-voiced bells ring out a requiem.
And with the bells a New Year has begun;
Then beams the dawn of Hope, the night is done.

Our New Year of Peace has been brought about in great part, they tell us, by the Allied fleets, which have rendered the work of our soldiers possible. The English Poet Laureate tells us in the London *Times* of the knight-errantry of the sailor.

THE CHIVALRY OF THE SEA

By Robert Bridges

Over the warring waters, beneath the wandering skies,
The heart of Britain roameth, the Chivalry of the sea,
Where Spring never bringeth a flower, nor bird singeth in a tree;
Far, afar, O beloved, beyond the sight of our eyes,
Over the warring waters, beneath the stormy skies.

Stanch and valiant-hearted, to whom our toil were play,
Ye man with armor'd patience the bulwarks night and day,
Or on your iron coursers plow shuddering through the Bay,
Or 'neath the deluge drive the skirmishing sharks of war:
Venturous boys who leapt on the pinnace and rowed from shore,
A mother's tear in the eye, a swift farewell to say,
And a great glory at heart that none can take away.

Seldom is your home-coming; for ay your pennon flies
In unrecorded exploits on the tumultuous wave;
Till, in the storm of battle, fast-thundering upon the foe,
Ye add your kindred names to the heroes of long ago,
And mid the blasting wrack, in the glad sudden death of the brave,
Ye are gone to return no more. Idly our tears arise;
Too proud for praise as ye lie in your unvisited grave,
The wide-warring water, under the starry skies.

While all our sailors show the chivalry of the sea, not all of them have the gift of expression of that Laureate of the Fleet who is known as "Klaxon." He is the commander of a British submarine, who has sung the deeds of the navies—our own and his—with a vigor and vim all through the war. His poems have been collected into a volume called "Songs of the Submarine" (McBride, Nast & Co., London and New York), which is sold for the benefit of the Red Cross. From it we take a few characteristic examples of our poet in his varied moods. Here is a purely poetic fancy.

OVERDUE

By "Klaxon"

In the evening—in the sunset—when the long day dies,
Out across the broad Atlantic, where the great seas go,
When the Golden Gates are open and the sunlight flies,
The fairy Islands drift and fade against the crimson glow.

In the evening, when the fiery sun was sinking in the West,
St. Brendan and the chosen few went sailing out to sea,
To the Westward—to the sunset—to the Golden Isle of rest,
The haven of the weary men, the land of Fairie.

Is it only in the sunset we may find the Golden Fleece?
Is it only to the Westward that the Fairyland is found?
And those who went away from us and passed from war to peace—
Are they looking still for Fairyland the wide world round?

Then as I gazed across the dark the morning answer came—
To eastward stretched the golden sea for many a golden mile,
The far horizon joined the sky in dancing lines of flame—
And drifting on the seas of dawn, I saw St. Brendan's Isle.

Next a vivid picture of the silent watch in the North Sea—a poem full of spray and wind and cold:

WET SHIPS

By "Klaxon"

". . . And will remain on your Patrol till the 8th December. . . ." (*Extract from Orders.*)

The North-East Wind came armed and shod from the ice-locked Baltic shore,
The seas rose up in the track he made, and the rollers raced before;
He sprang on the Wilhelmshaven ships that reeled across the tide.
"Do you cross the sea to-night with me?" the cold North-Easter cried—
Along the lines of anchored craft the Admiral's answer flashed,
And loud the proud North-Easter laughed, as the second anchors splashed.
"By God! you're right—you German men, with a three-day gale to blow,
It is better to wait by your harbor gate than follow where I go!"

Over the Bight to the open sea the great wind sang as he sheered:
"I rule—I rule the Northern waste—I speak, and the seas are cleared;
You nations all whose harbors ring the edge of my Northern sea,
At peace or war, when you hear my voice you shall know no Lord but me."
Then into the wind in a cloud of foam and sheets of rattling spray,
Head to the bleak and breaking seas in dingy black and gray,
Taking it every lurch and roll in tons of icy green
Came out to her two-year-old patrol—an English submarine.

The voice of the wind rose up and howled through squalls of driving white:
"You'll know my power, you English craft, before you make the Bight;
I rule—I rule this Northern Sea, that I raise and break to foam.
Whom do you call your Overlord that dares me in my home?"
Over the crest of a lifting sea in bursting shells of spray,
She showed the flash of her rounded side, as over to port she lay,
Clanging her answer up the blast that made her wireless sing:
"*I serve the Lord of the Seven Seas. Ha! Splendor of God—the King!*"

Twenty feet of her bow came out, dripping and smooth it sprang
Over the valley of green below as her stamping engines rang;
Then down she fell till the waters rose to meet her straining rails—
"I serve my King, who sends me here to meet your winter gales."
(Rank upon rank the seas swept on and broke to let her through,
While high above her reeling bridge their shattered remnants flew);
"*If you blow the stars from the sky to-night, your boast in your teeth I'll fling,*
I am your master—Overlord and—Dog of the English King!"

The sailor has always a tender spot for the "girl he left behind."

TO D. V. B.

By "Klaxon"

They watch us leaving harbor for the greatest game of all,
And wonder if we're coming back across the greedy sea;
They never know the fighting thrill or high adventure's call—
I rather think the women folk are better men than we.
But I suspect they say of us as out to sea we go,
In all our panoply of pride from Orkney to the Nore:
"It keeps them quiet, we suppose—they like the work, we know—
And soon perhaps they'll tire and play some safer game than War."

"Klaxon" pays a fine tribute to our boys in a half-humorous vein:

THE SAILOR'S VIEW

By "Klaxon"

Too proud to fight? I'm not so sure—our skipper now and then
Has lectured to us on patrol on foreign ships and men,
And other nation's submarines, when cruising round the Bight;
And 'seems to me—when they begin—the Yankee chaps can fight.
Why, if I was in the Army (which I ain't—and no regrets),
And had my pick of Generals, from London's latest pets
To Hannibal and Wellington, to follow whom I chose,
I wouldn't think about it long—I'd give the job to those
Who fought across a continent for three long years and more
(I bet the neutral papers didn't say in 'sixty-four
Of Jackson, Sherman, Lee, and Grant, "The Yanks can only shout"—
That lot was somewhere near the front when pluck was handed out);
But what the Skipper said was this: "There's only been but one
Successful submarine attack before this war begun,
And it wasn't on a liner on the easy German plan,
But on a well-found man-of-war, and Dixon was the man
Who showed us how to do the trick, a tip for me and you,
And I'd like to keep the standard up of Dixon and his crew,
For they hadn't got a submarine that cost a hundred thou',
But a leaky little biscuit-box, and stuck upon her bow
A spar torpedo like a mine, and they and Dixon knew
That if they sank the enemy they'd sink the *David*, too.
She'd drowned a crew or two before—they dredged her up again,
And manned and pushed her off to sea.—My oath, it's pretty plain

Dealer's Coupon

Geo. D. Bailey Co.
4504 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Name..

Address..................................

Jobber..........................

Send me free thrust washer gauge and discounts on Bailey Ball Thrusts.

Ford Owner's Coupon

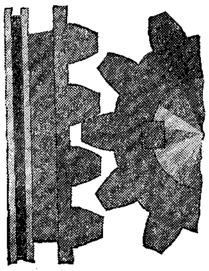
Geo. D. Bailey Co.
4504 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Name..

Address..........................

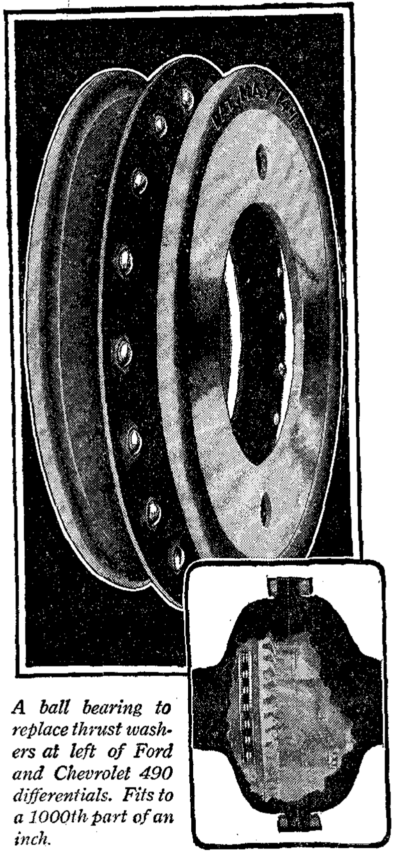
Dealer...................

Send me free folder on Bailey Ball Thrusts.

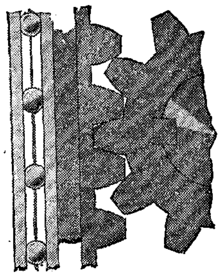


Poor mesh with worn washers

This shows gears partly out of mesh because washers at left have worn thin due to gear thrust. Drive is taken on weak part of one tooth only instead of two—resulting in loss of power, noisy gears, back-lash and stripping



A ball bearing to replace thrust washers at left of Ford and Chevrolet 490 differentials. Fits to a 1000th part of an inch.



Perfect Mesh with Bailey

Bailey Ball Thrust "stands up" under gear thrust and keeps gears properly meshed. Drive is taken on two teeth instead of one. No noise, no lost power, no back-lash, no breaking of gears

Prevents Ford Rear Axle Trouble

FRICTION creates wear and wear causes trouble. Plain flat washers used at left side of Ford and Chevrolet 490 differentials, have a sliding instead of rolling contact, (as in a ball bearing), grind together, create tremendous friction and therefore wear thin. This causes drive gear and pinion to get out of mesh or shift away from each other. The drive then is taken on the weak part of one tooth only, instead of firmly upon two, and in a short time the strain causes a snapping of the gear teeth, resulting in rear axle trouble and repair expense. Moreover, fine particles of metal created through washer friction get into the other axle bearings and lessen their life and service.

But the Bailey Ball Thrust bearing with its rolling, micro-chrome steel balls, creates no friction—hence no wear. It must therefore make gears mesh properly, run quietly, smoothly and without an ounce of power wastage.

Each Bailey Ball Thrust bearing possesses the strength to withstand six times the thrust (or pressure) applied at any time and so we can and do unqualifiedly guarantee every bearing installed, and we insist that our dealers repeat this guarantee to the car owner. *During 1918 alone approximately 100,000 of these bearings were installed and they made good.*

See your dealer or repairman—he undoubtedly carries this bearing in stock. Most dealers do. He will tell you how Bailey Ball Thrusts have helped other Ford and Chevrolet 490 owners in preventing axle trouble. All other cars are equipped with ball or roller bearings to take this gear thrust in order to eliminate friction and wear. If he cannot supply you, write us direct, giving his name; we will see that you are supplied. Price $3.75. *(Canada $5.00).*

An interesting folder on Bailey Ball Thrusts will be sent upon request. You may like to refer to it later in the season if your car is now in storage. Send for it.

FLEET OWNERS—The small initial cost of installing Bailey bearings is completely overshadowed by the decided saving effected in power and repair costs. Moreover, cars that are Bailey equipped stay in operation instead of being "laid up" because of gears broken through worn washers. Show this advertisement to the foreman of your car-repair department—his opinion will be undoubtedly to the effect that your upkeep will be materially reduced with the installation of this bearing, especially in cold weather when washers wear very rapidly. May we send further details?

From the plant of

Geo. D. Bailey Co.
4504-10 Ravenswood Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Sales Dept.

The Bailey-Drake Co.
1120 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago
San Francisco Minneapolis
Kansas City Seattle Dallas

BAILEY BALL THRUST

They had some guts to give away, that tried another trip
In a craft they knew was rather more a coffin than a ship;
And they carried out a good attack, and did it very well.
As a model for the future, why it beats the books to Hell,
A tradition for the U. S. A., and, yes—for England, too;
For they were men with English names, and kin to me and you,
And I'd like to claim an ancestor with Dixon when he died
At the bottom of the river at the *Housatonic's* side."

Every now and then "Klaxon" plays the fool with frank deliberateness. Hear him extol the virtues of the Ship's Cat:

THAT BLINKIN' CAT

By "Klaxon"

In the Diving-room, where the O. O. D. his weary vigil keeps,
Battered and scarred with years of strife behind the door she sleeps,
Fighting her battles o'er again as ancient warriors may
With bristling fur as she dreams anew of many a noble fray.

Savage and silent
Swift in the onslaught
As the great eagle
Stoops to the victim;
Guard of the Gangway,
Dreadful—prolific,
Mother of hundreds,
Terrier-strafer,
Messenger-biter.

Hail to the guard of the *Maidstone's* gangway—Skoal!

Sing of the day the air was full of words like "Alabaster,"
When she ate a piece of the Corporal's hand and bit the Quartermaster;
The day she fought with an Airedale dog and drove him back to shore,
For the sake of her sixty little ones—she fought—and had some more.

Faithful and loyal,
Guard of the Gangway,
Turning the dogs back—
Yelping and howling,
Biting her masters—
Corporals—any one,
Fiercely domestic,
Easily queen of—
Pugnacious obstetrics—
Motherly War.

Hail to the terror and pride of the *Maidstone*—Skoal!

Sing of the day she won the fray with a new *Pandora* dog,
And the Quartermaster shone with pride as he entered in the log:
"At 10 P.M. we dowsed our pipes and drew the 'Nettle's' fires,
At 10:15 six births aboard—*that blinkin' cat of ours!*"

The "brothers of the landward side" are not forgotten, and the deeds of Scotland's sons inspire his muse.

TO THE SCOTTISH REGIMENTS

By "Klaxon"

Land of sorrow—war and weeping,
Granite rock and falling snow,
Where Romance is never sleeping,
Where the fires of freedom glow.

Where the spark has never died, be the cause however lost,
Be the breath however humble that would fan it to a flame
From the shieling—from the castle, did they ever count the cost
Ere they went to meet a rebel's death and perished for a name?

While England learned the Roman tongue and paid her tax to Gaul—
The Caledonian tribute clashed along the Roman wall—
From East to West the sentinels looked out toward the North—

"*Amboglanna has sent for aid,*
For the heather is bright with targe and blade
Away to the silvery Forth."

When the Scottish host looked down and scorned to charge the foe
That filed around the fatal hill and crossed the stream below
When the flowers of the forest fell and withered in the fight

"*Shoulder to shoulder around the King,*
Hear the claymore whistle and sing
Our funeral song to-night."

The English knew it at Prestonpans—the wall against their backs
When down the slope the clansmen came with the long Lochaber ax,
The dew on the grass and the morning mist and a roar of charging men—

Pipers playing on either flank—
"*Steady the volleys, the leading rank!*"
The fires were blazing then.

And the spark has gone to Flanders, as the Prussian butchers know,
For they learned at Loos and Hulluch from the Caledonian sword
The prayer of Anglo-Saxon priests a thousand years ago—
"From the fury of the Northern men, deliver us, O Lord!"

Finally, a sea poem from the Ottawa *Citizen:*

THANKFULNESS

By John F. Waddington

The old ship, the bold ship,
The Clipper of the Sea,
Beneath whose prow the waters slip
Foam-white and wond'rously—
The vessel taut has come to port,
The voyage, thank God! is done;
The freight—how dearly was it bought,
And yet how bravely won!

From island and from highland
They went, the strong, the brave—
Alas! some bleach upon the sand,
Some rot beneath the wave!
Thank God for these on bended knees
Who, tho the tempest drives,
Through rage of waters, tumbling seas,
Come safely with their lives.

The white ship, the tight ship
Lies harbor-wise, heaved to;
Drop down the sails, the anchor trip,
Pay off her valiant crew.
The anxious breast is now at rest,
Th' adventurers of the Foam
Are of their sailor-gear divest,
And each one seeks his home.

The old ship, the bold ship,
The ship that we have manned—
The ensign at the masthead dip
To Him who wisely planned.
And tho she rides upon the tides
That sweep in from the main,
First shall we be, if God decides
We must to sea again.

Camouflage is parody in paint. Here is a quaint story from *The Westminster Gazette:*

CAMOUFLAGE

By Sir Frederick C. Gould

The Bittern took Camouflage lessons,
For he wanted to look like a stick,
And a Futurist artist in khaki
Taught him the vanishing trick;
He pointed his feathers with markings,
And drilled him to stand like a log,
Till he looked not a bit like a Bittern,
But just like a bit of the Bog.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

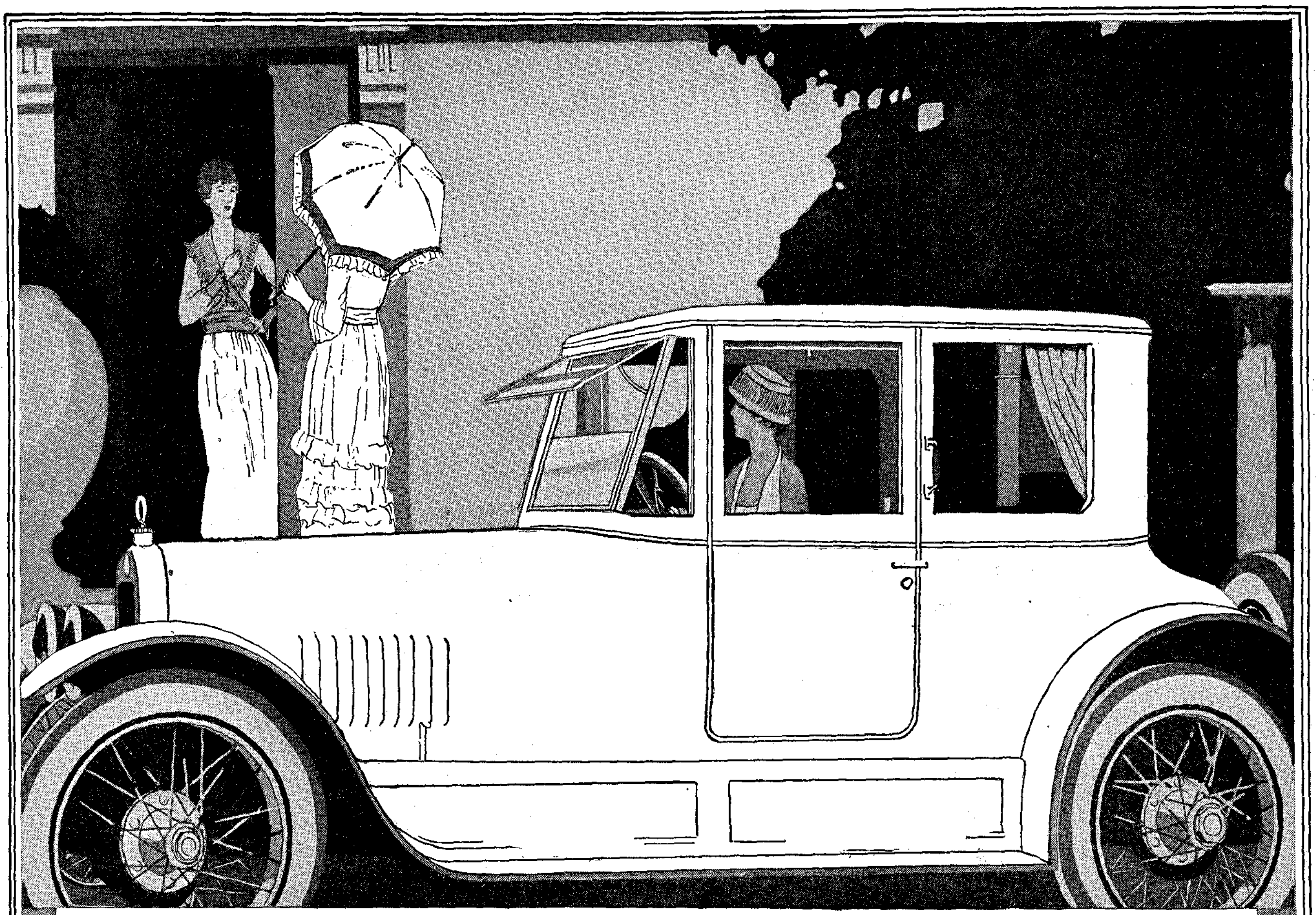
LAMARTINE, MAN OF LETTERS AND STATESMAN

Whitehouse, H. Remson. The Life of Lamartine. Illustrated. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. xiv-454, x-527. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $12. Postage, 30 cents.

Inevitable is it that coincident with the decline of interest in Teutonic things and literature—we would better say, perhaps, a repulsion against them—the normal trend is inevitably Francophile. When "democracy" is the slogan of the hour, it is fortunate that the life of one of France's most noted champions of popular rights should appear as, perhaps, the advance guard of a series of studies in French life and literature. The elaborate study here presented is the more welcome because its subject was not merely a statesman and a political leader, but was also a literary genius properly numbered among the French "Immortals." Indeed, it was one of Lamartine's vexations that his contemporaries regarded his standing as a litterateur to be so far above his possible achievement as a political idealist that the reputation of that latter seemed in danger of permanent eclipse. Yet his literary ability was by himself rated far below his powers, certainly below his preference and ambitions, in the field of statesmanship.

Alphonse-Marie-Louis Lamartine first saw the light at Macon, October 21, 1790. His father was an army officer, his mother a woman of good social position. The events of 1792–4, through which his father was imprisoned for eighteen months, led to the family's settlement on a very modest estate at Milly, near Macon. Literature was native in the family, and in this atmosphere, perfumed by the writings of Rousseau, Voltaire, Racine, Fénelon, Tasso, and others, the boy's genius expanded at home, tho the material environment was that of the higher peasantry. At eleven he went to school at Lyons, where the hypocrisy and brutality of the masters disgusted him, and he ran away. Next we find him at the Jesuit school at Belley. In his nineteenth year he was still delicate and gave up school to establish health. After his wander-years, speckled with love affairs of various degrees, in 1814 he returned and became a member of the Gardes du Corps, which in the condition of affairs brought embarrassment. Meanwhile he had begun writing, and in 1818 his drama "Saül" was completed, tho not accepted for the stage. In 1819 he became the rage in society in Paris for his poetry, and in 1820 his first volume of collected poems, "Méditations," achieved instant, phenomenal, and enduring success—in ten years close to 40,000 copies were sold. It brought him an appointment as Secretary of Legation at Naples. In 1820 he married an English girl—a Miss Marianne Eliza Birch, and within the year left his post. By 1823, a second volume of "Méditations" was ready, and other works were rapidly finished and sold at good prices. He had already a pension for his literary work. The "Chant du Sacre," a poem with political flavor, came out in 1825, and the author became Secretary of Legation at Florence, where the next year he became *Chargé.*

In 1830 he became an Academician. The next year he failed of election to the National Assembly, and was in the midst of a voluminous political authorship.



A New Car—the Jordan Brougham

Jordan is the first to offer this new and approved type of car—the Jordan Brougham. It takes the place of the more extravagant enclosed cars used in the past.

You should drive your own car today—and there is a distinct satisfaction in personally operating a compact car of this type, as contrasted with the old fashioned bulky car of excessive length and weight, always cumbersome and extravagant.

It will accommodate the average family, seating five people comfortably in the full width rear seat and two individual seats.

The light, all-aluminum body is virtually dust and rattle proof, with broad vision—yet it may be opened so as to be practically out-of-doors.

It is hung low to the ground with very broad doors.

The interior provides for comfortable intimacy. Upholstery in smart worsteds over Marshall cushion springs. Paneling and mouldings are in Circassian walnut.

There is a dome light, individual reading lamps, clock on the instrument board. Windows operate with improved lifts. Front is entirely enclosed with a sloping three-part, weatherproof, ventilated shield.

There are Macbeth green visor lenses. Optional colors, Liberty blue and Brewster green.

Because of its extreme utility and timeliness this Jordan Brougham will be widely imitated.

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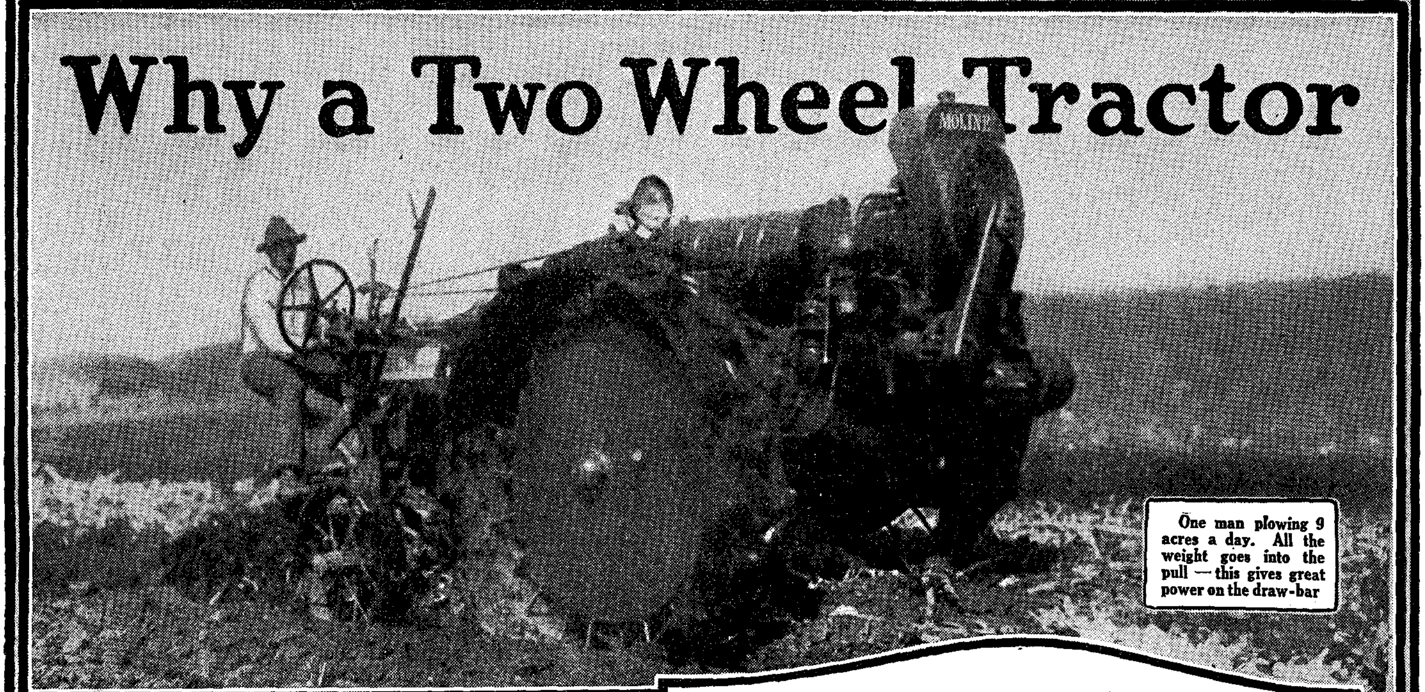
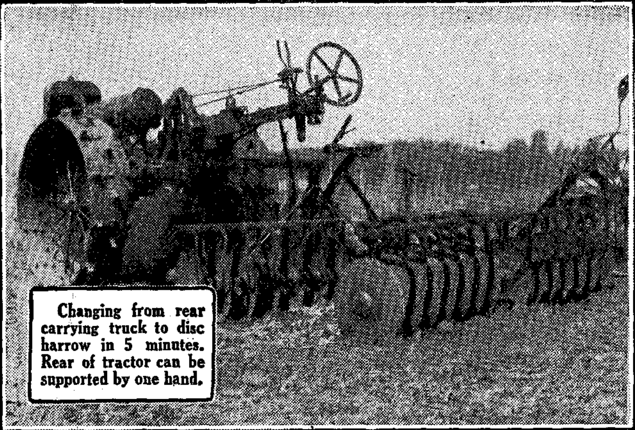
Brougham

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *CLEVELAND, OHIO*

Why a Two Wheel Tractor



One man plowing 9 acres a day. All the weight goes into the pull — this gives great power on the draw-bar



Changing from rear carrying truck to disc harrow in 5 minutes. Rear of tractor can be supported by one hand.

Cultivating corn last time. Tractor has ample clearance to straddle row. One man cultivating 14 to 20 acres a day.

WHEN designing the Moline-Universal Tractor we did not follow the automobile or motor truck, which are complete units in themselves and carry their loads. A farm tractor must *pull* its load and is useless unless operated in connection with some farm machine. Thus, we built a tractor which does the same work that farm horses do, which operates under the same conditions and in much the same manner—but faster, cheaper and better. A two-wheel type of tractor is best adapted to farm conditions, because—

Ninety-eight per cent of its weight is placed on the two big drive wheels and is available for traction. This eliminates dead weight and enables the Moline-Universal to pull as much as tractors weighing from 1500 to 2000 pounds more. The Moline-Universal has enough power for heavy requirements, yet operates economically on light jobs. This is essential because farm power requirements vary from light work such as cultivating to heavy work such as plowing, and a tractor must be able to do all work economically and efficiently.

The two-wheel construction enables the Moline-Universal to be attached close up direct to the implement, so that one compact unit is formed. ONE MAN controls the entire outfit from the seat of the implement—the best position to manipulate the implement and make adjustments for varying field conditions. Tractor and implement go forward, backward and turn as one unit.

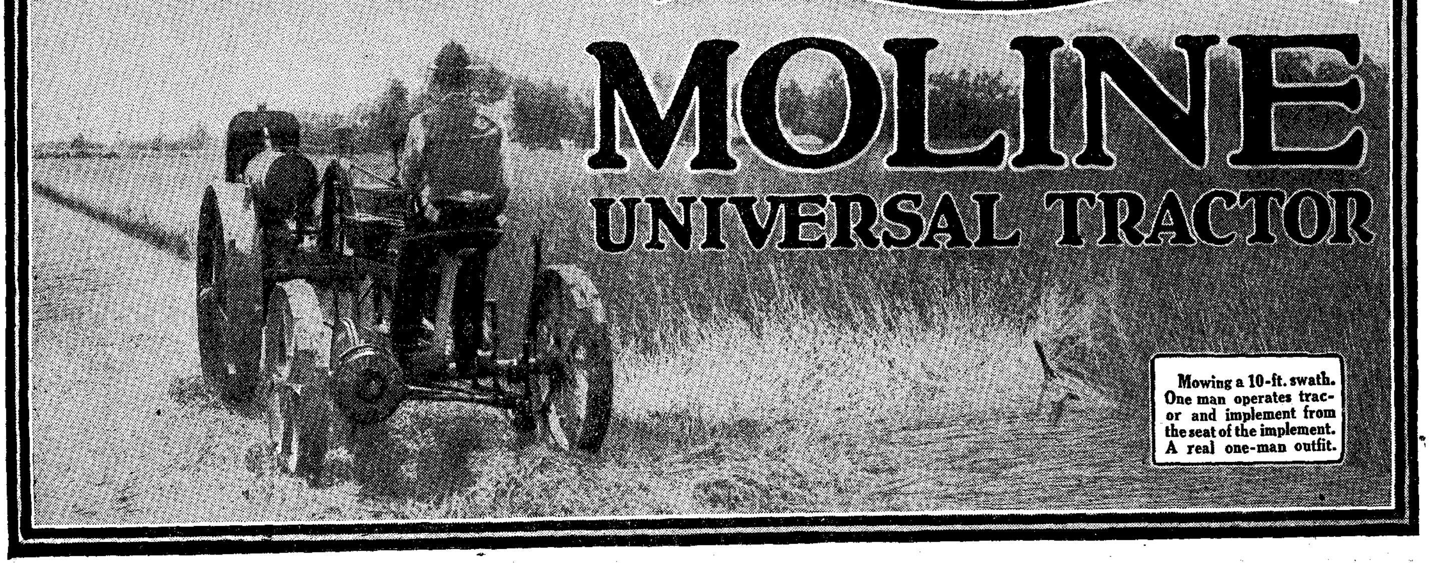
The two-wheel construction gives the Moline-Universal ample clearance for cultivating. On many farms more hours are spent in cultivating than in any other operation. Unless a tractor can cultivate row crops it will not replace horses on such farms.

Wonderful success on thousands of farms in replacing man and horse power, proves that the Moline-Universal is fundamentally correct in design — it doubles a farmer's efficiency. You will find the Moline-Universal Catalog mighty interesting—it's free on request. Address Dept. 63.

Moline Plow Co., Moline, Ill.

Manufacturers of Quality Farm Implements
Since 1865

MOLINE
UNIVERSAL TRACTOR



Mowing a 10-ft. swath. One man operates tractor and implement from the seat of the implement. A real one-man outfit.

In 1832 a visit to Greece and Syria resulted in his noted prose-poem, "Voyage en Orient," which, however, shocked fervent Catholics. While in Lebanon in 1833 he received notice of election as Deputy from Bergues, and at once set out reluctantly on his return.

Here began a new career, in which he added the reputation of orator to that of poet. His assiduity in preparing his speeches was so great that he soon became the equal in forensic ability of such men as Guizot, Thiers, and Count Molé. And this was as effective with a mob of rioters as before the more august Assembly. His first speeches are of interest at the present juncture. He advocated interposition in Turkey and liberation of Christians from the Turkish yoke, predicting the fall of the Ottoman Empire. Asia and Africa were to be colonized from Europe. Later he abjured his designs on Turkey as "an immoral plan of expropriation of the Ottomans!" He advocated the payment to the United States of twenty-five million francs agreed on by the treaty of 1831, but this was not met till 1836. Meanwhile France and the United States ceased diplomatic interchange.

In politics, even amid the heated party feelings of the period, he maintained a position of independence that was a trial often even to his friends. And yet the course of events frequently justified his course *in media via*, tho affiliation with one of the parties might have gained for him greater practical influence. He advocated the separation of Church and State, and the elimination of the former from educational control. Education he would have absolutely free. His advice secured the dissolution of the Jesuit institutions of learning in France. One of his misfortunes as a politician was to be in advance of his times. Not the least notable instance of this is his exprest conviction that France and Great Britain ought to be the closest of friends. Nevertheless on the abdication of Louis Philippe in 1848 it was Lamartine who controlled the mob and secured the Provisional Government. The mastery he there exhibited has seldom been equaled, perhaps never surpassed, as he saved for France the honored tricolor when the mob desired the red flag to replace it.

Lamartine never again rose to the intrepid heroism displayed on this occasion, tho his splendid services were again and again rendered in whole-souled idealism to his country, through the period of the Napoleonic presidency and reestablishment of the Empire. Meanwhile his pen was indefatigable. Native genius, unquestioned talent, and unwearied application brought contributions to French literature that in all fill forty volumes, prose, verse, and correspondence, some of it as fine as even France has produced. An exception must be made, however, of the histories written as pot-boilers in his declining years.

With Mr. Whitehouse the work involved in producing these two fine volumes has been clearly a labor of love. While the balance of judgment is sustained throughout, it was inevitable that something of enthusiasm should here and there reveal itself. And this is welcome, since the subject was worthy. While condemnation of youthful follies and errors is not withheld, the judgment is even and the whole portrayal is excellent. With the tasty work of the publishers embellishing the result of the author's pains, here is, if we mistake not, one of the most notable books of the year.

A FRENCH VIEW OF AMERICAN IDEALISM

Rodrigues, Gustave. The People of Action: An Essay on American Idealism. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. With an Introduction by J. Mark Baldwin, Corresponding Member of the French Institute. 8vo, pp. lii-250. New York: Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Here is a volume by a Frenchman remarkable for three things: 1. A preface infused with a Frenchman's native grace and inspired by profoundest gratitude to a people who, without thought of return, offered its best and its all for the redemption and salvation of a continent from ruthless savagery; 2. An introduction by one of America's leading psychologists (eminently qualified, therefore, to judge), pleasantly but firmly traversing the author's pronouncements, and here and there tactfully modifying them while conceding the fidelity to fact of that author's main conclusions; 3. An analysis, in 250 pages of text, of America and Americans that leaves us both proud of some traits we hardly knew we possest and inclined to smile pleasantly at the discovery of some of our defects, while firmly resolved to correct shortcomings so felicitously revealed.

This delightful Frenchman first tells the legend, or rather the caricature, which, *e.g.*, the Teutons have continuously repeated during the last twenty years, especially the last four and a half—America a mere El Dorado, the American a dollar-hunting materialist, laboring ever in a workshop whose prodigious activity aims only to gratify crude, elementary instincts.

But he tells this legend only to declare its utter falsity. America was born to civilization, never passed through savagery with its load of hereditary hates and hazards. It never knew an autocracy, its birthright was democracy, self-government. It had no harsh economic heritage of serfs and slaves and feudal lords. Hence the American is an individualist, a maker of money not as a means of enjoyment, but as a way to power, a utilitarian but an idealist throughout. Liberty means for him emancipation of intellect, the realization of the individual; it is the engine with which to conquer destiny, the stuff from which to manufacture character.

Keeping these essentials in sight, Mr. Rodrigues traverses the subjects of American education—with its liberty for the children, their moral equality with parents, and the sacrifice of "culture to utility"; of man, with his opportunities and the self-confidence that ensues; and of woman with coeducation and "every one a feminist." As to the social organization, anarchy seems to be a danger; the power of personality gets vent so that the weak is eliminated; there is a predominance of Puritanism in thought and action, the sense of justice is strong, and altruism is near by. Under "The National Ideal" he avers that individualism is so strong that "there is no American nation." A review and estimate are given of the Declaration of Rights, the Union ("a union not a unit"), the President, and the Law. "Justice and legality are the bases of the American nation" is a declaration that qualifies implicitly what precedes. A splendid review of the heterogeneous make-up, of our citizenship, and of our foreign policy appears under the title, "The International Ideal"—American isolation, with corresponding ideas of an army and of war.

If Americans constitute essentially "a people of action," what is the character of the American soul. It is not philosophic, nor religious, nor esthetic, nor sentimental. The American is a realist—"the most powerful and daring of realists, but only this." His idealism consists in action. For him Roosevelt's dictum is true: "The great thing in philosophy is not logic, but impassioned vision." Religion and art are employed "to bring strength to life, to intensify effort, to augment the confidence of the robust." "Energy, virility, savor," characterize his literature. American idealism is "practical, an ideal of realization." To the American "the world is a real adventure with real danger."

Here is a brilliant book, brilliantly Englished by an experienced and sympathetic translator.

RELIGION IN KOREA

Starr, Frederick. Korean Buddhism. One volume. 8vo, pp. 154. Boston: Marshall Jones & Co. $2 net.

To find the links in a chain of civilization that has for two thousand years bound a third of the human race in a large measure of spiritual unity is a fascinating pursuit. In its delights, it is quite equal to following the chain itself. The lure of discovering the missing link between the culture of early India and of China and Korea and that of Japan has moved the professor of anthropology in the University of Chicago to enter this veritable Aladdin's cave of literary and artistic treasures. Not that the art of Korea—decadent for five hundred years after the brilliant millennium of Buddhism—can equal that of Japan or China; but the whole field was until this decade virtually unexplored, if not unknown. We have in this book a rivulet of clear, simple text flowing through banks of illustrations, numbering thirty-seven. Both are of the highest value to the student of Far-Eastern religions and of racial and ethnic connections. Dr. Starr does not profess to be a historian, but he modestly furnishes a potrico, hoping that some scholar will do for Korea what others have done for Japan. He has certainly enriched the field for the historian to enter and build. The story of Korean Buddhism, from 369 to 1392 A.D., is one of strenuous pioneer toil and eager enthusiasms, with that subsequent smiting of decay and paralysis which come of gross feeding on the wealth and political power of this world while forgetting religion's high mission. The Buddhism of Korea is that of the northern stream, or Mahayana, Amida being the central object of worship. Its edifices and imposing relics in architecture are of stone; as in Japan they are of wood and bronze, as being necessary in an earthquake country. The Korean temples, monasteries, and repositories of pictorial art are of wood. This peninsular Buddhism is not dead, but, as Dr. Starr conclusively proves, is in revival and may yet be a force with which Japan must reckon, whether for good or for evil. As making real additions to knowledge this is one of the remarkable books of the year.

GREAT BRITAIN AND HER EMPIRE

Lavell, Cecil Fairfield, and Payne, Charles Edward. Imperial England. 7¾ x 5 in., pp. xv-395. New York: The Macmillan Company.

To have the estimate of the British Empire by two professors of an American college at a time when millions of Britons are performing such heroic and prodigious feats on the battle-field is particularly opportune. It would be a difficult task indeed to compress into our limited space any adequate mention of the survey attempted by these historians. What they have aimed to do is "to portray the British

Empire as it now stands in the midst of the Great War." When the war began in 1914, "the British possessions included over eleven million square miles of territory, inhabited by about four hundred millions of people. Of this vast population, over three hundred millions lived in India; one-quarter of the rest were Asiatic, African, or Australasian, natives of all stages of development; and the sixty or seventy million white British subjects, the 'dominant race,' were scattered over the five continents and the seven seas."

When one considers the extent of this territory, most of it far removed from the parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, the diversified and unorganized populations embraced, he is a little puzzled to know what is the latent power that binds them all, so that in a great crisis like the present they are practically a unit. To get at the answer, we need to get behind the great political organism itself and discover the motives and aims that have made it possible. In the acquisition of territory mixed motives of course did prevail. Markets, wealth, and power did influence and determine betimes the expansive movement. We are reminded at this point by the authors that the "heroes of British expansion have not been statesmen of the Frederick or Bismarck time, but the men of action, the Wolfes, Clives, and Livingstones, cooperating with traders, missionaries, and home-seekers."

When one finds a vast population like India giving expression, through her Thirteenth National Congress of 1914, in these words, "India would stand by the Empire in all cases and at all hazards," we can not but feel with the authors of this book that this whole-hearted allegiance and fulfilment of her pledge is the natural reaction of certain qualities in British rule—tolerance, sympathy, and justice. "They have proved themselves the most politically minded and most politically gifted of all races, not only by making Britain the mother of parliaments, but by the discovery that rigidity, uniformity, and centralization do not supply the secrets of political union" . . . and furthermore, "the discovery that political boundaries, political forms, systems of law, are none of them of final and sacred consequence, that an infinite variety of institutions may be consistent with unity of spirit and harmony of action, that sympathy and good fellowship matter more than any external form."

In this historical interpretation of the British Empire, beginning with an outline of the growth of English liberty and the beginning of sea-power, there follows a narrative of the founding of the colonies and the development of British Colonial policy. There is no effort made to conceal the blunders and iniquities of British rule, but in spite of these "they have constructed the greatest and, on the whole, the most satisfactory political organization the world has yet known."

SPANISH-AMERICAN LIBERATORS

Robertson, William Spence. Rise of *the* Spanish-American Republics. As Told in the Lives of Their Liberators. Illustrated. Pp. 380. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net. Postage, 15 cents.

Seven biographies, which succeed a Historical Background and precede a conclusion rather analytical than historical, are comprised in this carefully written volume. They cover, Dr. Robertson says in his preface, "a distinct period in the history of Spanish America, the transitional epoch from 1808 to 1831, which may be said to lie between the colonial period proper and the directly national period." The seven men upon whom so much history hinges were Francisco de Miranda, Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, Agustin de Iturbide, Mariano Moreno, José de San Martin, Simon de Bolivar, and Antonio de José de Sucre.

Of this number, the best known to Americans were Bolivar and Iturbide; the least known, Mariano Moreno. Iturbide was Emperor of Mexico within the memory of men living to-day; he was shot at Padilla, in that country, on July 19, 1824. Bolivar, born in Caracas, South America, July 24, 1783, became the "Liberator of Venezuela" in 1813, and was practically its dictator; and later he created the Republic of Colombia, consolidating Venezuela and New Granada, and made his power felt through all South America. In San Martin and De Sucre, Bolivar had helpers of singular ability and leaders on whom he could rely. "If God should give to men the right to select members of their own family," Bolivar is said to have declared, "I should select for a son General Sucre." Together the two men labored and fought for the establishment of another republic—Bolivia; and it was as "the Liberator of Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia" that Bolivar died, December 17, 1830.

To obtain his material from original sources, Dr. Robertson, who is Assistant Professor of History in the University of Illinois, spent a year in South America, and delved deep into the libraries found there. The extent of his studies, in the Americas and in Europe, may be inferred from the bibliography appended to his work, which runs to twenty-nine pages. His indefatigable patience gives to his readers a volume both monumental and illuminating, with regard to a period romantic and historic to an uncommon degree, in which appeared many characters and much history associated with the lives and labors of these seven men so well portrayed here.

AS TO PROHIBITION

Stelzle, Charles. Why Prohibition? Pp. 310. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net. Postage, 12 cents.

Introducing himself, the author of this book makes a frank confession—"I am a prohibitionist." He adds, frankly, "I hate the name"; and he tells why—"it is negative and limited." But it expresses what those members of the community wish done with the liquor traffic who oppose it, and because he wants the liquor business abolished he accepts the word, the policy, which means abolishment. Regulation, he knows, must mean perpetuation, for you can not regulate what you do not perpetuate. Mr. Stelzle was born on the East Side of New York, where workers hive and swarm. He was a worker, a shop-worker, several years. His appeal now is oftenest to workingmen, with and for whom he has labored chiefly these more recent years, on the platform and with his pen. How liquor hurts them he knows thoroughly. What prohibition would do for them he proves, with arguments and figures which can not be refuted. Therefore he closes his opening confession in these words:

> "And so, standing squarely for prohibition—but with malice toward none and with charity toward all—here goes for the toughest fight that I can put up against booze."

Some of his assertions are as blunt as they are true. Referring to "Personal Liberty and Prohibition," he says:

> "You can not do as you please in a democracy—not even with the things that are most precious to you. There's your body, for example. You've tenderly cared for it all through your life. Suppose you try to kill it—to commit suicide. If you succeed, Billy Sunday says you'll go to hell. If you fail, the law says you'll go to jail."

Considering booze from the worker's standpoint, Mr. Stelzle makes a strong point thus:

> "Because Bill Jones 'boozes,' he's worth $2.50 a day. Because Jim Smith is sober and clear-headed, he's worth $3.50 a day. But the boss must strike a fair average, so he pays each $3 a day.
>
> "If there are two men like drinking Bill Jones in the shop and one like sober Jim Smith, the average wage will probably be only $2.75 a day. But if there are two men like Jim Smith and only one man like Bill Jones, their wage will likely be $3.25 a day.
>
> "The more men like drunken Bill Jones there are in a shop, the lower will be the average wage. The more men like sober Jim Smith, the higher the wage."

Opening the seventh chapter, on "Organized Labor and the Saloon," Mr. Stelzle makes a significant prophecy, in view of his close relation to labor, on behalf of which his long and careful study of the liquor problem has been maintained:

> "Organized labor's next big fight will not be against the capitalists, not against the Socialists—its old-time opponents. The next great conflict of organized labor will be within its own ranks!—it will be between the forces representing the liquor interests and those who are opposed to the saloon and its influence within the labor movement."

Mr. Stelzle is manager of what is called the "Strengthen America Campaign," being conducted by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, some of whose colored posters, in reduced facsimile, form the book's closing pag

SPAIN'S IMPERIAL RISE

Merriman, Roger Bigelow. The Rise of the Spanish Empire in the Old World and the New. *Two vols. 8vo, pp. xxviii–529, xviii–357.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.50. Postage, 32 cents.

These volumes are symptomatic and prophetic. Serious interest in things Teutonic — history and literature —is eclipsed, and that interest will for long and to a considerable extent be focused upon things Spanish and Portuguese. During our "little war" with Spain there was, to be sure, a spasmodic and brief awakening to the existence of the people of the Iberian peninsula and of nations which traced thence their origins. But even before the Great War opened, a decade of handshaking, with now and then the shaking of a fist, had brought to our commercial, political, and scholarly consciousness the existence of the Latin peoples south of us. We had become aware of national temperaments different from our own, of ways of action and conduct in nearly all respects quite apart from our own "business-like" and perhaps brusk methods. Almost subconsciously we rightly accounted for these by referring them to racial traits inherited from Spain. But we hardly went further. If these peoples were too leisurely for our patience and we too hurried for their *mañana* practise, we dismissed the subject with a shrug—the world is wide, and we'll seek trade and fellowship elsewhere, said we.

All this is radically changing. Trade relations are developing with South and Central America and with the mother countries. To get along comfortably with those to whom we sell goods, with whom we

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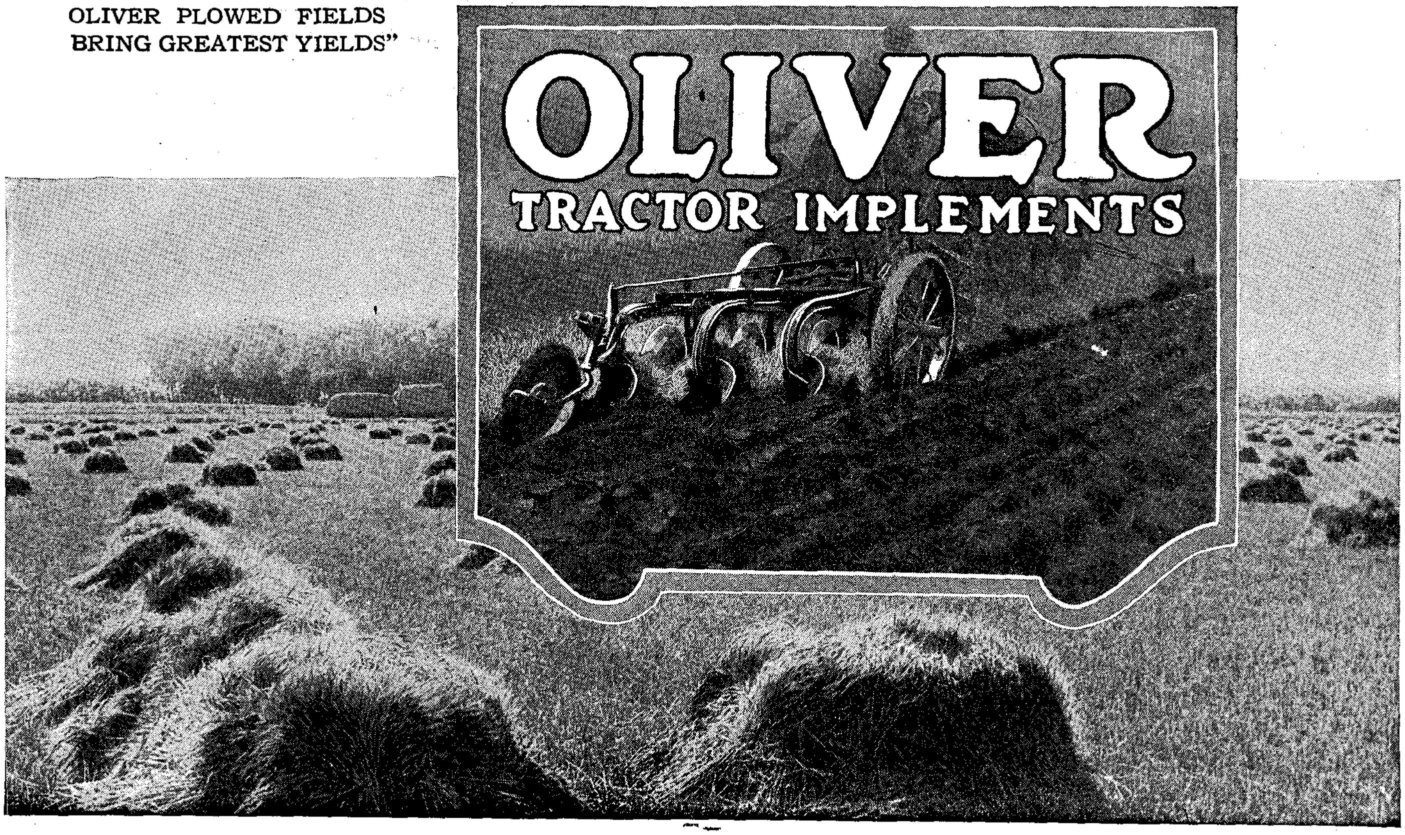

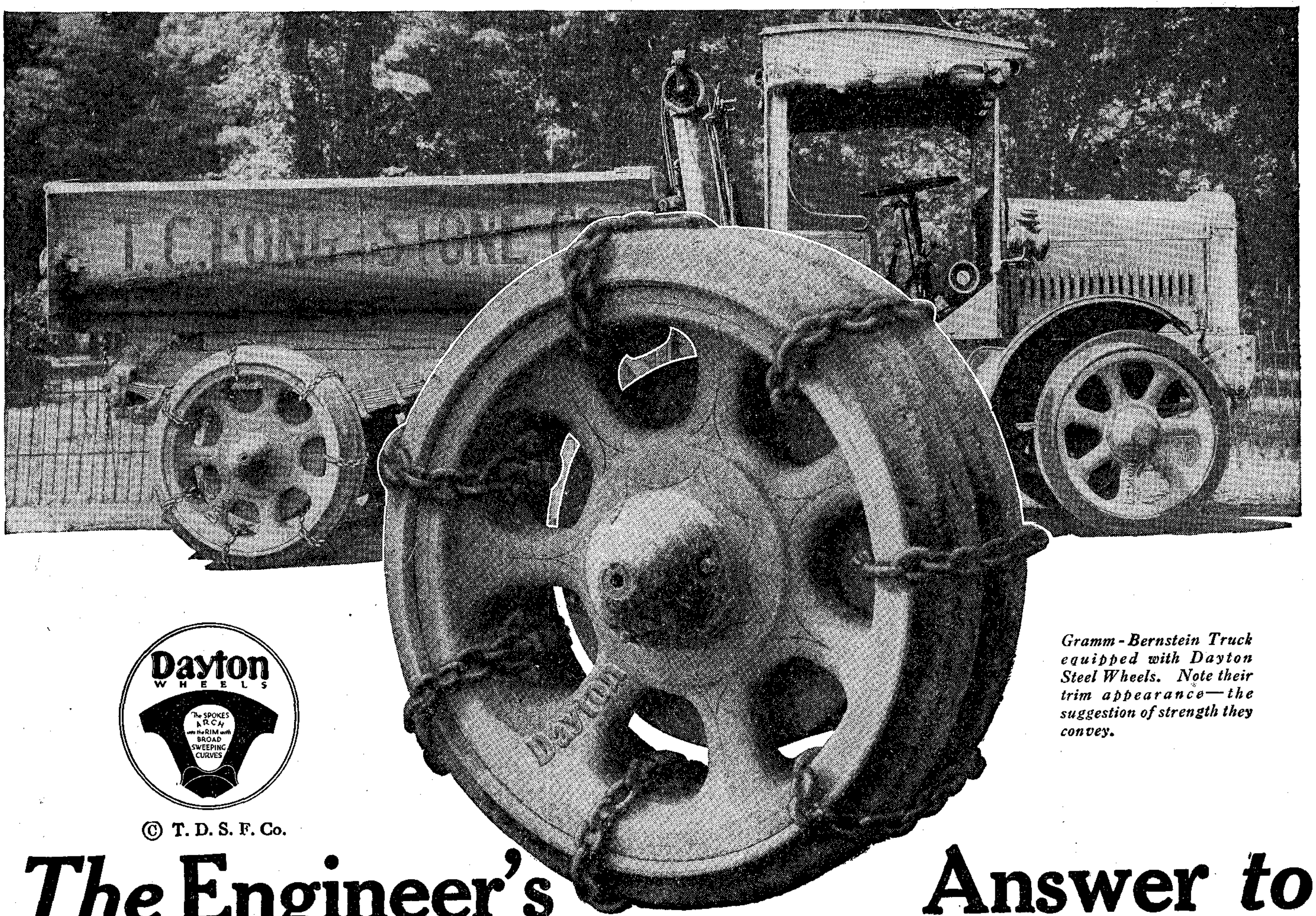

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are daily forming perforce more intimate connections, we need to understand them, to be able to look into their minds. We must know what lies back of the Spanish insistence upon a more elaborate etiquette than our own. How it is that pride of race obtrudes itself upon individual observation, and insists upon at least tacit recognition even in discussions of bills of goods and terms of credit. These are ingrained qualities general among the Latin races. They have a reason for being, and that reason is found in their historic development.

Professor Merriman, of Harvard, undertook a difficult task. Those of us who remember our schoolboy attempts to master the intricate history of the Greek states and our wonder that a clear account could ever be written or learned will find here a situation somewhat similar. For the topography of the country, in its rivers, ravines, mountain chains, and continental situation, reproduces in part many Grecian features, and has controlled the historic unfolding of the peninsula in a similarly intricate manner.

Professor Merriman charts the way well through a maze of complexities—going back to the days of the Biblical Tarshish and of Phenician commerce. In a rapid survey in the introduction he comes down to the beginning of the reconquest of Spain from the Moors in the traditional cave of Covadonga in 718 A.D. He then traces the history of the little and bigger kingdoms of the peninsula—Castile, Aragon, Granada, Navarre, and the rest. He traces the steps which led to the ultimate unification of Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella. And he closes with the death of Ferdinand in 1516.

The story of the wars, intrigues, quarrels, and interdynastic and interracial struggles is not edifying in its details. But we have to remember that Moor and Christian, king and grandee, ruler and people, city and rural district, each furnished elements that contributed to temporary disagreement, but ultimately fused in the character of the people. Nobles, clergy, knightly orders, municipal inhabitants, rural dwellers, brought each their gifts to the melting-pot. And the sun of the subtropics added a fiery integer to the blood of all that has not entirely vanished during the centuries. The account here given is satisfying in the completeness of its survey. Economics, taxation, the army, commerce, the judicial system, education, art, literature, science, exploration, expansion overseas—all come under discussion, and their interconnections are well treated. Here is sketched what made for greatness in the Spanish make-up; we find also indicated the roots of what weaknesses the later centuries here revealed. It is a worthy account of unfolding during critical centuries.

Scholars will find especially helpful the evaluated lists of sources, treatises, and periodicals that follow each chapter. They point, no less than the text, to the industry and capability of the author.

OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Knowles, Sir Lees (Bart.). The British in Capri, 1806-1808. With numerous illustrations. 8vo, pp. 330. New York: John Lane Company. $5 net.

Those whose knowledge of geography has been sharpened in these years will remember that Capri is the bold island at the south entrance of the Bay of Naples. It has not figured in this world-conflict; but its memorable history goes back to Tiberius, who made it one of his favorite abodes. For the two years mentioned in the title of this volume, however, it figured rather largely, being taken by Sir Sidney Smith and held by the English, tho it was a minor sort of Gallipoli to them.

The present is a monograph, with full documentation, upon a minor episode in the Napoleonic wars. Except as one of those detailed contributions on a small phase of a large subject which are none the less necessary to the complete history, this volume is as a whole not of interest to the general reader. The first chapter is, indeed, a chatty account of the island as it now is, vivid in its picturing of a delightful spot. Then come chapters on Sir Sidney Smith, Joachim Murat, and Sir Richard Church, all of whom figured in the English taking or holding of the island. The Neapolitan and French accounts of the capture, the journal of events which led to its loss by the English, official papers which deal with the subject, and finally a chapter on Maj. John Hamill, who lost his life there, complete the contents.

The work is evidently a labor of love on the part of the author. It is painstaking, detailed, and fully illustrated with documents. Some of the pictorial illustrations are especially fine, and it shows up well as an excellent specimen of the publisher's art. Possibly it has interest also as foreshadowing the revival of the work of publication as "this terrible war" comes to its end.

Hamilton, Clayton [Editor]. The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero. Vol. II. "The Gay Lord Quex"; "Iris." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

This library edition of social dramas by one of England's most important playwrights has been needed. Not that it covers Pinero's lighter vein, as shown in his Court farces, and his picturesque mood as revealed in "Trelawny of the Wells," but that it offers in dignified form the high-water marks of Pinero's technique and seriousness. Technique of execution is nowhere better illustrated in the whole range of modern British drama than in "The Gay Lord Quex," and for sheer brutality of feminine analysis "Iris" is difficult to surpass. Mr. Hamilton, in his introductions, shows his admiration for Pinero better balanced than in his first volume. His analysis of play form and structure will be suggestive, not only to the student of the theater and of the art of dramatic composition, but to the general reader who, nine cases out of ten, is ignorant of the organic unity of the written play. Two other volumes will follow, the first having made available "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith."

Copplestone, Bennett. The Silent Watchers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

A very sprightly narrative is this, told with excellent feeling and thorough comprehension of the British Navy's "points." With no effort at detail, the author portrays graphically the essential differences between the German and the British Navy, and analyzes elements which go to make the soul of the Navy. There is a philosophy running through his account; at the same time there is a satisfactory record of the British Navy's accomplishment since the war began. Himself not an official part of the Navy, yet he is a lover of the sea, and is joined to the service through blood relationship with it. His style has salt air in it; now and then it blows a gale of merriment; but in calm weather it is tempered by the accuracy of its contents, and its fairness even to the enemy.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

THE CROWN PRINCE SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF A RAGTIME BANJO-PLAYER AND OF HIS VALET

THE old adage that no man is a hero to his valet is strikingly proved in the case of the ex-Crown Prince, now Mr. Friedrich Wilhelm Hohenzollern, temporarily sojourning in Holland, and a little uncertain about where he will go from there. The impressions of Felix, former servitor of Fritz Wilhelm, are conveyed to us in an interview in the New York *Sun* with Mr. Edgar M. Moore, formerly a professional banjoist. We have ridiculed a man, a male human being of some sort beneath the skull and cross-bones of the busby of a Death's Head Hussar, says the *Sun's* interviewer, and then quotes Mr. Moore on Fritz Wilhelm's talent for military science, as follows:

> Why, if any one had formed a regiment for him in platoons he couldn't by his own commands have done so much as march it down a perfectly straight street, let alone having halted or turned it if he found a stone wall at the end! Training? Nobody could train him. He was railroaded through Bonn and the military colleges.
>
> Militarist? Tin soldier? I tell you he hated a uniform—wouldn't have one on when he could avoid it. What he liked was to lounge in his English tweeds. At first meeting you'd have taken him—his English is perfect, absolutely clean of accent—for a phenomenally worthless specimen of a low-class English squire from the countryside. He was what Americans used to call an Anglomaniac. He never dreamed of posing as a German warrior of blood and iron; he preferred to ape the English Johnny—the "nut" as they call 'em in London, the chap who used to hang around the stage-door of the Gaiety.
>
> He wouldn't drink beer; said he loathed it. He wouldn't drink champagne. When he was in Berlin you could always find him nights in one of two or three of the most expensive night-life cafés, the Blumenthal, for instance. Champagne at 25 marks was the only drink they'd serve you there—perhaps you could have got cheaper drinks by making a row about it. But not Fritz. He stuck to his whisky pegs, and of course they had to please him. He said beer made people fat, and that was why his countrymen had no figures, and that he preferred to keep his. He'd never eat very much for fear of losing his slim waist—you've noticed what he has just said about that in Holland? It's perfectly true, and characteristic of him. I never knew of his taking pegs enough to make him drunk. He had a favorite brand of whisky—an English brand, of course.

Fritz Wilhelm loved to make fun of Germany and the Germans, we are told, and would joke about the stiff pouter-pigeon style of the German officer. His style was what he thought was the specially English grace in lounging, and Mr. Moore is further reported as saying:

> After you'd known him a while you'd have realized that his mind was the mind of a rather dull boy of fourteen. No; I don't mean just mere silliness. I mean that kind of thinking was as far as he could go. And

> his ego, his vanity, was exactly that kind. It was like a bragging kid in the recess yard. Don't the doctors have a special name for such a make-up? I can't think of the one I mean. Not a defective exactly, but a kind of a degenerate. Anyhow, "degenerate" surely goes. No; not in the way you might be thinking of. His "private life"—that's a funny name for it when it was spread plain as day all over Europe—wasn't where the degeneracy showed up. I mean that it showed up in general ways; I mean he—he wasn't "there"!
>
> Felix, the valet, told me that what Fritz liked to read was Nick Carter in German translations. You could buy 'em, ten pfennigs a number, at the little notions shops, just the way you could here. And Fritz always had a stack of 'em on his dressing-table. Felix used to keep his accounts for him. Keeping that fellow's accounts was a job for a pretty nimble head, from what Felix said about it. He had an income of $50,000.
>
> You don't suppose that began to suffice him, do you? When it gave out he'd borrow where he could. Banks and money-lenders generally were shy of him; they knew him; but of course the good shops had to give him unlimited credit, so he'd buy expensive jewelry and furs and things on tick, and then he'd pawn or sell 'em for ready cash. He needed it. His dogs and horses and girls—he had new ones of each kind every time you saw him—ran into a little fortune for the upkeep every year. . . . "My God!" was the way Felix put it, "when Fritz succeeds to the throne Germany will go bankrupt in a year." He said Fritz's creditors, lined up four abreast, would have reached to China. And as for the Kaiser—he used to talk Fritz over with the valet very freely—he once screamed out, "The boy wants to turn the Royal Opera-house into a cockpit!"
>
> "And that's your commander—'Army Group of the German Crown Prince,' and so on—who made the horrible blunders at Verdun!" Moore comments grimly. "Somebody made 'em, all right, but it wasn't he. I'd like to bet that he never originated a single order. It wouldn't surprize me if I should hear that he never even was there."

Later Mr. Moore and his partners were summoned to play in private before the then Crown Prince, who took part in the evening's performance by playing a guitar. He could play a little sort of vamp and had a very fair ear, but as Mr. Moore remarks:

> Of course we kept down to him and covered him on his breaks. He could play in the keys of G, D, and F—he couldn't in B-flat. That's the hardest key, you know. He was always going to learn it, but never did.
>
> "Well, Ragtime," he says—called me that from the first—"how am I making out?" I said if anything ever went wrong with him in the princing business he could have a job with our band at any time. That tickled him to death. After that, whenever he had us to play anywhere or came across us in one of the cafés he'd stand up and grin and tell everybody.
>
> "Ragtime says if I'm ever out of luck I can always get a job with the band." And then he'd guffaw.
>
> It wasn't long before I got to know the valet. His name was Felix Makadoff, a Russian I think he was. They called him the Perfect Valet in Berlin. He sure was a perfect godsend to Fritz—about half his time was spent in covering some of Fritz's tracks or getting him out of scrapes or raising money for him. Felix was the highest type of that class of servant, a blamed sight better gentleman than his master, if I'm a judge. He'd served the Grand Duke Boris and other notabilities, and he knew the courts of Europe from the back-stairs side as plenty of powerful diplomats would have given their stars to know them. He spoke four languages perfectly, and had a first-rate education.
>
> Later—not so very long ago—Fritz quarreled with Felix in one of his tantrums and turned him off after nearly twenty years of service no other human being could have given, and turned him off not only without a pension but without so much as a letter of recommendation. But that's Fritz all over. He didn't care for his position, he didn't care for his future responsibilities, he didn't care for his father and mother or for his wife, or his children or anybody or anything else under heaven—but himself and his hobbies, principally sports.

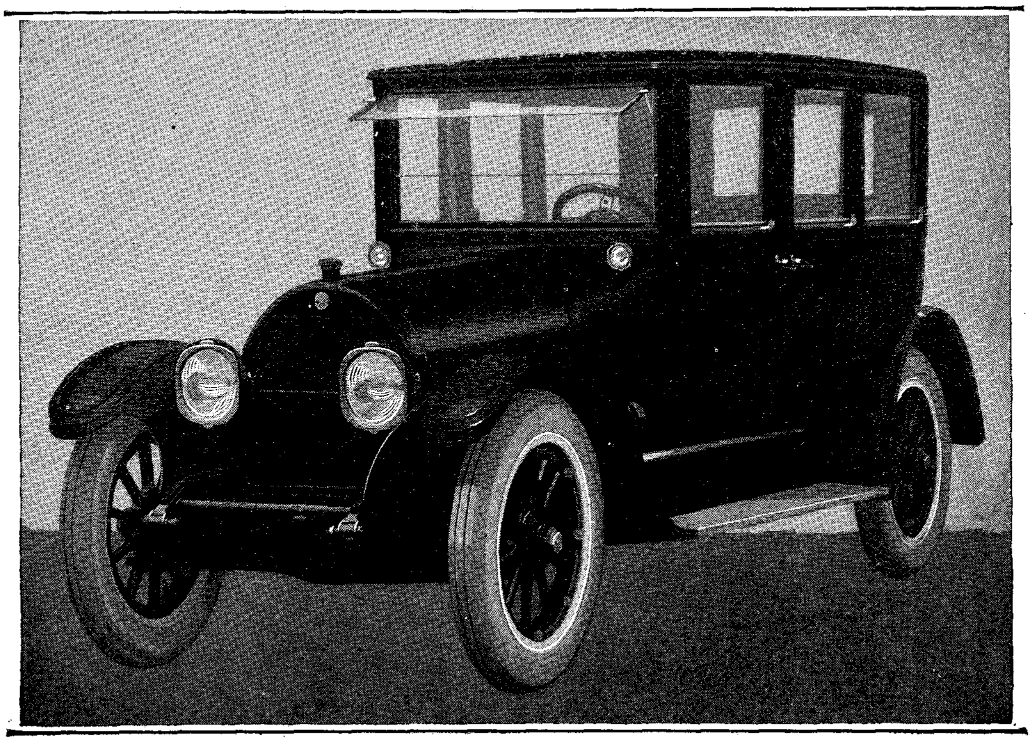
According to Felix, the Kaiser used to send for him all the time and try to draw him out about Fritz and what he was thinking and planning. Once Felix was shaving the Kaiser on a morning of the day of a big racing meet. The Crown Prince was entered to ride his own horse in a steeplechase over a dangerous course. The horse was a young one and mettlesome, and the Prince's father and mother were panic-stricken that he should take such a risk. Mr. Moore proceeds:

> The Kaiser sent for Fritz while Felix was in the room. "Your mother and I ask that you withdraw your entry," he said. "Do you?" says Fritz. "Well, I can't, that's all; my friends know I'm going to ride, and a fine fool I'd look, wouldn't I?" "I forbid your riding!" says the Kaiser, getting excited. Fritz didn't say anything—just knocked the ash off his English cigaret like some dime-novel hero. "As your Emperor," stormed the Kaiser, "I command you to withdraw!"
>
> Fritz was going out. "Command away!" he threw out over his shoulder. "Emperor or no Emperor, I'm going to ride that race if I lose the crown!" He did it, too. And the Kaiser—he was tramping up and down the room by that time—came bouncing over to Felix. "*Mein Gott*, you see these gray hairs?" he screams. "That boy has been the cause! His doings are going to bring me to my grave!"
>
> Discipline him, did you say? Nobody ever was able to discipline Fritz since he could walk. He may have been sent away at times to fortresses. I don't know. If he was, it made no impression on his mind. No, it wasn't that he was spoiled. It was natural; it was in him. He'd have his way, he'd do as he pleased, or die.
>
> "I'm a throwback," he used to say of himself, meaning it in the dog-breeder's sense. No, I don't know what ancestral trait he imagined he threw back to. English characteristics, maybe. That was the way he explained himself, as far as he ever did.
>
> He had several dogs always. I remember an Irish terrier, an English bull, and a couple of others, but none of German breeds. "Can't keep a German dog," he'd say. "That Irishman of mine eats 'em up faster than I can get 'em." And then he'd laugh. He used to make a point of saying such things where the thirty-third degree Germans, especially army men, could hear.
>
> Naturally the army men detested him. Their name for him was "Cockney Fritz"—they made no bones of it, either. Of course they'd been brought up to hate anything English. He wouldn't smoke a German-made cigaret, altho you could get them as good as any in the world. His were made for him in London. So were his clothes and his shoes, and everything else a man of his taste uses that could be made there. I know. Felix came by any quantity of clothes through him, of course. The last time I saw Felix he told me he had enough clothes saved up to last him the rest of his life.
>
> Yes, sir—Fritz loved England. He used to slip over there *incognito* a lot oftener than the public ever knew. He'd take Felix along and they'd see a big prize-fight, or attend the Henley crew races, or some other sporting event. Then they'd do a show and London by lamp-light and come home next day. Fritz used to say again and again that he'd love to live in England.

TEN MILITARY COMMANDMENTS OF MARSHAL FOCH

MARSHAL FOCH seems to be a master of psychology as well as of strategy. While playing the war-game on a gigantic scale, he does not neglect small details which help to promote colossal success. The needs of the rank and file are always in his mind and he spurs them to bravery and endurance like the fighting patriarchs of old. At any rate, he was imbued with some of the spirit of Moses when he promulgated ten commandments which have proved of incalculable worth on many hard-fought battle-fields. *Trench and Camp* quotes these inspiriting laws as follows:

> 1. Keep your eyes and ears ready and your mouth in the safety-notch, for it is your soldierly duty to see and hear clearly, but as a rule you should be heard mainly in the sentry challenges or the charging cheer.
> 2. Obey orders first, and, if still alive, kick afterward if you have been wronged.
> 3. Keep your arms and equipment clean and in good order; treat your animals fairly and kindly and your motor or other machine as tho it belonged to you and was the only one in the world. Do not waste your ammunition, your gas, your food, your time, nor your opportunity.
> 4. Never try to fire an empty gun nor at an empty trench, but when you shoot, shoot to kill, and forget not that at close quarters a bayonet beats a bullet.
> 5. Tell the truth squarely, face the music, and take your punishment like a man; for a good soldier won't lie, he doesn't sulk, and is no squealer.
> 6. Be merciful to the women of your foe and shame them not, for you are a man: pity and shield the children in your captured territory, for you were once a helpless child.
> 7. Bear in mind that the enemy is your enemy and the enemy of humanity until he is killed or captured: then he is your dear brother or fellow soldier beaten or ashamed, whom you should no further humiliate.
> 8. Do your best to keep your head clear and cool, your body clean and comfortable, and your feet in good condition, for you think with your head, fight with your body, and march with your feet.
> 9. Be of good cheer and high courage; shirk neither work nor danger; suffer in silence, and cheer the comrades at your side with a smile.
> 10. Dread defeat, but not wounds; fear dishonor, but not death, and die game, and whatever the task, remember the motto of the division, "It Shall Be Done."



THE eagerness, everywhere, to secure the Cadillac is not solely due to its scarcity.

There is also a growing consciousness of the hardiness of the Cadillac and its consequent economy.

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SEEING THE WAR FROM AN AMBULANCE

AN old saw has it that the road to the infernal regions is easy to navigate; whoever said it never drove an ambulance bound for the modern inferno—the battle-front. A letter from an experienced driver, just to hand, says: "Imagine this: a pitch black night, no lights, a road full of holes, each big enough to swallow a wagon and horses, and a constant stream of tumbrels, horses, and men. Try to imagine that and then see me plunging into that, bound to go where duty calls. When I get home, I feel sure I can tackle any machine, day or night, on any road in the U. S. A." Another ambulance-driver, Philip Dana Orcutt, tells his experiences in *The Red Cross Magazine*. Mr. Orcutt, a Boston boy of seventeen, instead of going to Harvard, joined the American Ambulance Corps in France; under military and draft age, yet he has managed to be under shell-fire for four months at Verdun. The story is written with the abandon of youth. He writes:

> There is nothing quite so uncomfortable to hear as the near whistle of a shell. The more one hears the sound the more it affects him. There is something in the sharp whine which seems to create despair and induce subconscious melancholy. There is a feeling of helplessness and powerlessness that is most depressing. The thunder of the guns or the crash of the bursting shells can not be compared with the sound of this approaching menace. It is as if some demon from the depths of Hades were hurtling toward you, its weird laughter crying out, calling to you and chilling your blood. For the second of its passage a hush falls on the conversation, and the best jokes die in dry throats. But it is only for that second, and instantly laughter rings out again at some jest. Speculations or comments are made on the probable or observed place where it exploded, and all is the same except for that subconscious tenseness which, for the most part unrealized, grips every man while he goes about his work.
>
> The first ordeal by fire is the easiest. It is then but a new and interesting sensation and experience. Later, after one has seen the effect and had some close calls, it is more of a nervous strain. The whine of a shell is very high-pitched, and after a time the sound wears distinctly on the nerves. It is a curious fact that, in spite of the philosophy developed, the longer a man has been under shell-fire the harder it is for him to stand it. By no means would he think of showing it, but he would not deny the fact. It is only the philosophy and callousness developed which keep the men from breaking down, and in many cases the strain on the nerves becomes so great that men do collapse under it. This is one of the forms of so-called "shell-shock."

The author feels it a duty to pay especial attention to the stretcher-bearers, whose work is often of the most trying kind, yet demanding courage of a high order. He says:

> As one man remarked, "Our life out here is just one —— *brancardier* after another." The *brancardiers*, or stretcher-bearers, include the musicians—for the band does not play at the front—the exchanged prisoners who are pledged to do no combatant work, and others who volunteer for or are assigned to this work. These men are in the front-line trenches, where they bandage wounded men as they are hit, and carry them to the front *abri*, where the *major*, army doctor, gives them more careful attention. At the front *abri* are other *brancardiers*, who then take charge of these men and load them into our cars. We arrive at the hospital, and *brancardiers* there unload the ambulances and carry in the wounded. Inside the hospital other *brancardiers* nurse the wounded, as no women nurses are allowed in the *triage* hospitals.
>
> A callous, hardened, dulled class of men, absolutely lacking in sentiment, yet doing a noble and heroic work. Who could do their work without becoming callous—or insane? We curse them often when they put a man in the car upside down or drop him, but we forget that when the infantry goes *en repos* the *brancardiers* stay at their posts, going out into No Man's Land every hour to bring in a countryman or an enemy. When, standing by the car, I see two *brancardiers* carrying a man up from the *abri*, and, after noticing that both his arms are broken, one in two places, that both legs are broken, that a bloody bandage covers his chest, and that the white band around his head is staining red, I see them drop him when a shell screams overhead, I curse them. But I forget that for the past two nights, with their *abri* filled with chlorin-gas, these same men have toiled faithfully in suffocating gas-masks, bringing in the wounded, caring for them, and loading them on our cars. I forget that these men have probably not had an hour's consecutive sleep for weeks, and that it may be weeks before they have again; that it is months since they last saw a foot of dry ground, or felt that for a moment they were free of the ever-present expectation of sudden death. It is something to remember, and it is to wonder rather how they do these things at all than why they seem at times a little careless or a bit tired.
>
> Would the *brancardier* tell you this? When he sees you he asks after your comrades. He takes you in and gives you a cigaret and some *pinard* in a battered cup, and tries to find you a place to rest, all the time telling you cheerful stories and amusing incidents.

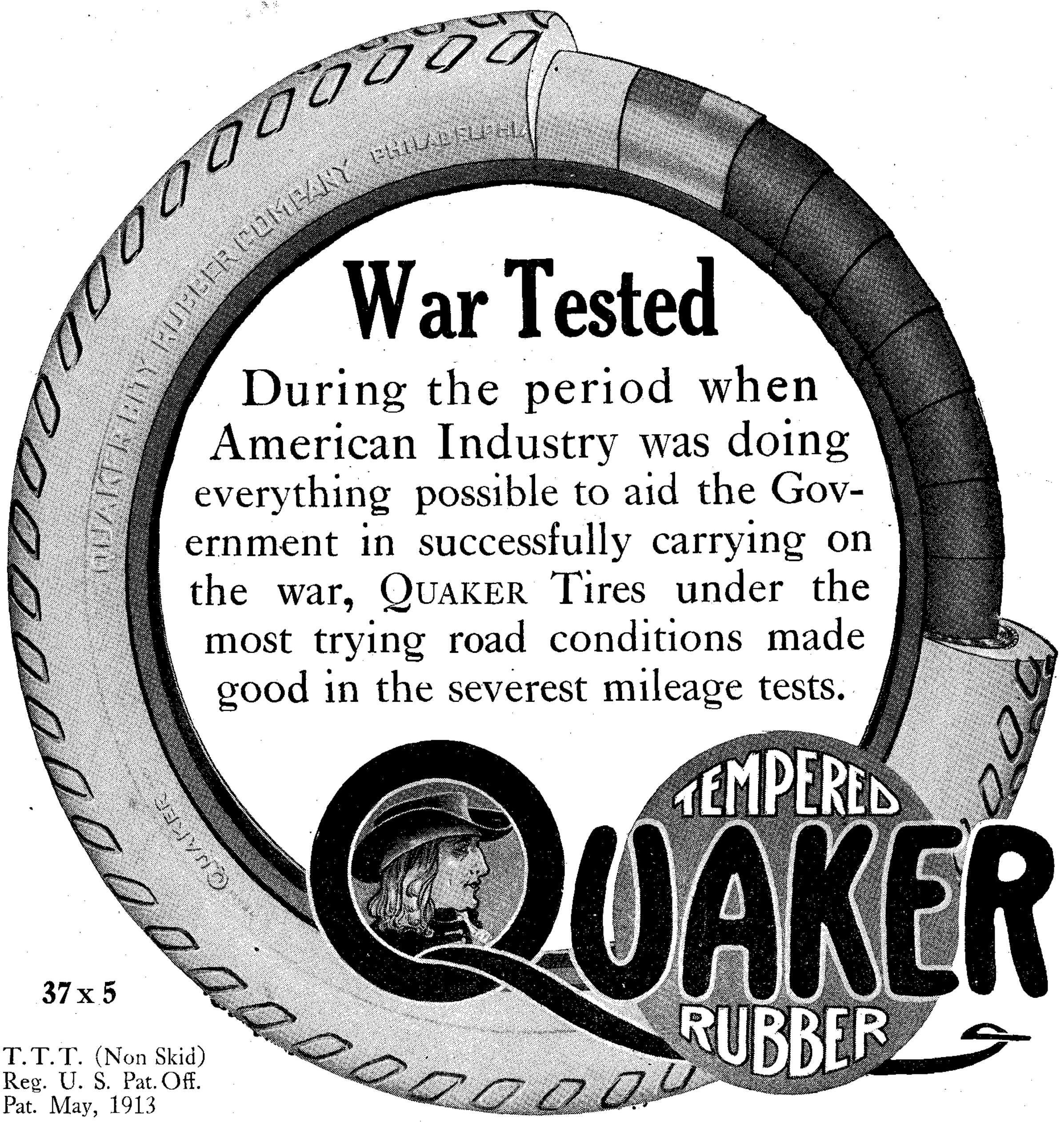
Concerning the night-driving, the writer gives it as his opinion that the *ambulancier* develops two instincts. The first is that in case of need he can find his own, or somebody else's, shelter and therein vanish promptly. The second is the something that guides one in the utter blackness of the night. His opinion is that it is better to follow the advice of the "inner voice" rather than memory. Furthermore, he states it is astonishing how few cars do tumble into holes, or get off the track in the dark. One of his experiences was to drive with a friend, in a Fiat, at over fifty miles an hour in pitch darkness and take every turn safely. Then he draws this contrast:

> The *poilu* and the Tommy are vastly different. The Frenchman works himself up into a fanatical state of enthusiasm, and in a wild burst of excitement dashes into the fray. The Englishman finishes his cigaret, exchanges a joke with his "bunkie," and coolly goes "over the top." Both are wonderful fighters, with the profoundest admiration for each other.

LIVING UNDER BOLSHEVIK SUPER-FREEDOM

TO live in Russia while there was a Czar was to feel, not so much that one was walking on a slumbering volcano, as to have an uncanny suspicion that all around were wild, barbaric forces ready to ravage the moment the leash that held them snapt. This has happened, and something of the result is told by Mr. Mewes, of the staff of the London *Daily Mirror*, as follows:

> I have just arrived in England from Petrograd, where I have been, almost continuously, since 1914.
>
> To come out of Russia into England to-day is to emerge at a bound from the Middle Ages to modern times.
>
> Freedom has transformed ordinary life in Petrograd something in this way:
>
> It is a day toward the end of March, 1918, and I am looking from my window into the square below.
>
> I see little groups of soldiers—revolutionary soldiers—stopping the passers-by. I imagine they are examining their documents.
>
> But the first passer-by is removing his overcoat. The second is sitting on the pavement while a soldier gently but firmly removes his boots. A lady comes round the corner in a fur coat. She is quickly relieved of it. One man in a temper throws all he has in his pockets out on to the snow. There is a scramble among the soldiers.
>
> It is eight o'clock, and as I have only just got up I may be dreaming. For corroboration I go to some friends—British officers—staying in the house. They join me and we see the "hold-up" in progress. Suddenly there is a sharp crack. Some one is shooting. The robber band takes to its heels. This is the reign of Freedom.
>
> Robberies by broad daylight, exorbitant prices, the daily bread allowance a quarter of a pound per person, and a bread mostly straw and water, butter forgotten, restaurants with meager dinners at thirty rubles ($15). Night life (apart from robbing)—there is none. No one dares go out at night. The theaters begin at five and end at 7:30. To compensate themselves for the vodka, self-denial ordinance of the beginning, the Red Guards go about on wine-smashing forays in private cellars. They drink what they can and destroy what they can't drink.
>
> I know of women in Petrograd who have covered up their diamonds with little bits of cloth and sewn them on to their dresses in the form of rough buttons to preserve them from the common pillage. In the midst of the universal freedom the Republicans must, of course, be free to annex whatever they take a fancy to.
>
> Petrograd is in a state of famine. The only people well fed there are the swaggering German officers. Often I used to see poor, ragged, half-starved Russian soldiers, who had fought and suffered in the war, slink by one of these overbearing supermen.
>
> And the *bourgeoisie*, the famed, much-written-about *Intelligentsia*—what does it think? What is it doing?
>
> It apparently doesn't think. And it certainly does nothing. The Russian is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half-oriental. Oriental fatalism is in him. To-morrow or next day—who knows?—the Germans will be here to rescue us from "Freedom"! The *Intelligentsia* have developed an inordinate respect for the German.

"And meanwhile we are not going to continue fighting for British capitalism." A phrase I heard half a dozen times a day at least! While our dreamers sympathize with them they speak thus of us.

For the rest I ask: What have the *Intelligentsia* class in Russia done to prevent their country from being sold body and soul to Germany? Nothing!

During five months of Bolshevism I have watched the *Intelligentsia* swallow everything that Lenine, Trotzky, and company have cared to give them.

Their safe-deposits at the bank have been confiscated; many are without money, or means of earning any. Yet with typical Russian apathy they just wait. To-morrow! Perhaps. Or perhaps another day.

So it goes on, and our munitions, our guns, our money, our effort, are annihilated—or pass, where portable, to Germany.

Heavy British guns were sold to Germany for 200 rubles each. One Russian division sold their artillery to the Germans for 30,000 rubles and were well pleased. Our own guns are now hammering our men on the West.

THREE-THOUSAND-SIX-HUNDRED-FOOT FALL MADE HIS NOSE BLEED

THE little black pigs in the field below were badly frightened, and so were the mules, but the chap who was rushing earthward from the sky at express-train speed was more amused at their comical scurrying about than alarmed at his own prospective collision with the farm. When he started downward he took to his parachute, but found it wasn't working that day, so he calmly clambered back into the basket and awaited events. He wasn't kept waiting very long, either. It was John Pflieger, the nineteen-year-old son of Mr. Paul Pflieger, cotton merchant of New York, training in the Balloon School at Arcadia, Cal., who had this experience. He dropt 3,600 feet, and, altho a trifle jarred and sore, virtually escaped without a scratch. Writing to his parents from the hospital, he gives a cheerful account of this great fall. *Commerce and Finance* publishes the letter from which we make the following extracts:

I was up 3,600 feet, and had just reported that the manometer tube was out of order, so I was a little afraid something might happen and had tested my hand-valve, when suddenly I heard a crackling noise. I looked up; the rip panel had bursted open and the basket was swinging wildly like a kite without a tail. I knew that under such circumstances it was all right to jump. I heard the phone ring, probably to warn me of the danger, then heard the cable break. I thought that both the telephone-wire and the winch cable had bursted. So I took my phone off and both pair of glasses and jumped (the aneroid registered 3,000 feet altitude). Unluckily my parachute ropes got tangled up in the map-board hanging outside of the basket, and the parachute did not open. I was hanging below the basket, so I had to chin myself up and crawl back in the basket. This was quite a job; the balloon was parachuting down, losing much gas and the basket swinging wildly. When I was ready—(I have just finished an egg-nog—without a kick—that the nurse was kind enough to bring me)—when I was ready to jump, a second time, the aneroid registered 1,000 feet, but I knew from the free ballooning experience that a thermometer of that kind takes some time to register the altitude accurately, and that I was probably much nearer the ground; I actually knocked on it with my forefinger and the needle jumped to about 800 feet. As it takes quite a while for a parachute to open—and I might have got tangled up again, moreover—the balloon did not seem to be coming down so awfully fast, I decided I was as safe in the basket as out. I came down on a big field. I was up 300 feet and saw two Mexican dagoes chasing their mule team that had broken loose, and also a lot of little black pigs running, scattered in all directions, scared to death. I really was chuckling, because I was not scared at all. I was coming down like in a free balloon descent, and was ready to land. I did land, but much harder than I expected to and I was knocked off my feet into the bottom of the basket. I might have fainted for a second or two. When I looked up again the basket was on its side and I crawled quickly out, expecting the basket to be dragged on the ground and the balloon to be caught in the wind; but nothing happened; all the gas was out, and had been for a long while, so they told me.

First, I just rested on my back for a couple of seconds, a little shaken up by the "impact"; then, seeing that I was not dead or dying (this is highly humorous now, but was not so much at the time), I felt my bloody nose—not broken; then my ankle, which was either broken or sprained. I thought that in either case it would swell right up, and took my legging off. Then the two farmers came running up. I told them to phone to the camp and ask for an ambulance for me. They both looked very excited, as if they had been facing a spirit, or getting the dying confession of the villain in the story; then, one ran and started grabbing the balloon in his arms, and the other ran toward the basket. I could see that they were either too bewildered or too stupid to understand. I called them back, and they helped me take my shoe and sock off.

Then a regular procession arrived—first a soldier with the mule team; then a couple of ladies almost crying from joy because I was a human being and not a corpse. A sailor, who was in the car, and the soldier carried me into the two ladies' car. Then a captain arrived in a side-car at about seventy miles per hour. And, finally, a big Air Service car came; I came back in it. A few hundred yards farther I met the end of that cheerful funeral procession; a few cars full of soldiers and the ambulance-car.

I have had already more than sixty persons in my room—from the commanding officer down—and they all looked at me as if to say: "You lucky hero, you! Three thousand six hundred feet and not a scratch!"

And I must confess I am a lucky dog. My nose and lips are a little swollen, my back a little sore from the shock, and my right ankle bruised and a little swollen; but I'll be as fit as ever next Monday, and ready to take my last flight over again.

What actually happened is that the whole balloon ripped open, and they started hauling me down at once as fast as they could. The balloon spread open and then collapsed, and so on all the way down—this explains my rapid fall during the last 150 feet. Part of the balloon (a very small part) burned up, either due to friction of the winch cable against the bag during the time of hauling down or the action of the high-tension cables over which I dragged.

HUNTED THREE DAYS, U-BOAT SURRENDERS TO A MERE DRIFTER

HOW completely the deadly depth charges used by the Allied navies shattered the morale of submarine crews is succinctly put by Alexander Hurd in *The Illustrated London News*. He writes:

What may rank as one of the most curious incidents of the war waged on the enemy submarines occurred, when a German *U*-boat voluntarily surrendered to a lightly armed British drifter. That points to a remarkable change in conditions at sea. When the policy of piracy was first adopted by the Germans their submarines had things very much their own way, because few merchant ships were armed and the Navy was short of small craft. For some time the Germans were able to send to sea a large number of *U*-boats, and the officers and men of those vessels rather enjoyed the pursuit of what they regarded as a sport which was then associated with little danger.

But the conditions at sea changed some months ago. Instead of being the hunters, the submarines were quite as often the hunted:

Not only is the number of small craft being rapidly increased, but the ingenuity of the Allied navies, and conspicuously the ingenuity of the British Navy, is finding expression in a variety of ingenious devices. Considerable success has attended the recent mining policy: the hydrophone, which enables the movements of a submerged submarine to be heard, has been successfully developed, and what are described as "depth charges" are being used with increasing results.

Recently a lightly armed British drifter had an enemy submarine under gun-fire, and, doubtless much to the drifter's surprize, the commanding officer of the submarine indicated that he and his companions wished to surrender. The position of the British skipper was an embarrassing one. Nothing of the kind had ever occurred before—one of the most perfectly developed war-ships of her particular type surrendering to such an opponent. The captain of the drifter quickly determined that he could not refuse the surrender, but he took precautions against foul play. This particular submarine had been hunted persistently for seventy-two hours, and during that period no fewer than thirty-five depth charges had been dropt near her, each one producing a terrible explosion. The nerve of the officers and men was thus broken.

What, it may be asked, is a depth charge? It is one of the most deadly weapons employed. It consists of a kind of mine which is fitted with a hydrostatic valve; as the depth charge sinks in the water the pressure increases until it is sufficient to operate the valve, and then the depth charge explodes with terrific effect. Of course, the valve of the depth charge can be set to practically any depth, as circumstances may decide. Some day we may learn first-hand from the Germans what it feels like to be submerged in the water when these devastating explosions occur one after another around a submarine. The crew must realize that at any moment the frail hull of the submarine may be pierced; in that case death under the most agonizing circumstances is their fate.

NON-CATHOLIC AMERICAN SOLDIER SLEEPS IN CONSECRATED GROUND

IT could not have happened anywhere except in France, this heart-catching little incident of the solution found by an old French *curé* for the problem of burying a non-Catholic American soldier. The whole village had loved the *Américain*, the whole village wished to do him honor, but he was not of the true faith, so how could he be buried in consecrated ground?

French chivalry struggled with French veneration for old religious customs, and the outcome is as pure and delicate a little idyll as ever got into a French story-teller's masterpiece. The Chicago *Tribune* carries the following report of it:

A very sick young American soldier left a truck-train in a little village in the Vosges, thinking he would be all right in a couple of days. He was the first Yank with whom the villagers had come in close contact, and everybody laid themselves out to minister to him.

The village *curé*, a kindly soul, took a deep interest in the boy. The priest's whole human life was embraced in the phrase, "*Pour la France.*" So, for the sick doughboy he brought knickknacks and sweetmeats. The Yank could not talk French and the *curé* could not talk English, but they managed to make each other understood admirably.

The boy continued to grow worse, and one morning he died as the *curé* was holding his hands. The villagers brought great wreaths of wild flowers which filled the little room of the *curé's* hillside home. The mourning for the unknown American seemed to touch each of the little homes.

Then perhaps the biggest dogmatic problem of the gentle priest's life stared him in the face. Where could he dig the grave? The boy was not a Catholic, and no one ever had been buried in the village cemetery who was not a Catholic.

The cemetery ran along the priest's garden, separated by a thin stone wall. The villagers were wondering, too, where the grave could be made when they beheld the *curé* spading up the earth in his garden as close to the little stone wall as he could get. The boy had died "*Pour la France*," and should be put as near the holy ground as the venerable man could do it.

On the day of the funeral the villagers gathered in the garden, and with wet faces consecrated, as best they could, the resting-place of the non-Catholic. One great wreath of wild flowers covering the grave had worked in it in purple blooms the words "*Pour la France.*"

A rude wooden cross was erected. The *curé* was still troubled because the boy was not in holy ground, but he told the villagers he had done his best. Then the villagers a few mornings after that saw a large hole in the priest's garden-wall, right beside the grave of the American soldier.

Some surmised that the priest himself had torn down the wall during the night. Anyway, no wall now stands between the grave of the doughboy and the holy ground, and the grave always is covered with wild flowers and the little beadwork designs so common to French Catholic cemeteries.

It is further surmised that if the *curé* does mend his garden-wall, it will have a jog in it running out into the garden and around the mound of earth on which always are kept fresh blooms which spell the words "*Pour la France.*"

WHAT A SOLDIER LEARNED WHEN HE WAS BLIND

BLINDNESS, black night, shut out from a beautiful world, surely that is a heart-breaking, hopeless condition? Not a bit of it, said a sturdy young Anzac. Sightless, he still felt he could aid his country, and with the wonderful spirit which reigns in that far-off land of exquisite beauty he was a gallant soldier in our fight for freedom. His story is one of hope, faith, and grit. This is it as told in *The New Success:*

This is the message of Signaler Tom Skeyhill, the young Australian soldier-poet who was wounded in Gallipoli in 1916, when his company made a brilliant charge against the Turks. As a result of shell-shock Skeyhill became totally blind. No hope was held out by the world's most famous eye specialist in Europe that he would ever regain his eyesight. Gradually he regained his health and strength, but day was everlasting night to him.

But this young Anzac was not made of the stuff that admits defeat. Sightless, he could still see that his country needed him, and his country meant the allied forces of the world fighting for democracy, for right, freedom, and justice.

Truly there is no black night for the soldier who has the spirit-lamp of a great resolution to light him on his way!

Somewhere in the ranks Tom Skeyhill knew he still could help, and he found that place. The flaming sword of his spirit could still lead hosts against Germany, and he could still signal victory, tho he might not see the flag he so proudly leapt to serve when his country entered the war against the Hun in 1914.

The lecture platform would be his post henceforth if the battle-field were denied him. Accordingly, Tom Skeyhill has told his simple and eloquent story whenever and wherever there was an audience to listen. "Germany must be beaten" was the message he set forth to spread. And those who heard the blind soldier were thrilled and inspired and made to feel as he felt, that one pair of perfectly good and desirable eyes were little enough to give for one's country.

Then—it was in May, 1918—he regained his eyesight in Washington! It came about almost as simply as one of the miracles in the Bible. He had been told that everything known to medical science had been done for his eyes. Maybe so, but when he heard of a doctor who hoped he could help him, Skeyhill agreeably submitted to another experiment. There might be something in it, and he needed his eyes.

Skeyhill went to the Garfield Hospital, still sightless, and lo, the miracle! He came out a few hours later, seeing!

Visualize a young crusader, a knight of the Holy Grail, and you have some idea of the spirituality of this soldier's face. He is all Englishman in his blond coloring, in his bonny, blue eyes, but all colonial, thoroughly Australian in his lean, steel-like muscles and fleshless sinew.

But it is best to let the young fellow tell his own story. Meanwhile be it remarked that a man who can learn that folks are neighborly when he is blind, and can talk about the white hospital-wall, the first thing he saw when sight came back, as a subject for an epic poem, is the sort of man worth reading about, carefully. Now for the yarn:

"The battle in which I was blinded was fought on the Gallipoli peninsula, December 8, 1916. We were charging up a steep declivity when there was an awful, world-rocking explosion, and I, among others, staggered back and fell to the ground. I was unconscious for some time, but at last came a sense of returning consciousness, which was followed by the dread realization that tho still alive I was blind.

"Some philosopher has said 'happiness is the cessation of unhappiness.' There is a great deal of truth in this, one who has gone through the mill feels. It takes blindness or some such tragedy as the loss of communication with the good old world around and about us to make us realize the every-day blessedness of life and limb and sight.

"When I lost my sight I came to have a new realization of the neighborliness of people. I never realized the great throbbing heart of the world until I stood in the night waiting for a friendly hand to guide me. And that friendly hand was never lacking.

"Then came my hospital experience. At first I could see only pin-pricks of light," he begins, "but those flashes were like a wireless message of hope on a battle-field. A message that help is on the way to the rescue."

Signaler Skeyhill knows how to put things in terms of battle, for he has sent and received those messages that give back life and hope to hold on, to endure even the unendurable if rescue is in sight.

"Then waves of gratitude seemed to engulf me," he continues. "To have my sight again was happiness greater than I felt I could bear. Joy doesn't kill. I can testify to that. For my heart beat on steadily even while the light grew clearer about me.

"Barrie once declared that no one should try to write who couldn't write an interesting story about a hole in a wall. Well, I want to say that a bare white hospital-wall will always stand out in my memory as the most beautiful object in the world. For that wall was the first thing I saw when my sight was restored. 'An interesting story.' Why that wall is worthy of an epic poem!

"My one ambition now is to complete my lecture arrangements and get back into action, where every able-bodied man should be. There is a battle-line in France that needs strengthening, and it is there I want to be, fighting shoulder to shoulder with the gallant American lads, the brave French, the indomitable British, the fine Italians, and the men of Canada and Australia whose dash and daring have won the admiration of the world and the bitter hatred of the Huns, who haven't got the physical or moral courage to face us, man to man, in the open field.

"When I became certain that the return of my sight was not a cruel dream, and that henceforth I should be able to look upon the faces of my friends and view the

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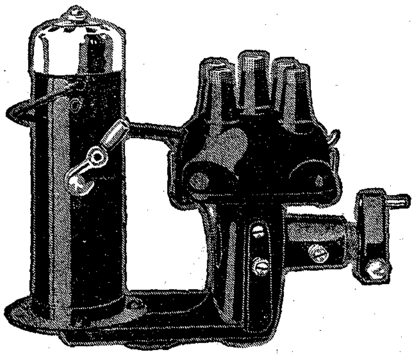

Type CC Magneto Replacement Outfit.

ATWATER KENT Scientific Ignition is manufactured in an environment calculated to encourage ideal production.

Every mechanical operation is produced by automatic equipment of special design. Two similar parts will not vary a fraction of a thousandth of an inch in any essential dimension.

Every worker is imbued with a spirit-of-quality ideal.

Every executive appreciates his specialized responsibility in the production of a perfected ignition system.

Your Atwater Kent System has the unqualified guarantee of excellence of manufacture and perfection of performance.

There's an Atwater Kent System for every car,
electrically equipped or not.

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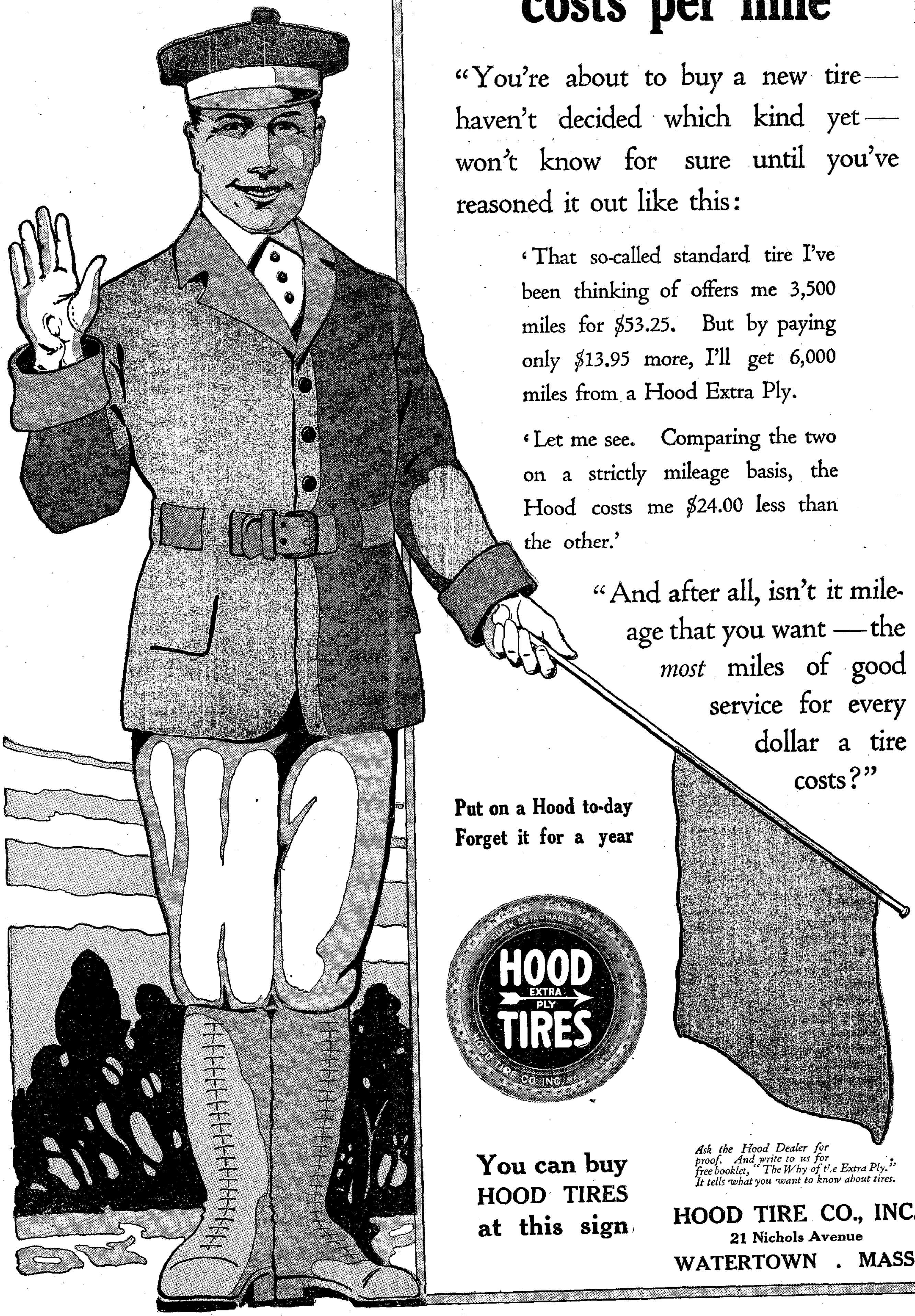

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'That so-called standard tire I've been thinking of offers me 3,500 miles for $53.25. But by paying only $13.95 more, I'll get 6,000 miles from a Hood Extra Ply.

'Let me see. Comparing the two on a strictly mileage basis, the Hood costs me $24.00 less than the other.'

"And after all, isn't it mileage that you want—the *most* miles of good service for every dollar a tire costs?"

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EXTRA PLY
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Ask the Hood Dealer for proof. And write to us for free booklet, "The Why of the Extra Ply." It tells what you want to know about tires.

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world as I did when, a light-hearted boy, I sprang to the colors in defense of the Empire menaced by the Hun, I could not help stopping for a brief moment and offering a silent prayer of thankfulness. No man who has not experienced the shock entailed in the loss of his sight can appreciate in the remotest degree the feelings which surge through me now that I am again in a land of light, and I know that I can go on as other men."

ELECTRICITY BRINGS LIGHT AND NEWS TO AMERICAN ESKIMOS

ELECTRIC LIGHT, especially needed in the long arctic nights, and equally important light on the rest of the world's doings are being supplied to one of Uncle Sam's Eskimo settlements, says a writer in *The Eskimo*, a magazine published up at Nome, Alaska, for the Eskimos. The writer, Delbert Replogie, is a teacher and wireless operator at Noorvik. He directed the installation of the electric plant whose effects he describes:

> It seems strange to drive out of the darkness of an arctic night into the electric blaze of the lights of the Eskimo village of Noorvik on the Kobuk. The lights stream from the houses, government buildings, and street.
>
> One has to live in Noorvik to find how much the lights mean to the people. Some of the good results are the following:
>
> There is less eye-strain. Many an aged Eskimo woman whose eyes used to become wearied has been able to continue sewing by the soft, sure glow of the Mazda lamp installed in her home. A decided home pride and more cleanliness have come with the new light. And the people now have regular hours of sleep, since all the lights are turned off at 9:30, thus causing people to rise earlier and use more daylight in the winter.
>
> All this has come without any financial expense to the people. The twenty families having lights did the work on the buildings for the light plant and the general village improvement. But the present two-kilowatt dynamo is too small for the demand and the village has already subscribed $240, with the prospect of more, with which to buy a larger machine.
>
> In connection with the local plant the Government has established a wireless set, and now we can keep in touch with the Nome radio, and through it with Mr. Loop (in charge of the Alaskan Division of the United States Bureau of Education at Seattle) and Mr. Shields (Superintendent of the Northwest District at Nome).
>
> Through the Noorvik wireless the Bureau of Education quickly reaches the other villages in our part of the northwestern district. Three times a week we relay messages to Selawik, where a receiving station was built by Frank Jones. The towns of Noatak, Kotzebue, and Shungnak can be reached by messenger. Through this station our department has been able to extend its courtesy to the Eskimo friend, the revenue cutter *Bear;* to the Post-office, and the Department of Justice.
>
> Every day the daily news of the world comes to our wireless station. We make copies of the news bulletins for our own people and for the surrounding villages. The news is always read at the morning exercises of the Noorvik school. It tells them of world events and makes the children interested in geography. They see the bigness of things. And the daily news has awakened the whole village to the meaning of the United States, its people and Government. Formerly the Government was only Mr. Loop, Mr. Shields, and the local teachers; now the Government means the expression of the will of the people and something men are living and dying for.
>
> The Noorvik people have fittingly express their appreciation to Mr. Loop for the lights and wireless, and they are hoping that the people of other villages may soon know the advantages of these latest gifts of the Government of the people.

THE BITER BIT WHEN HUNS STEAL KAISER'S "DUTCH METAL" PRIZES

WHAT a delicious bit of irony when the Huns stole a gorgeous trophy from a Belgian firm, laid it at the feet of the All-Highest, with much pomp and solemnity, and then found out that it was a prize given by the All-Highest and so wasn't gold at all, but just plain counterfeit, spurious, worthless "Dutch metal." The bells of Potsdam didn't ring over that victory, nor did a special *communiqué* announce the triumph to a waiting world; in fact, it was shoved into a cupboard where the other Hohenzollern skeletons abide. The New York *Evening Sun* makes merry over the situation and is naughty enough to recall other examples of Hunnish honor as follows:

> There is a queer corollary to the revelations recently made in New York that the trophy offered by the Kaiser as a prize for the transatlantic yacht race, valued at some ten or fifteen thousand dollars, and won by a member of the New York Yacht Club, was merely composed of pewter, or some other base metal, gilt, and worth at the most thirty-five dollars.
>
> It seems that in 1907 Emperor William organized an international automobile race on the Taunus course, which was guarded throughout by soldiers of his army, the first prize being a massive gold cup, impressive more by reason of its size and weight than by its elegance. Naturally, the Imperial Crown and the initial letter "W" figured on it, not modestly, but monstrously. In the race there was a preliminary heat with ninety-two starters, and a final heat, with forty starters, at which Emperor William and most of the reigning sovereigns of Germany were present.
>
> The celebrated Italian driver, Nazzaro, then in the employ of the Fiat Company, won the race with a Fiat car, and became the possessor of the trophy, valued at somewhere between twenty and thirty thousand dollars. Nazzaro being entitled by the terms of his contract with his company to all trophies, the Fiat concern purchased the Kaiser's cup from him at its officially proclaimed value. It was transferred to the Fiat show-rooms at Turin and insured for $30,000.
>
> Not long ago the Fiat Company decided to offer the trophy to the Italian Government as a war-gift, much in the same way as Mr. Marshall, of the New York Yacht Club, offered his transatlantic race imperial championship cup to the American Red Cross. On its being sent to the Italian Mint it was immediately discovered that the trophy won by Nazzaro, that had for eleven years been supposed to be of gold, and therefore of considerable value, was merely of base metal, gilt, and worthless as intrinsically as it had always been from an artistic point of view. As soon as this was announced from the Royal Italian Mint, the Fiat Company resumed possession of the cup and turned in the amount of its originally estimated value to the war-fund of the Italian Treasury.

If the first prize was a sham, the second one was naturally no better, but in this case the laugh was on the Imperial confidence-man himself:

> It may be added that the second prize in this Taunus international championship motor-race of 1907, which was under the immediate direction of Prince Henry of Prussia, was won by a Belgian automobile firm, which purchased from its chauffeur the Kaiser's second prize, a cup alleged to be of gold. One of the first things that the Germans did when they invaded Belgium in August and September of 1914 was to plunder the factories of this particular automobile concern of every vestige of their contents, machinery, tires, etc., leaving nothing but the bare walls. Among the loot thus carried off to Germany was the Kaiser's second prize at the Taunus international race; and since it has been restored to the *Vaterland* it has been prudently relegated to oblivion.
>
> Thanks to Emperor William's trophies, awarded as prizes in transatlantic yacht races and in international motor tournaments, and alleged to be of gold, we now understand the true meaning of what is known in trade as "Dutch metal."

WHEN AND WHERE SHERMAN SAID IT

OUT of the moil and welter of war, in all ages, strong and unforgetable expressions have been evolved. It is not often that the circumstances of their birth are known. How Sherman's came into being is related in *Everybody's Magazine* in this wise:

> You and I and the vaudeville artists and the popular-song composers and the after-dinner speakers and the contributors to the funny magazines have been saying for years and years that General Sherman said it.
>
> "War is Hell."
>
> Before his death the General tried to recall the when and where of his famous epigram, and even instituted a search in 1891 of his records and newspapers, without finding any evidence that would establish the matter.
>
> Now comes John Koolbeck, of Harlan, Iowa, to solve the mystery. Mr. Koolbeck, who has been the active manager of a café in Harlan for twenty-four years, is an old soldier:
>
> "It was in '63, after the battle of Vicksburg," says Veteran Koolbeck. "General Sherman was commanding both the infantry and cavalry of the Western Department. At that particular time the Army was crossing the River Pearl at Jackson, Mississippi, on a pontoon bridge. General Sherman sat on his horse at the water's edge in deep meditation. The infantry had crossed. Just as the cavalry, headed by General Winslow, of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry (I was his aide-de-camp), started across the bridge, General Sherman suddenly broke his silence with the re-

mark, 'War is Hell, boys.' He called it out to us in a loud voice. I was in the head-line with General Winslow, so I heard him very clearly. We were going after General Johnson, of the Confederate Army, whom we had driven across the river. The realization that war is hell seemed to have come over the General suddenly. General Johnson had been worrying us. It was up to us to hurry after him and catch him. I think it was sort of sympathy for his troops that General Sherman wanted to express in his remark. It seemed like an attempt on his part to let the boys know that he knew war wasn't any fun, too, and that he knew they'd go on just the same. I can remember it as if it had been yesterday."

General Winslow is dead. The other members of his staff were considerably older than Mr. Koolbeck, so he believes that he is the only living man who heard General Sherman say "War is Hell," at the River Pearl.

HOW A FRENCH OFFICER CAME HOME

The home-coming of soldiers in war-wrecked France often involved dramatic incidents. An Associated Press correspondent tells of a French officer, returning to Denain, which had been four years in German grip, to look for his wife and a baby he had never seen:

The correspondent was motoring along the highway leading to the recently freed city of Denain when a French officer beside the road asked for a ride. He said that his home was in Denain, where four years ago he left his wife to join the colors. Just after his departure his first child, a daughter, was born. Then came the German occupation.

Denain had been the center of a battle that had cost civilian lives. Neither the officer nor correspondent mentioned this fact, but undoubtedly both were thinking of it as the car sped over the shell-shattered road.

Turning into the street the first house was in ruins. He gave a nervous start, but said nothing. A few doors farther on was his home, and the car stopt across the street from it. The officer climbed out slowly and with an effort, his eyes fixt on the place.

There were no signs of life. The windows were shuttered, and on the door was a sign showing that German officers had been living there. Crossing the street, the officer pulled the bell with shaking hand. No one answered. He backed away and leaned against the car, trembling.

Then the door was opened and an aged woman servant appeared in answer to the bell. She was leading a beautiful baby girl, with a wealth of golden curls. The officer took one step toward the child and then halted. He was a stranger to his own flesh and blood. The child, behind the skirts of the nurse, peered out in fright. Undoubtedly her mother had told her many times during the *Boche* occupation that men in uniform were bad and that she must avoid them.

The horizon-blue uniform of France meant nothing to this tot. But the half-blind eyes of the old nurse had recognized her master and she held out her hands to him, repeating, "*Monsieur! Monsieur!*" in ecstasy. He crossed the road and grasped her hands, but the baby drew back still farther.

A door opened at the end of a long hall and a comely young matron came out. When half-way down the hall she caught sight of her husband. She stopt, her hands flew to her breast, and she swayed for a second, as tho about to fall. With a sobbing cry of joy she hurled herself into his arms.

The correspondent's car was already moving away, for outsiders were not needed to complete the scene.

PURE PRUSSIAN ON A DARK NIGHT SENDS HUNS ALL WRONG

However much one may object to the German lingo, when grunted by a Prussian, it sometimes came in very useful when spoken by a man. A good story touching this is told in *The Stars and Stripes* (Paris, France). It appears there is a Corporal Kaler, who was not regarded with favor by his comrades, chiefly because he was born and raised in Germany. Outside of that he seemed to be "a regular fellow." Worst of all, he had to carry around the sinister name of Wilhelm, wished upon him in Munich, twenty-three years ago, at a time he couldn't help it. When he grew up, strange to say, he became a Socialist, with a rooted aversion to the Government in general and to the "Clown Prince" in particular. How he set himself right with the doughboys is told as follows:

With these convictions, smelling the battle from afar, he cried, "Ha! Ha!" and deserted from the German Navy shortly before the war broke out, at a time when his ship happened to be in Hoboken. Therefore, while his three brothers were serving in the German Army, he was out of reach in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Then came a time when America decided to enter the war. So did Wilhelm—the very next day.

His knowledge of German made him a handy man about the regiment when it was ordered into the line, but it was not as an interpreter that this knowledge served him in good stead during the savage, free-for-all, wide-open warfare which marked the passage of Company M from the Ourcq to the Vesle. He used it to baffle and bewilder the *Boches* by more than one order roared out gutturally in the dark.

Once, when Kaler and part of a platoon were almost marooned as an outpost that had overreached itself, he could hear a column of Germans filing along the edge of their woods with evident intent to surround them. The German order was straight ahead, and from where Kaler and his pals lay quaking in the underbrush, they could see an endless succession of gray legs trotting by. Then, sharp and authoritatively, a voice from the bushes ordered: "*Gehen Sie zur rechten Seite.*" The column veered off obediently to the right, and before it could be steered back again Kaler and his bunch had made good their escape.

Another example of his promptness in using his knowledge of German and also his clear understanding of their machine education follows:

Again when, from his vantage-point on the edge of the woods, the corporal saw four German prisoners break away from an American who was trying to bring them in, he called out across the field:

"*Kommen Sie vorüber.*"

The escaping four stopt dead in their tracks, wheeled, and hustled docilely over to the spot whence the voice had issued, and a moment later Kaler had them covered and started for the rear. Those were his four prisoners.

Another *Boche* he killed with his rifle and another died at the end of Kaler's bayonet. In spare moments between such tasks, he harangued the prisoners on their sin of working for the Kaiser. But how could they help themselves? they asked plaintively.

"Why, that's easy, come and fight with us," said Wilhelm.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

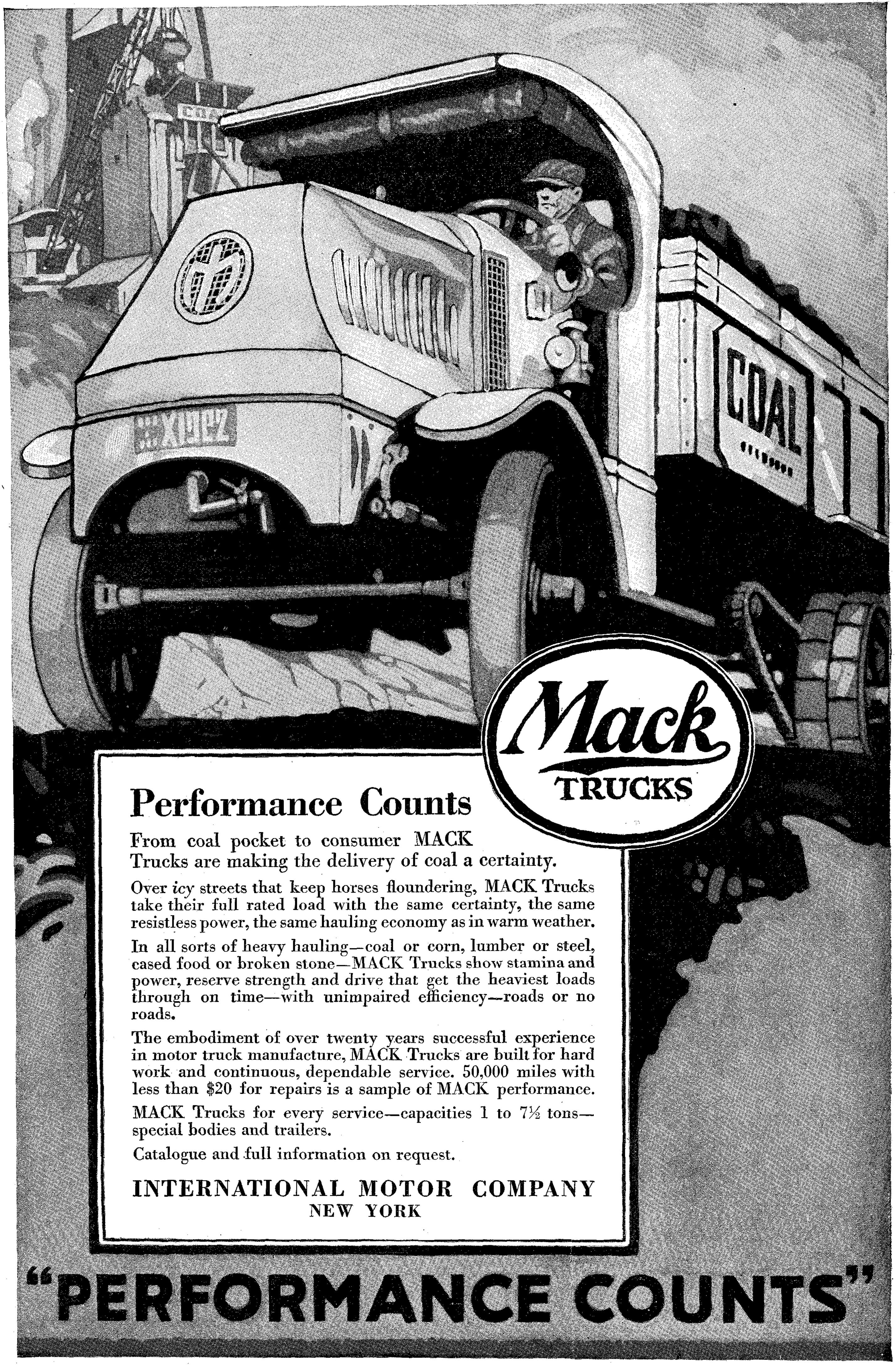
War's horrors and hardships seem to have had no terror for the majority of our boys abroad. Many of them, indeed, deplored the efforts of newspaper correspondents to present frightful pictures to their readers. They dreaded the effect of such stories on their home folk, and in their own letters from the front purposely made light of their individual experience. While lying in a French hospital with a Maxim bullet within him and a shrapnel wound in his thigh, a young officer wrote to a friend in New York that, if he had his way, the heavy tragedians of the press would be doing life terms. We quote from *The Tribune:*

I read a story just after I got out of the fight near Soissons. It was practically what I had myself just gone through. I saw how what I had just seen and done could have been written up into one nearly as thrilling. You know when I read that story I got scared myself. I got thirsty and hungry and exhausted, and when I got through I said to myself that if the author of that story were present I'd blow his brains out. They make out that the fighting men are suffering tortures, but they aren't. In the lines I get it just as hard as the men—more so, if anything—as I have responsibility and worry added. Well, I'm only average, and I haven't lost any weight, or sleep, or anything. I never was better in my life, and the men are all healthy. If one is very slightly wounded he goes to the hospital and gets good care; also if he is sick or tired out. Remember, it is the people at home who are to be pitied, not we. The worst I've gone through since I've been in the Marine Corps was summer before last in Quantico. So much for that.

Don't think that because I go twenty-four hours without food or make a forced march I'm to be pitied. I'm not, because when I do get some monkey meat it tastes like chicken, and when I do go to bed I feel as tho I were in a feather-bed and I enjoy it twice as much.

War is hell all right, but if a fellow gets bumped off he doesn't suffer; it is his family. If he gets a blighty, he is happy; if he is maimed for life, he is out of luck. But the percentage of the last is small. So don't feel sorry for me, but let me feel sorry for you.

I can see the hero in the magazine story staggering forward, the shells bursting around him, his parched tongue sticking to



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> his throat, men falling on right and left, something he knows not what is driving him on, on, and on to his objective; he falls; he gets up again, he prays for a pickle to quench his thirst; he falls again and bruises his knees; he tears his flesh on a blackberry bush, etc., etc. You know the type. It is a lot of rot, and if any one tells you that that was his experience, you recommend for him a bread and milk diet.

If his fate were left in the hands of the boys who have been fighting in France, the ex-Kaiser would soon be effectually removed from all worldly cares. In the midst of a great drive, Private N. K. Harris, of Battery C, 128th F. A., found time to write his mother at Gary, Ind., that "if I live to come home and tell you about it, you will understand more than ever why the Kaiser and the Hun must be made to suffer for all the suffering they have caused." And having thus relieved his mind, Private Harris proceeds to compliment the doughboys on their heroic qualities. We quote from the Gary *Evening Post:*

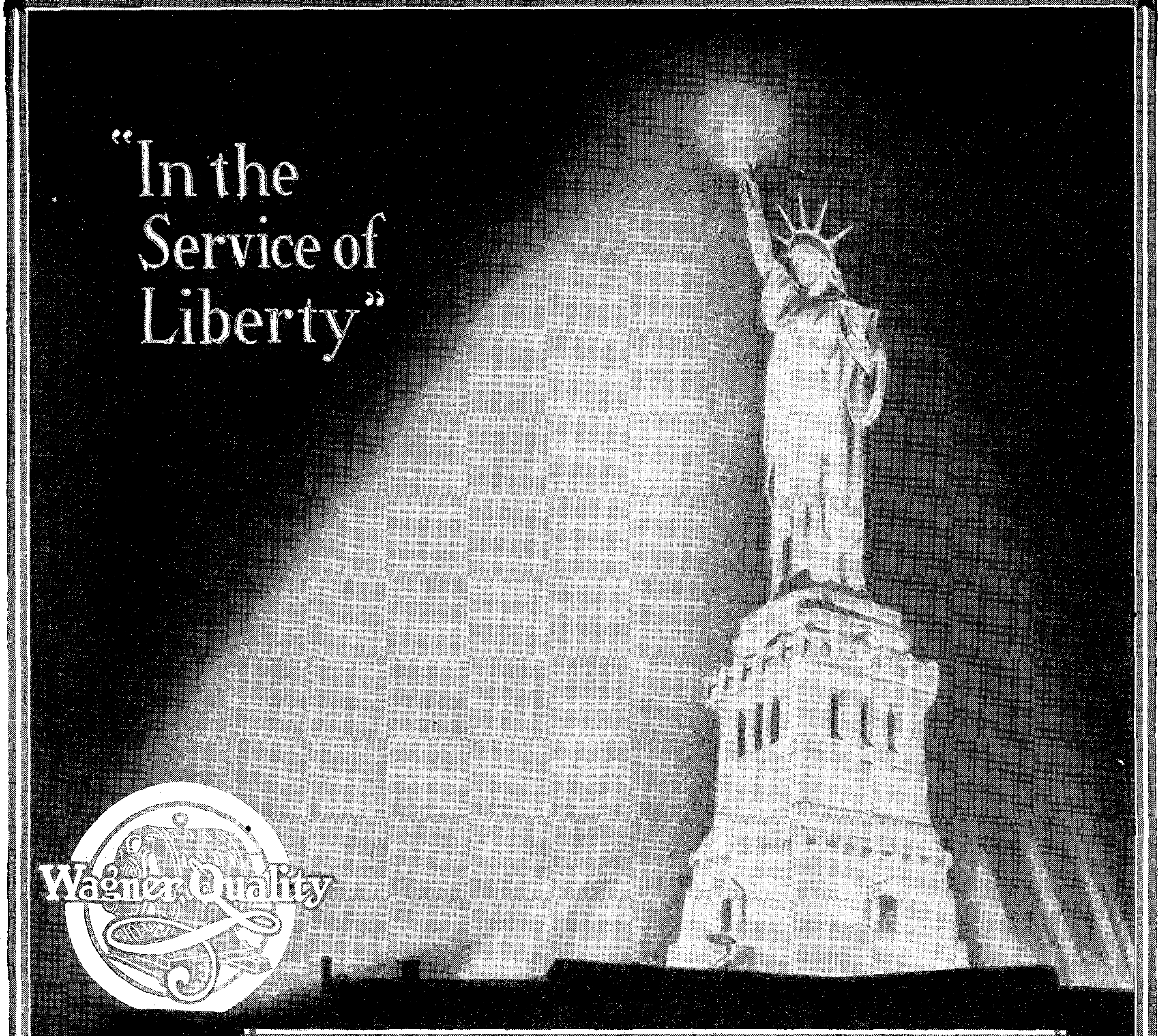
> We in the artillery are having a pleasant vacation compared with the terrible inferno the doughboys (infantry) are wallowing in. You know I tried to get into the infantry, but all my desire to be a doughboy has been taken out of me. The doughboys are the heroes of this war, and all honor and glory to them. The aviators have a brilliant and dangerous career, the artillery is no bullet-proof job, the engineers work night and day, the ammunition-trains are most important, but the doughboy is the man who must go up against machine-gun nests, artillery-fire, before and behind, hand-grenades, barb wire, mines, and gas.
>
> Charles Martin, who died with the marines, died a doughboy's death. That is the highest tribute possible to pay him.
>
> When I tell you that we haul our cannons and caissons forward day and night, that we sleep in rain and mud when we get a few minutes' rest, that we eat only when the rolling-kitchen or the ration-wagon can get to us, and that in our regiment a boy or two has given up his life and a few have been wounded, and that, despite all that, we are having a cross-country camping trip compared with the infantry, you will appreciate the heroism of the doughboys, who are first in the fight, first to die, and who will be first to march into Berlin.
>
> Am being plainer in this letter than possibly I should, and yet I want you to know that all you have read of this war can give you no idea of what it is.
>
> It is so brutal and bloody and inhuman that men who never stopt to deal in philosophy before look upon the carnage of the battle-field and are forced to say: "And all this happens in a civilized world."
>
> What we have seen only nerves us to face whatever is ahead of us, and steels us to die the easier if that is our lot, to avenge the fallen heroes whose mangled bodies line the roads and lie stiff and blood-clotted in thicket and field.
>
> Don't worry about me. I know you are thinking of me all the time, and I know you realize the possibilities. Our regimental cannon are roaring now, and we all hope we are driving the Hun back to his lair. In the last four days the Yanks have forced the Hun to retreat from ten to twenty kilometers all along this front, and we are glad we have played a small part in the victory.
>
> Remember my thoughts are always of home, after victorious peace. Write often, and take care of yourselves.

One result of the war, judging from many letters from the front, is almost a complete change in national sentiment and sympathy. Less than five years ago some Frenchmen thought the Americans a race of cowboys and, thanks to sensational literature, the national occupation bank-robbing; while, on the other hand, some Americans thought France produced only pastry-cooks and dancing-girls. Now both nationalities are finding unblemished heroic and social qualities in each and emphasizing the discovery with profuse demonstrations of brotherly affection. After noting these past and present predilections, Clark Eichelberger, of Freeport, Ill., speaks of the probable effect of the change in a letter to his home folk. The following extracts from *The Journal-Standard* give his conclusions:

> Our alliance and consequent visit to Europe is making us broader individuals, and a more sympathetic nation. For instance, we are learning to judge other people by more universal standards than our own. That we have houses of wood does not justify condemnation of the French for having dwellings of stone. A large population inhabiting a small territory for twenty centuries could not have sufficient trees. A comrade from the Far West, where thousand-acre farms are possible, sarcastically referred to the small French holdings as "gardens." He admitted his unreasonableness after considering that thirty-eight million Frenchmen live on a land in size comparable to Texas.
>
> In other words, we are looking for causes. We realize how much of American liberty is due to economic freedom, resulting from our large territory. "America is living on her principal, Europe on her interest." Over here we discover other people as liberty-loving as ourselves, and to whom democracy means a greater achievement because of complex problems which we escaped.
>
> It is not disloyal to give other nations deserved credit. Were a monument erected to the Allies, on which the names were carved in the order of the nations' sacrifices, above them all would be Belgium and Servia. They sacrificed their lives to save the world. But such an admission on our part could not brand us unpatriotic.
>
> Therefore, we are revising our democratic program to include the cooperation of others. For two generations we have felt a monopoly of liberty. Now France, England, Italy, Belgium, and others, by their immortal struggle, have proved their right to walk with us in search of the Holy Grail of Freedom.
>
> Oh! America's future is so charged with possibility. The recognized champion of freedom, in the view of the New World, now one of its warriors in the Old, will be a leader in the dawning constructive era. Democracy is now a recognized principle —a recognition bought by the blood of millions. But this democracy, so dearly won, is not developed. Now must come years of contributions to the science of liberty. American genius must furnish many new ideas. If with our broad principles we combine understanding and sympathy for other nations, and are willing to accept their cooperation, the democracy and national spiritual resources we may develop are unlimited.
>
> I dream of it so much—it is my one mental recreation. The present gloom is penetrated by one light, that America and the whole world shall some day approach an ideal state—the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.
>
> High on a hill across the fields in front of my camp is a great tree, rising many times above the others, so tall it seems to look over all France, the whole world, and to touch heaven, communing with God. It seems to speak to me: "Courage, young man! For two thousand years I have stood here. I have seen flames from Cæsar's burning villages; Joan of Arc led an army past me; the thunders of the Revolution stormed about me: All this seems a long time to you. But, no, it is merely the beginning. As each morning the mists rise from this valley between us, so all that has gone before is but the mist rising at the dawn of civilization."

Despite the hardships of war, hundreds of our fighters in France put on weight and found themselves better physically than they were before they went abroad. Home-sickness was bound to affect them at times, but "the fact that we have got the Hun on the jump," writes Private August Delp, a former law student at Meadville, Pa., "and that he is now begging for peace, is great consolation and encouragement." Private Delp then proceeds to philosophize over the war in his letter, which is printed in the Meadville *Tribune-Republican:*

> When we realize that we are not only living history but making it; when we think that right shall triumph over might; when we resolve that democracy shall not be throttled by autocracy, but that even small nations shall be protected in their God-given right of self-determination; when we know that the principles in which our nation was conceived and to which it was dedicated shall triumph over the tyrant's power of divine right of kings—no sacrifice is too great. When military Germany by her ruthless warfare challenged peaceful America in the belief that her divine Kaiser could do no wrong and that the wings of the American eagle had not the strength to journey across the Atlantic to vindicate a wrong if committed, she challenged a foe worthy of her steel—a foe whose very existence was menaced by the obsolete doctrine of divine right of kings.
>
> The spirit of '76 is prevalent in this new American Army, and we are firmly resolved, even as they were, that the tyrant's yoke shall rest on no people, but that law and justice should prevail as President Wilson outlined in his fourteen articles of January 8, and also his address of July 4. These noble aims are worthy of the effort and sacrifices that America is making; self-determination, universal disarmament, or at least reduction of armament, a peace league, and a peace tribunal whose authority is respected by all civilized nations.
>
> I have had some very peculiar experiences over here. Have ridden on almost every kind of a conveyance, from box cars which were placarded "40 Hommes—8 Chevaux" to auto-trucks driven by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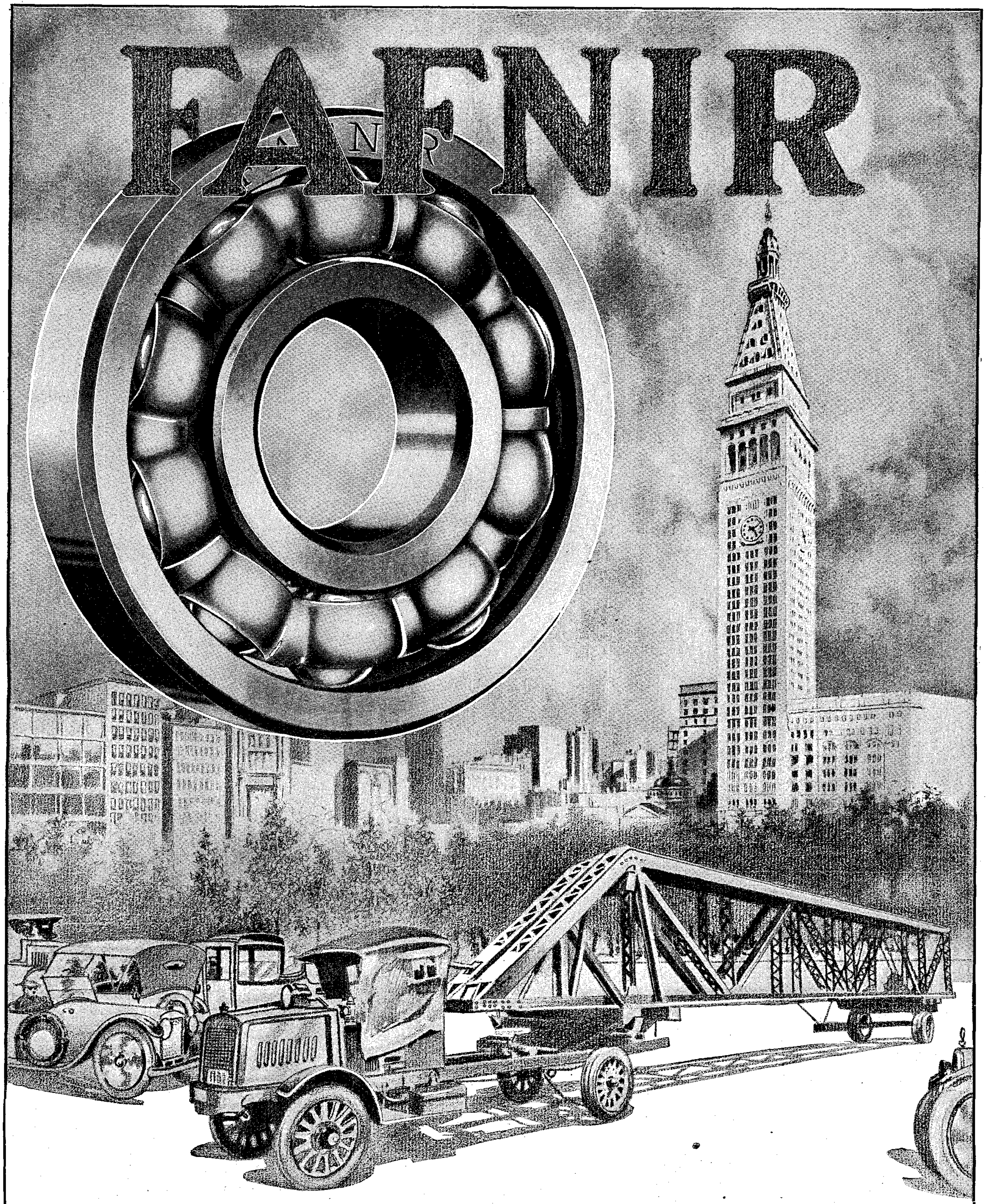

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DETROIT Office: 752 David Whitney Bldg. **New Britain, Conn.** CHICAGO Office: 1919 So. Michigan Ave.

Indo-Chinese. Have slept in almost any place from shell-holes and dugouts to tents and French billets. Have hiked and hiked up hill and down dale on almost every road in France. Have had the thrilling experience of dodging German souvenirs which came through the air sounding like an express-train and made a very large hole wherever they happened to light; have lived at times on hard-tack, canned beef, and water; have been bombed by *Boche* airplanes at night—and still am here to tell the tale.

I have also seen some interesting sights over here. One thing very noticeable is the quaint manner in which the houses are built—all stone with tile roofs. Another is the large number of churches—one in every village. There seems to be an endless number of these little villages here, each one having its château, and they appear to be remnants of the old feudalistic method of land tenure. It is a strange sight to see the villagers engaged in the pursuits of peace amid the activities of war. I have seen several aerial battles, and the Americans "brought home the bacon" every time. Indeed, one sees so many strange sights that nothing surprizes him, but he realizes that when America does a thing, it is done right. He is also imprest by the army of millions which America trained in a few months and which now is successfully operating 3,000 miles from its base. The magnitude of this achievement can hardly be comprehended and the endless train of troops and supplies staggers the imagination.

Mingled feelings of gladness and regret were shown by the boys in France when the armistice was signed. In some camps there was natural relief over the close of the terrible conflict, but disappointment was felt that "Old Glory" had not been raised over Berlin before the Peace Conference was arranged. Along with it all, however, there came a pæan of praise for the heroic martyrs in the cause of freedom. Writing to his wife from the battle-field on November 13, Capt. Thomas Dyer, a young artillery officer of Cherokee, Okla., declares that the peace which has come to the suffering world is an everlasting monument to the bravery of the French people. We quote his letter from the Cherokee *Republican:*

> I know you are thinking of me and are rejoicing with the rest of the happy humanity the world over because—was there ever such a reason?—peace, peace has come again to the stricken world. Peace bought by the precious blood of freemen. Words are all in vain to record the significance of the events of the terribly glorious last four years. Really one doesn't know how to begin, or, having begun, how to continue; for, of course, every human heart begins in devotion to our heroic dead. "How sleep the brave." Them we can never repay. "Lord God of Hosts, be with us (always) Lest we forget, lest we forget." God help us all to live worthily of their great sacrifice. Especially my heart goes out to those whose thresholds those dead will cross no more. These are the ones who bear our burdens for us. How futile are all our words. The most that we can do, how little it repays. It is God's opportunity. Especially do I appreciate France and her magnificent people. Who knows them must love them. How

When you think of SYSTEM you think of "Y and E"

"YAWMAN and ERBE"

There is much more to a "Y and E" filing or record system even than the beauty, the ease of operation, the durability, of "Y and E" filing equipment—

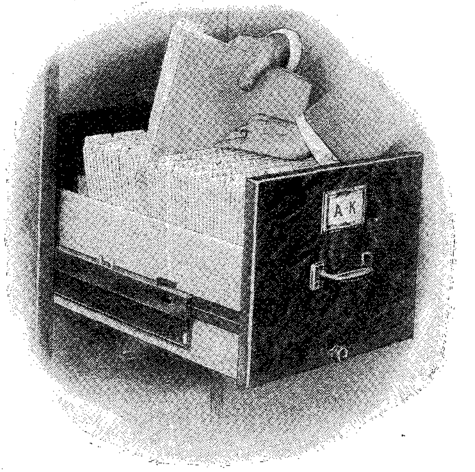
There is a fundamental system *idea.*

What enables you to find papers so quickly and so surely, when you use "Y and E" equipment, is not the equipment alone, but the "Y and E" *method of filing.* The method of filing is worked out for you by our System-planning Service, with the experience of nearly forty years. This service is a distinctly "Y and E" product, like our filing cabinets or filing supplies; and it is not charged for.

Inasmuch as no charge or obligation is involved, why don't you, like so many other executives, let us examine your present filing methods and see if we can suggest some way of improving them—not for our own edification, but for the good of *your* business?

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.

1234 St. Paul St., Rochester, N.Y. One store in each city. *In Canada:* Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd.

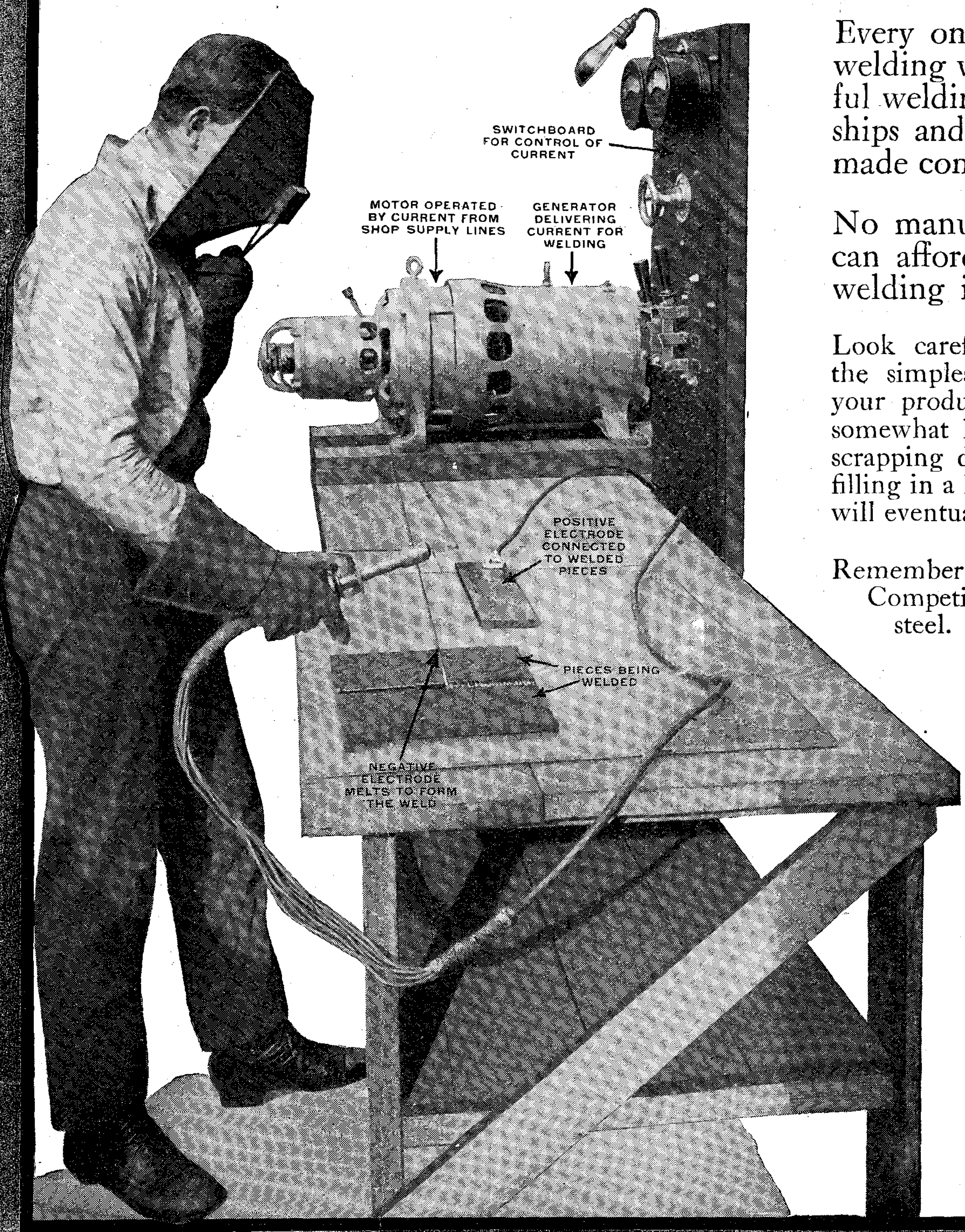


Filing Systems that Simplify

LINCOLN

A Lesson From the War in Worki

In the record-breaking accomplishments of American indus
the increased use of electric arc welding. This process re
iron and steel products and the reclaiming of defective, wor


SWITCHBOARD FOR CONTROL OF CURRENT
MOTOR OPERATED BY CURRENT FROM SHOP SUPPLY LINES
GENERATOR DELIVERING CURRENT FOR WELDING
POSITIVE ELECTRODE CONNECTED TO WELDED PIECES
PIECES BEING WELDED
NEGATIVE ELECTRODE MELTS TO FORM THE WELD

Every one who reads wi
welding work that made
ful welding repairs that
ships and transports—the
made complete by electri

No manufacturer, with
can afford to overlook
welding in his plant.

Look carefully at the specin
the simplest form the many
your product requires the j
somewhat like specimens nu
scrapping defective, worn or
filling in a little molten steel,
will eventually use arc weldin

Remember that many forme
Competition is bound to b
steel. The race will go

Read the Fa
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Our 80 page book il
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photographs, will tel
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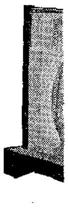


Lincoln

WELDER

Iron and Steel

: of the greatest steps was
nized the manufacture of
oken parts.

:now the facts—the remarkable
he Liberty Motor—the wonder-
's of idle time on locomotives,
ıg developments in steel ships
ding instead of riveting.

spicuous examples before him,
›ility of applying electric arc

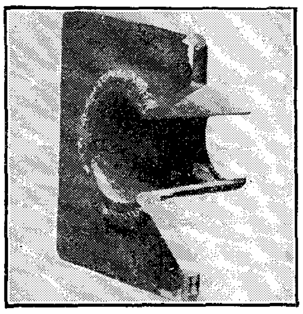
here illustrated. They reduce to
ich arc welding can do. Perhaps
iron and steel pieces in a manner
two, three or four—perhaps you are
:ts which could be made usable by
ıens numbers five and six. If so, you
urpose.

ıts are now looking for new lines.
everything that relates to iron and
ıo first adopt new methods.

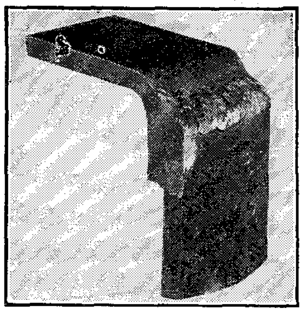
Kind of Electric Current to be Used

: practical commercial use of electric welding
iires *direct current*, at from 15 to 40 volts. This
›tained by the use of welding apparatus such as
: illustrated, which takes the regular shop supply
ent—either alternating or direct current—and
verts it into direct current in suitable form
welding.

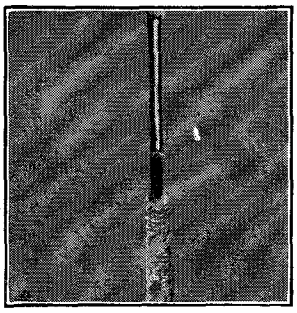
ou have failed in an attempt to use alternating
ent for arc welding, do not feel that you have
ıusted the possibilities. Consult a Lincoln
ice engineer at any of our branch offices.



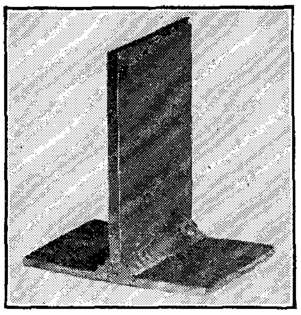
1—Welding steel tube into a steel sheet or larger tube. Any steel pipes or shapes can be welded together.



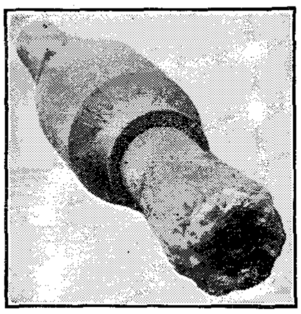
2—Section of a circular steel head welded into steel cylinder. Boiler and tank heads are economically joined in this way.



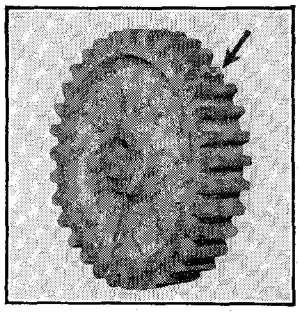
3—Plain joint between pieces of steel plate. Lap joint can be welded also. This weld is used in boiler shops, shipyards, automobile plants, etc.



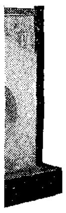
4—Two pieces of steel plate welded to form "T" shaped structure. Frames, shapes, etc., can thus be made.



5—Badly worn steel shaft built up by welding on new metal, then machining to proper size. Broken and worn steel parts or parts wrongly machined can be made good as new.



6—Steel gear casting with defective or mis-run tooth, afterward built up by adding molten metal. Blow-holes, shrinkage cracks, and all similar defects can be perfectly repaired.



der water

The Lincoln Electric Co., Cleveland, O.

New York City
Buffalo
Syracuse

Chicago
Detroit
Columbus

Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Boston

Minneapolis
Charlotte, N. C.
Toronto, Canada
Montreal, Canada

Agencies in Other Principal Cities

sublimely heroic they were in the darkest of despairing hours. It was the greatest privilege America can ever have to help them. And they seem quite unconscious of it all. One only hears, "You Americans, you are the saviors of our country," and with such sincerity and insistence that you are not permitted to deny it. But history will rightly judge the situation and freedom's voice will proclaim her greatest benefactor.

Believe me, I am quite as prone to embrace the French as they are our soldiers, and they must have done so many, many times when all the pent-up heartburnings and consuming anxiety of these perilous months were resolved into unbounded joy that acclaimed the signature of the armistice. Loving my own dear country as I am learning more and better how to do, and knowing just how desperate their situation has been, I think I understand in a measure how they feel. It must be as tho their beloved France has actually risen from the dead. Indeed, it is much like that, so dire has been her peril and such the trial they have undergone. It was the valley of the shadow. But, no, how different: and after all, how deathless are those that sleep in soldiers' graves. Do they not speak? Yes, they live; and to future generations they have left a heritage that must endure to the end of time. "From their mute lips a clearer note is borne than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn."

It was my own dear, brave granddaddy (the Pilgrim Bard) who so beautifully said, "I shall not die, the soldier said," and he knows whereof he speaks. You will find that poem in his musings. Well, to the living is the task of perpetuating that thing for which they gave their last full measure of devotion.

How the news of peace came to Paris is told in a letter from Private William R. Needham, of the American Expeditionary Forces, to his mother at Ithaca, N. Y. "Thank the Lord, I am over here," he begins, and then describes the scene:

> I guess the war is over. Being in Paris on Monday, November 11, was worth all the hardships I have ever suffered. Can you imagine what the end of the war means to these people? I myself almost went crazy; and what I have endured is practically nothing by comparison.
>
> The people prepared for the signing of the armistice. Saturday and Sunday almost all the people had flags under their arms. Taxies had flags on the roofs, sticking out of the windows, and every place imaginable. All were furled, of course.
>
> At work Monday morning we could hardly wait for eleven o'clock. Eleven came, and nothing happened. At 11:10 I was standing near the door when I heard the boom of a big gun. Then came more and more, and all the bells in the city began to ring. At the same moment people came running out of houses, shops, and cafés, crying "*La guerre est fini! Vive la France! Vive l'Amérique! Vive l'Angleterre!*" Inside of five minutes there were flags hanging from almost all the windows of every building. The woman who lives next door to where we work came out with big bouquets of flowers, and five bottles of wine.
>
> Work was over for the day. We put several American and French flags on the truck that we go to and from our work in; then we decorated ourselves with the flowers that the lady gave us, and then we started for home. To get to camp it is a ride of a mile and a half down the Avenue Bois de Bologne, around the Arc de Triomphe, and down the famous Champs Elysées. Everybody was singing and waving at us and crying, "*Vive l'Amérique! Vive la France!*" There were flags on tanks, street-cars, taxis, wagons, and houses. All the girls threw kisses at us.
>
> At camp the fellows had gone wild. We carried the piano out and put it in the middle of the street, and played and sang songs. All cars that came along we made go around the block. Finally, we put the piano on a truck and drove around the city, singing a tune often heard of old around "the Dutch" in Ithaca.
>
> The scenes that night in Paris are indescribable; people paraded up and down the streets, singing songs and shouting, and waving flags. The cafés were jammed. An American could not walk fifty feet but a bunch of men and girls would form a ring and dance around him. Champagne was as plentiful as air. It was impossible to buy a drink; French soldiers took care of that. Yet that night I did not see one drunk. Everybody had plenty and was happy, but it was not carried to excess. The captured guns that have been in the Place de la Concorde were pushed all over town with people riding on them, singing and waving flags.
>
> I will tell you all about it when I get home. It would take too long now; but, believe me, it was the gayest day in all my life. So it was, I guess, for thousands of others.
>
> I am getting so I can parley the lingo enough to hold a small conversation. Most of the people understand a little English, too. There are some things I regret, now that the war is over. I wish I had come over sooner.

How it feels to be in command of the Sanitary Train of a Division guarding the welfare of horses, ambulances, and men, and to see a hospital in which his own son was a patient bombed by the Huns' long-range guns is told in vivid letter from Maj. Eric A. Abernethy, formerly of the medical staff of the University of North Carolina, now Commanding Officer of the Sanitary Train, 78th Division, American Expeditionary Forces. This communication, which may be said to describe accurately the feelings of our troops at the end of the war, and which was written on November 3, a week before the armistice, says:

> The war is over—"*La guerre est fini*" is written in large and indelible letters across the pages of history. It is the end. There will be more fighting—how much I can't say, but I have seen the finish and am glad to say that I was in at the end. I am very tired. When we first went into action I was put in command of all the hospitals and ambulances (commanding officer of the Sanitary Train), succeeding Lieutenant-Colonel Colvin, and have begun to feel the strain. It's a big job to see that all the sick and wounded are taken care of, if one really takes the job seriously (which I have), and I am very tired—not physically but mentally. There are so many details—horses, trucks, ambulances, hospitals, drugs, a personnel of one thousand, an activity which reaches from the poor devil as he goes over the top till he reaches the Evacuation Hospital. Well, responsible if a leg is not properly handled, if a truck goes bad, if an ambulance is wrong. Responsible for feeding and clothing my men, for feeding and handling the sick—a million details—division, corps, and army after me—all day and all night, and then shell-fire. Recently twenty-four nine-inch shells fell in my hospital area wounding my men and riddling a tent where my own boy was a patient—the hardest night I ever saw. Bombed night after night (tho I gladly say the Hun has not hit my hospitals except with shells, which was not intentional), three nights in a row, the most intensive bombing-raids of history, and they used my hospital as a marker and bombed everything, but it; a nasty long-range gun shelled me for eleven days, but never hitting me. My ambulances are riddled with holes, even one motor-cycle. One night a big bomb made a hole twenty-four feet in diameter and eight feet deep in the midst of one of my companies, burying seven men and six officers (killing no one). Moving at night without lights on congested roads fifty-seven three-ton truck loads using from 600 to 1,000 gallons of gasoline a day. Such has been my life for many weeks and I am tired. It's good to see the retreat; the Hun is far away. He has run like a chicken for two days (really a masterly retreat) but grim, starving men mark his path—dead horses, ruined towns—one trail of disaster. Just where he is to-night is hard to say. I heard three guns to-day—and ah, God, the noise of a big battle—how one's head aches, and how one hates it. And the bravery of my men—they have gone through hell and death and fire, and have not complained. Just a little of the life I have led. We have had marvelous escapes. I also personally have walked with death and beaten him out. Time and time again advanced formations have been blotted out with practically no loss.
>
> To-night I sleep in a house of history. A great Emperor lived here once, but the splendor of the city in history—every house is a ruin—the streets are filled with holes and rock and brick and stone. If it rains to-night, well, to-morrow onward anyway.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

An Old-World proverb—as usual, the quintessence of folk-widsom—says that children and dogs are great judges of character. Conversely it has been said that the truly good love children and animals. Pictures and stories born of the Great War are ever relating how true both statements are. This touching story about a baby is told in *Trench and Camp* (Camp Gordon, Ga.):

> The troop-train was standing in a certain station awaiting orders. The boys, as they always do at such times, were leaning out of the car-windows, cheering, singing, chatting with little groups of bystanders who have stopt in at the station to bid the Sammies "Godspeed," and having a blithe and happy time generally.
>
> The "Y" man was walking up and down the platform, keeping eyes and ears open to all that was going on, alert to render any man any service that might be within his power. Suddenly he noticed a great, tall, Lincoln-like fellow endeavoring to attract the attention of a young mother who was standing, babe in arms, close to the wall of the station some hundred feet away. The secretary sauntered up to the soldier and asked him what he wanted. "I want to talk to that woman

Why Gramm-Bernstein Trucks Have Such a Good Name

Any business man who investigates trucks, soon finds out that Gramm-Bernstein have what Americans call "a very good name."

A good name, in American business, is about the best thing a man or a house can acquire.

It can't be bought—it has got to be earned.

There's always a reason for it, and the reason is never hard to find.

In the case of Gramm-Bernstein, the reason is eighteen years old.

Began With An Idea Eighteen Years Ago

Gramm-Bernstein trucks have a remarkably good, clean reputation because of an idea that took hold of B. A. Gramm eighteen years ago.

It was such a big idea—to B. A. Gramm—and got such a grip on his imagination — that it pulled him out of a bank into a machine-shop, and a suit of overalls.

The idea was one of those insistent, persistent convictions, that take hold of an American and make him do things his friends think foolish.

Gramm gave up a nice, comfortable, two-by-four job in a country bank, because he saw good roads before there were any good roads — and trucks before there were any trucks.

Trucks His Main and Only Thought

While other "visionaries" were dreaming motor cars—he dreamed trucks.

He was a business man with a mechanical sense—or a mechanic with a business bent.

He thought of mechanics in business terms; and therefore began building a business vehicle even before business was ready to buy it.

Mr. Gramm had his troubles. But men of the far-seeing, ground-breaking type, are stubborn.

So he hung on and let the troubles roll off—and just kept on building good trucks as well as he knew how.

A Good Name Richly Deserved

Gramm-Bernstein have a right to the good name that is now given them.

They earned it in struggle, and sweat, and hard, practical experience before most trucks were born.

The business reward came long ago, but the best reward of all arrived when America went into the world war.

B. A. Gramm has never wasted any time hunting for the spotlight.

But the governmental spotlight reached out with its long white fingers, and located him as soon as the War Department began building trucks.

Builders of First Liberty Trucks

The good name of Gramm-Bernstein counted for something when the Government sought practical truck experience.

Gramm-Bernstein built thousands of Government trucks at their big Lima plant. Theirs was the first fleet started on its way. Two Gramm-Bernstein features were adopted bodily for Liberty Trucks.

Gramm-Bernstein asks American business men, now, to look into their line when the truck question confronts them.

The New 1½-Ton Gramm-Bernstein

This is the first 1½-ton truck we know of that combines all the elements which make a successful truck.

On it has been concentrated the longest truck manufacturing experience in the business.

It meets, as we believe no truck has ever met before, the demand for a thoroughly reliable, long-lived, low-cost truck of this capacity, at an attractive price.

In every way, it is worthy of the good name of Gramm-Bernstein.

The Gramm-Bernstein line of trucks is complete, embracing all required capacities from 1½ tons to 5 tons.

The Gramm-Bernstein transmission is of special design, with gears continuously engaged and completely safeguarded from damage through careless or inexperienced gear-shifting.

THE GRAMM-BERNSTEIN MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY

GRAMM
BERNSTEIN

Manufacturers of High Grade Chainless Motor Trucks

Builders of the first standardized
Liberty (U. S. A.) Truck
Lima, Ohio, U. S. A.

> over there with the baby," came the reply. The "Y" man glanced hastily at the soldier's face, was satisfied by the expression, and went to the young mother to ask her if she would grant the lad's request. She gladly did so, and this is what the soldier boy said to her:
>
> "Lady, I have a little baby about the age of yours; I wanted so much to get home and see him once more, but I couldn't; would you mind my taking yours and kissing it? Life over there I imagine may be pretty tempting, and, as a father, I want to go across with a baby's kiss on my lips."
>
> The mother lifted up her child to the soldier, who placed its wee arms about his neck, folded it in his great, muscular arms, and, amid the din and gaiety of the soldiers on the train and the citizens on the platform, he kissed it with the tenderness of a strong, true man. After he had given the baby back to its mother she then took the soldier's face between her hands, kissed him on the forehead, and said: "God bless you, my baby's father is over there."

HATE AS A WEAPON OF WARFARE A FAILURE

HATE is no foundation to build an enduring structure upon; this has been proved, time and again, in the history of men and nations. In pagan days an orator brought a crowded theater to its feet when he cried, "What concerns a man concerns me!" The great nations of the earth to-day are those belonging to the race of Tertullian, while the decadent and crumbling spring from the Goths and Vandals, followers of Attila and Genghis Khan. Never has it been seen more unmistakably true than to-day, when we see the composers of the Hymn of Hate retreating before the armed Brotherhood of Man. The spirit that defeated the Huns is told in the pages of *The Outlook* in this wise:

> "By the side of a wood was a wounded German, both legs broken. He was lying on a stretcher, and lying beside him on the ground were two stretcher-bearers.
>
> "We're all tired out and can't carry him a step farther. We've already toted him two miles, and he's nothin' but a *Boche* anyhow; we're going to leave him right here."
>
> But the two secretaries protested and offered to spell the stretcher-bearers if they would take the wounded German on in. This agreed to, they started across the open field through the communication trench. Half-way across they found that the shelling of that morning had caved in the trench completely. What were they to do?
>
> They must either go back to the woods or climb out and carry their wounded man along the parapet. They talked it over and agreed that if they carried the prisoner on their shoulders, being in plain sight of the German gunners, they would not be shelled, especially when the Germans could see that it was a German wounded man that they were carrying back. So on this supposition they started out along the parapet.
>
> But they were new to the game of German warfare, and they soon found that they had started out on the wrong supposition, for in half a minute a terrific barrage of German shells was falling around them, some bursting within twenty feet of them. If it had not been for the fact that it had been raining for several days and the shells sank into the mud two feet before they exploded, the whole crowd would have been blown to bits.
>
> As it was, they dropt their wounded prisoner on the parapet and "beat it," as the fifty-year-old preacher-secretary described it to me the next day.

One fellow afterward remarked that he never knew he could run so fast. Now comes the nub of the yarn; something to make every American proud of the men "over there."

> "We reported to the major. He said to us, 'Boys, where is your wounded German?'
>
> "'We left him back there on the parapet, sir.'"
>
> The major, a typical American officer, looked at them a while and then said something that makes me thrill with the pride of being an American every time I think of it:
>
> "Well, he may be nothing but a *Boche*, but we're Americans, and you'll have to go back and get your wounded prisoner. If you men don't want to go, I must go myself."
>
> And back these two secretaries and a young lieutenant orderly went. The stretcher-bearers had disappeared. There was another barrage of shell-fire, and the men lay in a shell-hole for two hours; but at last they got their wounded German back.
>
> "He may be nothing but a *Boche*, but we're Americans," is a sentence that ought to go down in history to the glory of the American officer.

Thousands of such cases have gone far—God alone knows how far—to win a glorious victory over hate-breeding *Kultur*. The hater hates even the dead, the real man loves and reverences even his enemy in death. As this incident proves:

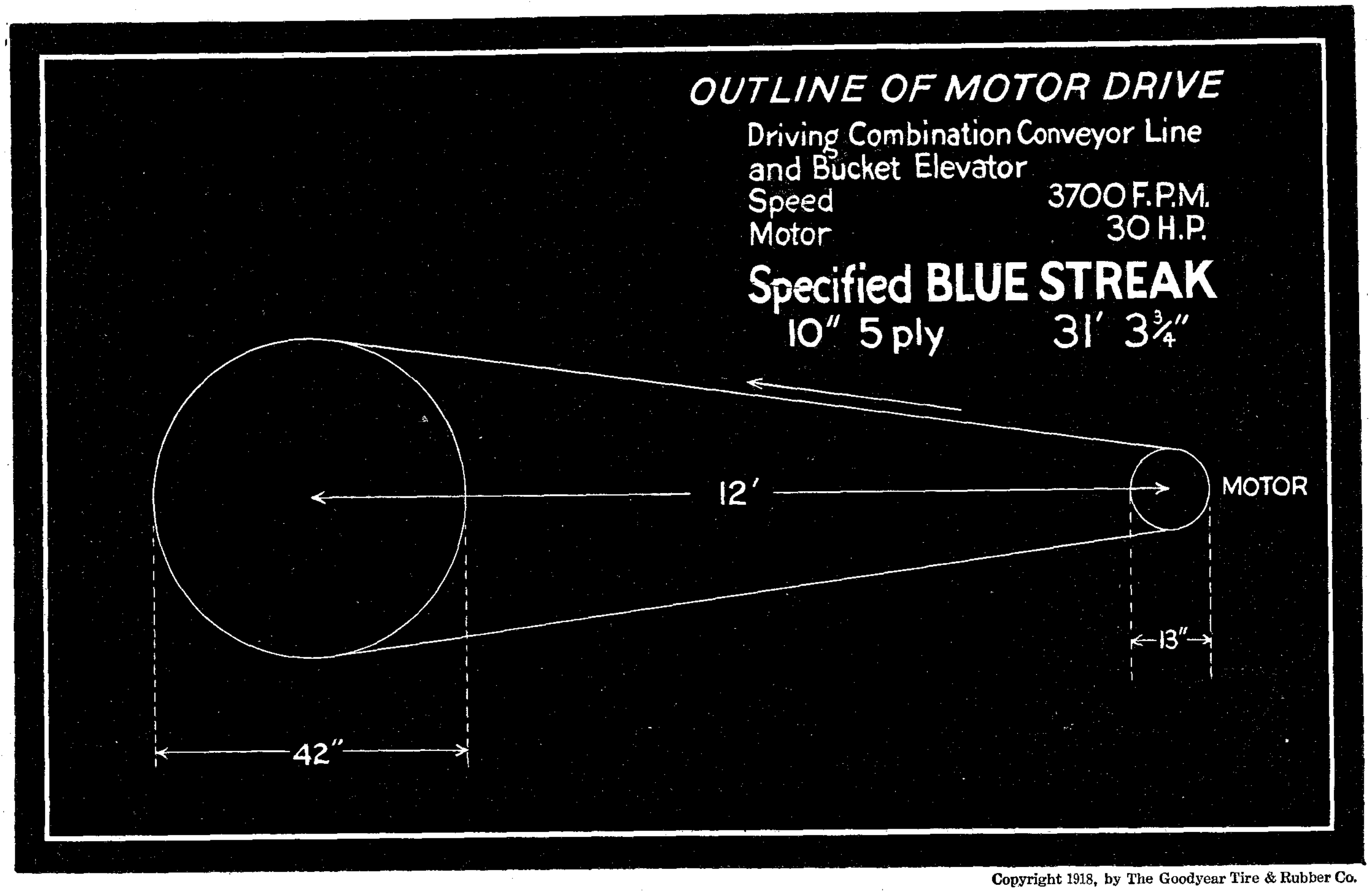
> Then there is another silhouette memory of France.
>
> It is that of a little graveyard in a French field where two stone fences meet. It was springtime. There were five lads to be laid away that fair morning in God's Acre. There were three privates, a captain, and a German boy.
>
> A few of us stood around this little quiet place with uncovered heads while the chaplain read the service. Then the first body was lowered into the grave, the salute fired and "Taps" sounded. Then came the second boy. Then the third, with the salute fired and "Taps" sounded. Then came the American captain, with the salute and "Taps." Then came the *Boche*.
>
> The firing squad didn't know what to do about the *Boche*. The sergeant turned to the captain-chaplain and said, "Sir, shall we fire a salute for the German?"
>
> We waited anxiously to hear the American officer's answer. It was a tense moment. But we were not to be disappointed.
>
> "Boys, we are not fighting this dead German boy; this poor lad is out of it all for good. And, after all, he is just some German mother's son. We are not fighting him. We are fighting the German military caste, the German Government, the German nation, but not this dead boy. He had died on the field of battle. Yes; play 'Taps' for the *Boche!*"

THEY ALSO SERVED WHO ONLY STOOD ON GUARD

THE United States Guards didn't get to France, and there was no chance of their ever going across; they didn't see or do anything exciting; but the New Orleans *Item* says they contributed as surely to victory as their more fortunate brothers in the front-line trenches, and "their heroism, if anything, was of a higher order, for what can equal the heroism of doing a heart-breaking duty when the urge of glory is missing, when, in fact, one seems forgotten by his fellow man?"

After putting this question, *The Item* pays a glowing tribute to the men who, neglected, forgotten, overworked, kept our shipyards, arsenals, munition-plants, railroads, and federal buildings safe from the menace of the I. W. W. and the Kaiser's plotters. On them depended whether the line in front would hold or crumble, the writer declares, and then tells their story:

> Before the division was organized the flames of this country were rolling almost as high as those of sacked France. Then this wall of khaki was thrown around the industrial centers where the resources of the nation were being fashioned into food and clothing and ships and weapons, and the world was safe.
>
> One hundred and thirty-five thousand strong, the division is—a distinct military organization. It is composed of men from nearly every arm of the service—infantry, machine gun, engineers, signal corps—but whom some slight physical disqualification keeps from the more joyous service at the front, such as weak ankles, an impediment in the speech, cross eyes, poor hearing, or sickness. All wanted to go abroad, and the doctor's verdict was like a sentence.
>
> Especially bitter has been the lot of the men who were kept back because they had pneumonia. Tho they be physically perfect in every organ and limb, it is a rule that no man can go into front-line duty for one year after having this disease. And there were many such—exiled to lonely posts in this country, who ate their hearts out with thoughts of their bunkies at Château-Thierry—but still carried on faithfully!
>
> In New Orleans, the United States Guards number 950. Their barracks are on the river-front at Chalmette, Poland Street, French Market, Thalia Street, Washington Avenue, Dufoussat Street, Stuyvesant Docks, the grain elevators, Algiers and Jackson Barracks. And rain or shine, night and day, hot and cold, they have guarded every vital point in New Orleans since they first came last February. No one could get by without a pass.
>
> On one classic occasion, a buck held up an automobile containing a major and four captains. They didn't have the proper credentials, and tho they were in a fearful hurry, they had to wait until the officer of the day (a second lieutenant) gave permission. It is an air-tight, chilled steel, asbestos protection all right, and as a result the millions of dollars of cannon and guns, food, explosives, and other supplies that have been going over our wharves have never been in any jeopardy.
>
> Guard duty is disagreeable at best—even when there is hope of nobler emprise ahead. It is a sort of open-air imprison-



Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

The Hard Drive That Seems Simple—and the G.T.M.

Fifteen belts had been devoured in the plant of the Allentown Portland Cement Company, Allentown, Penna., in three years by a small motor-drive that seemed to be simple and easy. The fifteen had been of every conceivable type and material. Their prices ranged from the cheap to the most expensive. One day a G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man—Mr. Ford from our Philadelphia Branch, called on the plant superintendent. He got a hearing immediately, and it surprised the G. T. M. Generally the first thing he got was a question about prices.

The G. T. M. explained the Goodyear Plan of selling belts only after a careful analysis of the drives to be served—and not as a grocer sells sugar. The superintendent took him to the motor-drive that looked so simple and easy, and told him how it fairly ate up dollars. The G. T. M. looked it over.

He found that the drive wasn't simple and easy at all. It transmitted power to drive a combination conveyor line and bucket elevator—*without the use of reciprocal gears.* All the strain and vibration of the conveyor and bucket elevator loads were directly on the belt. It just had to be kept exceptionally tight. In addition the drive was in a grinding room so that an excessive amount of gritty dust collected on it, got between it and the pulleys, and ground away at the belt face. The G. T. M. pointed out all these things to the superintendent. "That's true," said the latter, "and what are you going to do about it?"

The G. T. M. thought it over. Then he measured the pulleys, the distance between centers, and the belt speed. He figured for a few moments and told the superintendent that the drive needed a 31 foot 3¾ inch, 5 ply Blue Streak Belt—and added that a certain kind of fastener should be used.

Then he quoted the price. It was less than that of some of the previous belts. He got the order—not because of the price, but because his methods of studying the conditions and prescribing the proper Goodyear Belt seemed to the superintendent the logical method. The belt came, was installed March 23, 1917, and is still serving the drive. It has already given over a year and a half of service. The best average before that time had been four and a half months.

The saving effected was so great that the G. T. M. was asked to analyze other drives and to prescribe the proper belts. If you have a hard drive, especially if it is one whose belt-devouring nature seems unexplainable, ask a G. T. M. to call. One from the nearest Goodyear Branch will be glad to do so when next he is in your vicinity. His service is free—for the savings it effects for purchasers are so evident and material, that a gratifying volume of business from the plants analyzed is certain to be ours within a few years.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES
GOODYEAR
AKRON

PIANOS-FURNITURE-WOODWORK
THREE IN ONE
REGISTERED
3
IN
TRADE-MARK
CLEANS POLISHES
PREVENTS RUST
LUBRICATES
TYPEWRITERS
BICYCLES
GUNS
SEWING MACHINES
TALKING MACHINES
RAZORS & STROPS
MANUFACTURED BY
THREE IN ONE OIL CO.
NEW YORK U.S.A.
FOR SKATES-GOLF CLUBS
FOR CLOCKS-OIL-STONES-TOOLS-FIRE-ARMS-REELS-CASH-REGISTERS
FOR MUSICAL, DENTAL AND SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS-LOCKS-ADDING MACHINES
THREE IN ONE

The Universal Office Oil

Buy a Handy Oil Can or bottle of 3-in-One for your office. Put it to work. See how *many* things it does *better* than any other oil you ever used.

3-in-One makes typewriters, billing machines, adding machines, numbering and dating stamps, cash registers, safe locks and hinges and all other office mechanisms work smooth and easy. Keeps them clean and bright, too—inside and out. Never gums or collects dirt as other oils do.

3-in-One

takes the squeak out of squeaky revolving chairs. It lubricates perfectly and prevents rust.

Have Jimmy, the office boy, use 3-in-One to clean the desks, chairs, file cases and other office furniture. Just a little 3-in-One on a damp cloth removes all grime, finger-marks and superficial scratches. Polish with a dry cloth and see the "new" look return. 3-in-One leaves no residue on furniture to finger-mark or catch dust.

Sold at all stores

East of the Rocky Mountain States, 15c, 25c and 50c in bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Can

FREE Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses sent free for the asking.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
165 KAM. Broadway
New York

ment, and two hours a day is not far short of martyrdom. Imagine what it is, then, when the force is so short that the men have to double up!

That has always been the case here. Ours is a long harbor, an irregular harbor, and the number of men available for service here was just about double the posts necessary. That meant an excruciating routine of duty; no recreation, no entertainment; for only in extreme cases, such as death at home, could leave of absence be given.

And it wasn't asked, for no man would willingly add to the burdens of his mates. Consideration is one of the first lessons learned in the Army. The only break in the monotony was when they were detailed as firing-squads, to give the last honors to brother soldiers whose remains were sent home to New Orleans for burial.

And not a single complaint, not a fight, not an arrest during all these weary months! Never a let-up in the morale!

Isn't that a fine record, a fine tribute to the principles of Americanism?

Three weeks ago the Y. M. C. A. presented a baseball and glove and set of boxing-gloves to each of the river-front barracks. This is the first recreation they have yet had, and they are making the most of it. They take turns pitching and catching the ball, and they stand in line for the gloves. More recently there has been a dance or so in some of the mess-halls.

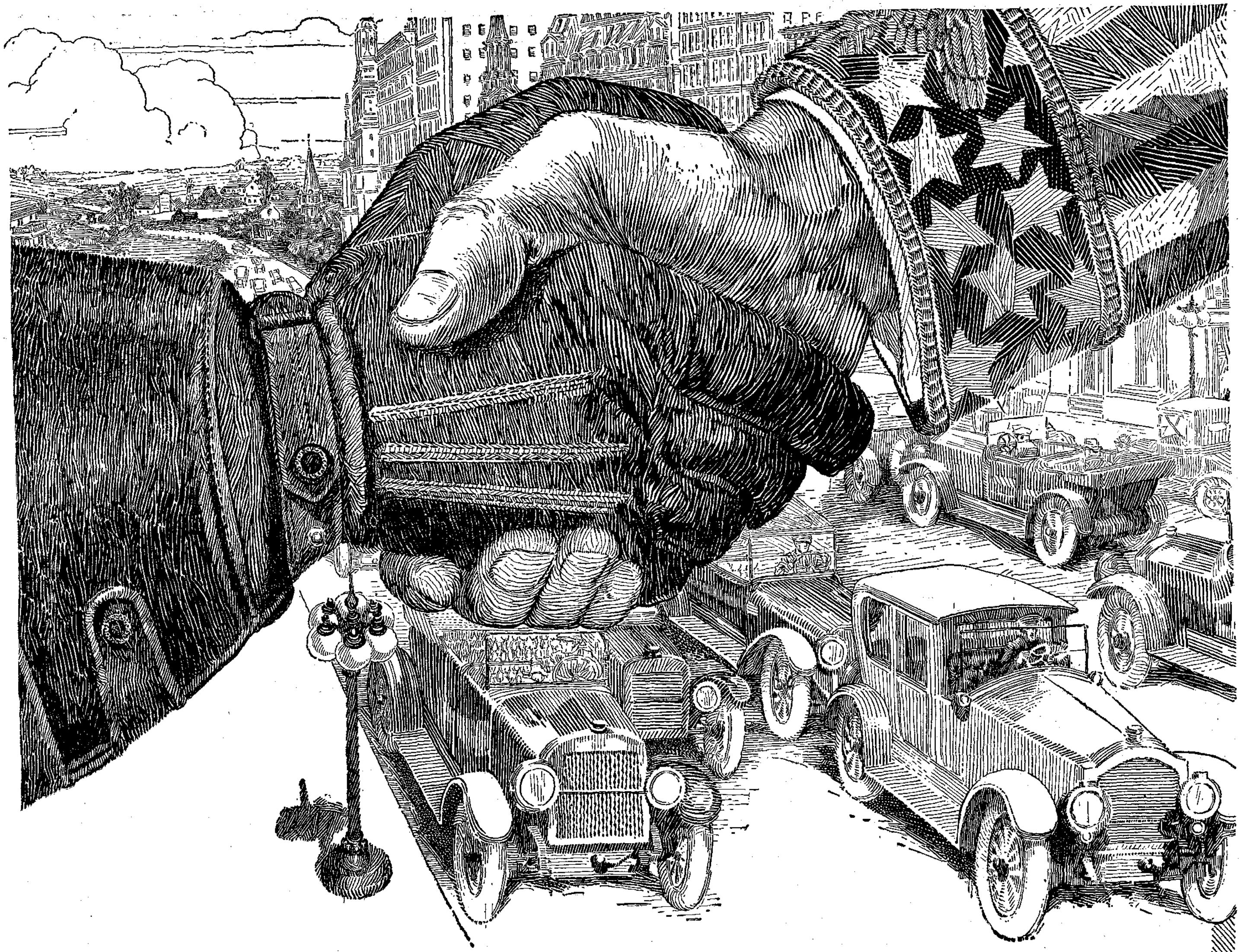
As would be expected, there are men from nearly every State in the Union among the Guards here, and from every walk in life—farmers, laborers, cowboys, skilled mechanics, newspaper men, professional men, and one minister. He by the way is the most soldierly looking of the lot—after the sergeant, of course. Sergeants are poured in more heroic molds than generals. One-bars are weak and flexible in comparison. They are a remarkably well-educated lot too, and as fine a bunch, officers and men, as you could find anywhere.

Peace has, of course, made them doubly anxious to get back home and away from their nightmare of monotony. But their high purpose still seals their lips against anything that might sound like complaint, and they don't express their longing. They really expect—tho there is nothing official to that effect—to be home by Christmas, but they are making all preparations as if they expected to stay indefinitely.

A stove was being erected in a barracks at the French market. The officer in charge asked the private who was doing the work why he made a certain arrangement that entailed a little extra trouble. "Because," replied the latter, "we can put back the partitions when we take out the stove next summer."

That typifies the spirit. They hope to get out, but *in the meantime* there is no let up. The country—our country—above all! Individual hardships will pass with human life, but the country is eternal. The spirit that needs no burst of band or cheer of crowds to feed its pure flame! A tough, mean, disagreeable, villainous, miserable job had to be done, and that was all there was to it.

Looking at these men—these disappointed men—as they come in smiling from one dreary vigil over a railroad switch or a warehouse door, to eat, sleep, and rest up for another watch; who endure the rain, brave the cold, suffer the heat, and agonize under the mosquitoes, and have done this day after day, night after night, week after week, and month after month, without a single complaint, when we realize the high



Car owners! Co-operate!

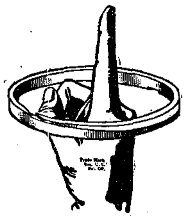
Conservation is still a national service. The cost of demobilization and reconstruction must be balanced by individual economy. Make your car safe by installing *gas-tight* piston rings.

Worn piston rings waste from 25% to 50% of the gasoline and oil used.

Think what this amounts to for the whole Nation! Do *your* part now—install new piston rings. Every car that has run several thousand miles *needs* new piston rings. The rings wear out, and leave a gap through which compression escapes, and oil passes into the cylinder. Carbonization, pitted valves, knocking,—almost all such engine troubles are largely due to worn and faulty piston rings.

Install Inlands—they'll save for Uncle Sam and you.

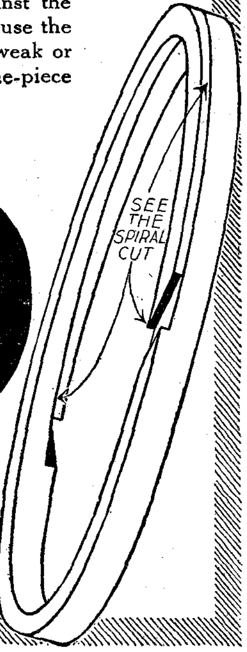
Any good mechanic can show you how the Inland patented spiral cut principle makes it *the* mechanically *perfect* ring. Absolutely gas-tight, because it has no gap, and because its patented Spiral Cut permits it to expand in a perfect circle, making a perfect seal against the cylinder wall. Strongest and most durable, because the width and thickness are equal all around—no weak or thin places. Low priced because of its simple one-piece construction.



3,000,000 Inlands are now in use.

INLAND

ONE-PIECE PISTON RING



Overhaul now. It costs you much more to let your car run down, than to keep it up. Put your motor in A-1 shape. Do not wait until early spring when overhauling is heavy. Your garage man can give you best service now. See him about Inlands today. Send for our *free* booklet.

DEALERS: Jobbers everywhere stock Inlands—ask yours. Inland Machine Works, 1636 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

qualities that animate our military establishments, it is not so hard to understand the campaign that knew not a single reverse.

WHAT THE SPANIARD THINKS OF US TO-DAY

A THOUSAND warnings have come to us during the war that the wily German propagandist has been sowing his seed in Spain to convert the proud Castilians to the blessings of Teutonic *Kultur* and make them hate the Allied peoples. The main plank in the German propaganda was that William II. was the greatest man in the world, and of course that particular plank has been reduced to slivers. The whole war, in fact, has been a liberal education for all the neutral onlookers, and the German propaganda has been a waste of money. The Spaniard has kept his eyes open and has not been deceived. From such a standpoint the following article ought to be of more than passing interest; it is written by Miguel de Zarraga, is entitled "The United States as Seen by a Spaniard," and is published in *Inter-America* (New York). Setting out with the information that the first time he ever heard the name of the United States was in the heart of Cataluna, in a school in Tarragona; a district whose inhabitants are known as "the Yankees of Spain," workers and democrats, he proceeds:

> I—a son of Castilla the august—heard for the first time the name of the United States in a school in Tarragona. I was a young boy; I had barely completed my nine years; and I was getting ready to enter the institute. My teacher asked me one morning, during the lesson in geography:
>
> "What do you know about the United States?"
>
> "The . . . the United States . . . the United States."
>
> And I, not knowing how to express to him what I knew in a better way, added, ashamed that I did not know more:
>
> "The United States is . . . the greatest country in the world, where everything is invented, and where the most extraordinary things happen. . . . . . ."
>
> The master burst into laughter; ingenuously, and with a brusk transition, he changed his tone to say to me, by way of reproof:
>
> "The United States is not that. Study the lesson better, as you will have to repeat it to me to-morrow; and never forget that the greatest country, for you, ought always to be your own."
>
> I did not understand him well at that time, and I kept thinking that in Pontevedra, a few months before, and for a period of several days, my childish intelligence had been set wondering twice: when I heard a phonograph in the house of the Governor, and when I witnessed the installation of the electric system. These things, which seemed to be witches' tricks, together with telephone and telegraph, were from the United States. The land of Magic, that was the United States!

Then came the row with Cuba and the inflamed feeling against the States. "The only people who did not agree with either the rulers or the newspapers were the poor mothers. Cuba to them was an enormous pit into which their sons, as the victims of yellow fever, were dropt." When, in the draft at the headquarters, the "black ball" came up for a soldier, that black ball meant Cuba. How many mothers curst that name! "During the war we were served with the most fantastic statistics showing how miserably weak America was. Then the collapse." We read on:

> The truth is that, for one reason or another, Spain became an enemy of the United States. The war separated the two peoples. This occurred twenty years ago: now they are friends, and another war—the one that envelops the world—may unite them even more.
>
> Why not? France and England were mortal enemies of each other. So were England and the United States. So also, one of another, were all the countries that to-day are called Allies, and together are pouring out their blood in the struggle against Germany.
>
> I reached the United States—already a good many years ago—bringing with me all the prejudices which my countrymen harbor traditionally. I thought I should find myself in an environment antipathetic, hostile, or strange to my customs and tastes. Nevertheless, I was inclined once more to be an optimist. Accustomed to living in different foreign countries, both in America and Europe, I had nothing to dread at being in another of them.
>
> For the United States, the present does not exist. It might almost be said that the present for this immense people, which moves so fast, is the future for the rest of the peoples.
>
> The North American, always moving, leads, by at least half a century, the vanguard of the races of the world. In order that this distance may not be shortened, he never rests. Every man of this country lives his own life over several times. Thus, the same man, at his different stages, is poor and rich, slave and master, in misery and all-powerful, and he is something greater still: he is always a man.

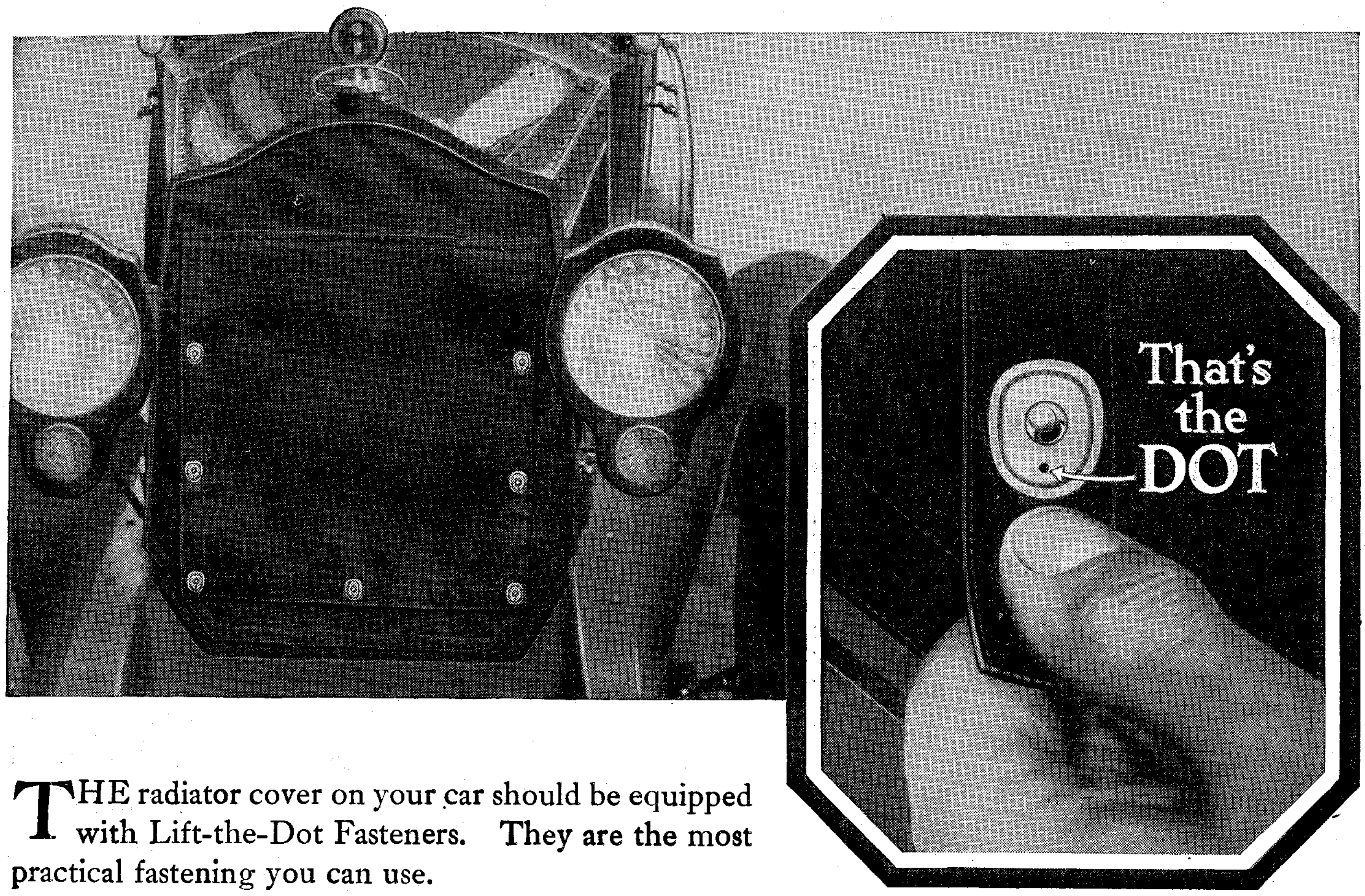
The writer then proceeds to pay a high tribute to the optimistic spirit of America, which he attributes in the main to our coeducational system, shrewdly remarking that one result is that the American woman is a woman who will always be worth more from being virtuous than from being innocent. As for the American man: "His life does not anticipate age. The more he prolongs his childhood, the more he prolongs his youth, so much the more does he extend his life during mature age." Summing the whole matter up, he says he is now able to answer the query set by his master in Tarragona, which he does in this way:

> These are the men who have made the North American Republic great. If now we associate with the United States Cuba—the Cuba lost by Spain, and which the United States did not seek to retain possession of—how much shall we not be surprized to behold her converted into an ideal country, where no one is any longer sick with yellow fever, where the most scrupulous material and moral hygiene were applied for the good of all. Spaniards can now visit it without fear and their mothers can remain in tranquillity on the other side of the Atlantic. The miracle was wrought by the United States.
>
> If now we pass from Cuba to Panama—where the same yellow fever made the isthmus uninhabitable—we shall be equally astonished by the sight of another beautiful land, whose sanitary condition is as good as that of any region of the United States.
>
> Something similar might be observed in Santo Domingo, as also in the Mexican city of Vera Cruz during the recent occupation: the Yankees carry health about with them.
>
> Such is the lesson I could now recite to my master of Tarragona, if he should ask me what I know about the United States, the country of fabulous wealth, of surprizing inventions; the one that favored the progress of the world with incandescent light, the lightning-rod, the typewriter, the airplane, the electric locomotive, the linotype, the machine gun, the telegraph, the sewing-machine, the phonograph, the metal armament of ships; the one that possesses, to its glory, the tallest buildings, the longest telescopes, the largest hydro-electric plants, the most important aqueducts, the most astounding railway-stations, the most sumptuous libraries; the nation that imagined the submarine *Holland*, precursor of the Spanish *Peral*, the French *Gymote*, the Swedish *Nordenfelts*, and that of the hated Germans. . . . It is the people that has entered the most horrible war witnessed by the ages, led by the banner of liberty, the banner of right, the banner of justice, and whose ambition is . . . the peace of the world!

A PLAN TO MAKE THE SCHOOLS MORE USEFUL

HOW a manufacturer would have our school system readjusted is told by James P. Munroe, vice-chairman of the Federal Board of Vocational Education, in an address before the National Education Association, printed in *The American City* (New York, November). From the manufacturer's point of view, Mr. Munroe tells us, a good deal of our teaching has been waste of effort. The manufacturer is fast learning that waste in his own business must come to an end, and he is inclined to turn about and demand that it be stopt in some other things in which he has an interest, including very particularly the business of schooling. This demand does not mean at all, Mr. Munroe assures us, that the schools should train boys and girls specifically for manufacturing. On the contrary, the industrial point of view calls for a broadening of education, not a narrowing of it. The schools have been kept out of touch with daily life; they should be extended to cover every useful phase of it. Says Mr. Munroe:

> The first thing that a manufacturer would do with education, if he had the power, would be to make it real, immediate, and interesting to the growing child and youth. . . . It is only for a very short time that the school can hold the child at all; and from the point of view of a business man it is the wickedest waste that this short time should not be made as fruitful



THE radiator cover on your car should be equipped with Lift-the-Dot Fasteners. They are the most practical fastening you can use.

Lift-the-Dot Fasteners will not pull loose accidentally. They will not permit the cover to flap in the wind. They operate easily and are thoroughly reliable.

At the same time, these fasteners denote quality and add a "classy" appearance to the car. They are more expensive than ordinary fasteners but their beauty and efficiency are well worth the cost.

Builders of automobile bodies, and makers of fine motoring equipment, are using Lift-the-Dot Fasteners not only on radiator covers but on tops, curtains, bodies, dust hoods, and tonneau covers as well. Wherever you see Lift-the-Dot Fasteners on an automobile, you know that quality has been put first.

Lift-the-Dot Fasteners are now coming into general use on all kinds of leather and canvas articles such as luggage, musical instrument cases and sporting goods. The United States Government uses Lift-the-Dot exclusively on the more important articles of military equipment requiring fasteners.

The Lift-the-Dot Fastener is securely locked on three of its four sides. It is opened instantly by lifting on the fourth side—the side with the Dot. It is important to lift this side only as the Fastener cannot be opened by any amount of pulling from other directions.

Remember Lift-the-Dot. Look for the dotted side. Lift that side.

LIFT *the* DOT

Fasteners

CARR FASTENER COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Makers of "Fasteners that Fasten"

AMERICA'S FOOD PLEDGE
20 million tons

Up to the time this photograph was taken, the 36 x 6 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire, shown here, had never been removed from the rim, although it had run 13,650 miles on a 1-ton truck owned by the Clay Urie Auto Delivery Service, Toledo, Ohio.

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Getting There First

"WE have adopted Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires for our work because they supply the requisite speed and stamina, at the same time greatly reducing truck repairs. As a matter of fact, they make hard work easy."—Mr. Clay Urie, of Clay Urie Auto Delivery Service, Toledo, Ohio.

WITH characteristic newspaper enterprise, Mr. Clay Urie, who handles the deliveries for the Toledo News-Bee, uses 1-ton trucks equipped with Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires, to hurry each edition of this paper to newsdealers.

He began his initial trial of these tires on August 1, 1917, using them on a truck which was operated in direct comparison with a solid-tired unit.

Even a small margin of greater quickness in traffic and on the straightaway is important in newspaper delivery. Consequently the pneumatic-shod carrier demonstrated the distinct advantages of its tires for this work when it constantly scooped its sister truck.

Also, during the memorable drifting snows of last winter, which tied up solid-tired trucks, this Goodyear-equipped hustler continued to distribute capacity loads *on schedule*.

The firm traction supplied by its tires has served effectively to counteract wet and icy pavements even in cases where this truck has been compelled to sprint over them.

After the experimental set of these tires had been in service but a short time, it was noted that the bills for mechanical repairs to this truck had taken a sudden and practically complete slump. This was simply because, although the truck often whirled fast across car tracks and rushed over rough stretches, the former solids were no longer transmitting the heavy jars to moving parts and other members.

At the time the photograph at the left was taken, all the tires on this truck had traveled 13,650 miles. Despite the fast starting and stopping, the driver's following of street car lines and other exactions of the service, their condition clearly indicates many more miles yet to be delivered by them.

Indeed, up to this point, the rear tires had never been removed from the rims, notwithstanding that they had averaged 30 miles daily, including Sundays, for more than 15 months.

This, in brief, is the story of how the pioneer Goodyear Pneumatic-Cord-equipped truck of Toledo led its owner to effect vital improvements in the News-Bee's delivery system.

But it is by no means an unusual narrative when placed beside others in which the pioneering exploits of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires are recounted.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

> as is possible. And common sense teaches that the only way in which to render it fruitful is to make the school period interesting, to see that its subject-matter is comprehensible and to place before the child, as far as possible, a visible and understandable aim for the work that he is told to do. Make it interesting, simple, and with a definite objective, and there is almost no limit to the amount of work that one can get out of even the commonplace child; and that work will be secured with far less mental and physical fatigue, on the part of both pupil and teacher, than under the methods that now hold in most of our public and private schools.
>
> The next thing that the manufacturer would bring about in education, if he could, is to make it businesslike. . . . Education should be treated as a business: the business of establishing health, mentality, and character, and should be subject, therefore, to the rules and methods of business, adapted, of course, to the age of the person concerned and to the special nature of the business that is being carried on. The essential thing is that the child, the parent, the teacher, and the citizen in general—all should realize and should act in accordance with this realization, that in the period between five and sixteen, eighteen, or twenty-one years of age, as the case may be, all of them ought to attend, industriously, earnestly, and with full understanding of what they are undertaking, to the business of making each particular child concerned into the best citizen, physically, mentally, and morally, that he is capable of becoming.
>
> A third thing that the manufacturer would bring about, if he could, is an understanding on the part of the pupil in school of what his future responsibilities are almost certain to be. It is perfectly plain to you and me, it should be made equally plain to the boy, that he has an important part to play in the coming generation, that it is his business in the childhood and adolescent years to prepare himself for that part, and that his duties range themselves under three main heads: (1) the duty of earning as good a living as he possibly can, so that he may make due return for all that the community during his unproductive years has done for him; (2) the duty of establishing himself as a real part of society by marrying and bringing up a family; and (3) the duty of taking his full share in those common responsibilities for the welfare of the community as a whole which we lump under the general term of citizenship. . . . . . .
>
> A fourth thing that manufacturers are beginning to ask is why the schools keep themselves so much apart from the other educative forces of the community; why they do not cooperate with the parents, the industries, the civic life in general, using them as aids, as laboratories, as coteachers in the upbringing of boys and girls. . . . As a manufacturer who is somewhat familiar also with school conditions, I am convinced that the initiative must come from the school side, and that it is a legitimate duty of the schools to educate the parents, the industries, and the community in general as to what they can do and ought to do to help in this most important of all social duties—the preparation of boys and girls for an effective adult life.

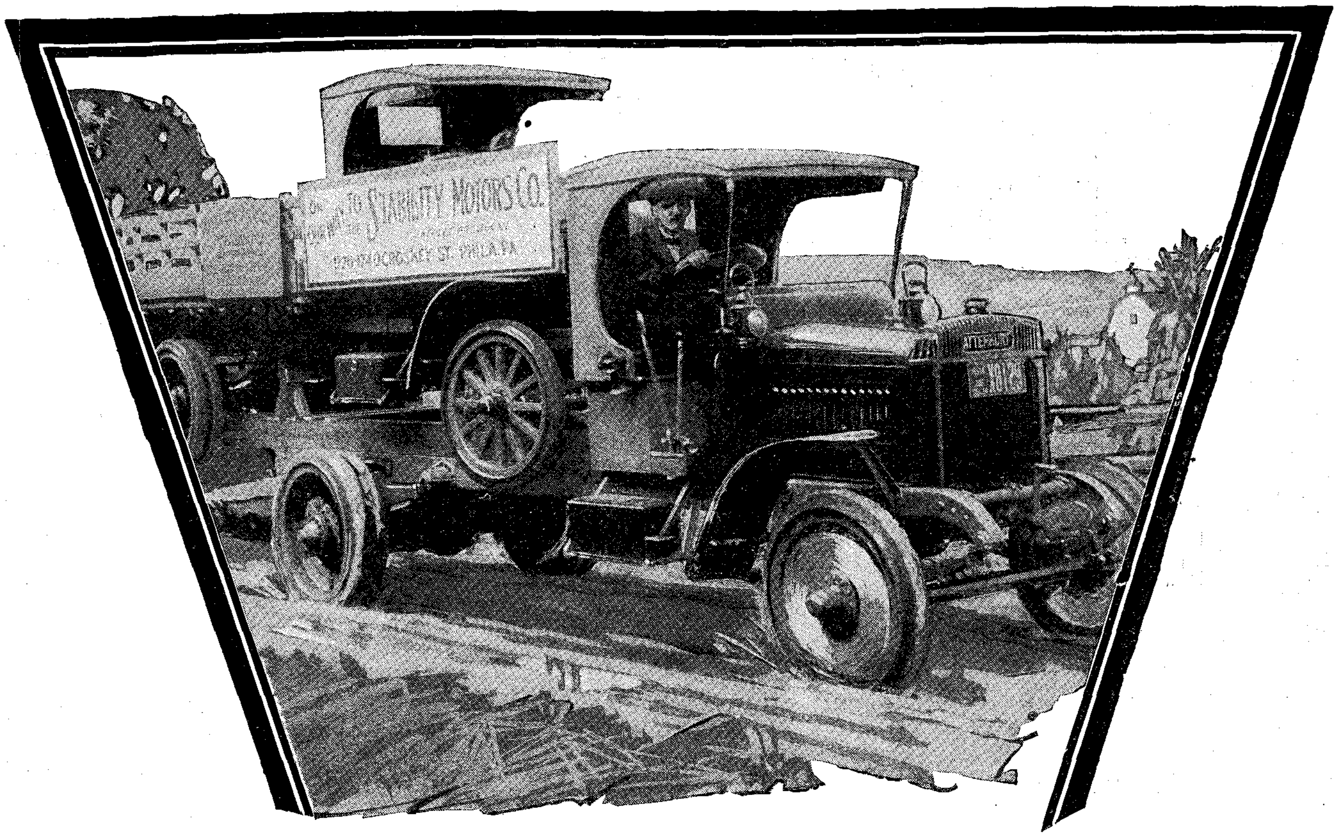
How, then, can the schools and the industries help each other? In the first place, says Mr. Munroe, the school can use the factory, the farm, the office, or the store as a laboratory in which boys and girls may get that acquaintance with real things which it is impossible to give in the schools. Again, the school may be treated as an adjunct to the factory, the store, and the farm, opening its facilities to boys and girls, men and women, who have had to go to work at an early age, or who have been denied proper schooling. A third method is division of time between school and industry during adolescence. A fourth way is through vocational schools, in which the pupil is deliberately prepared for his life-work. Says Mr. Munroe:

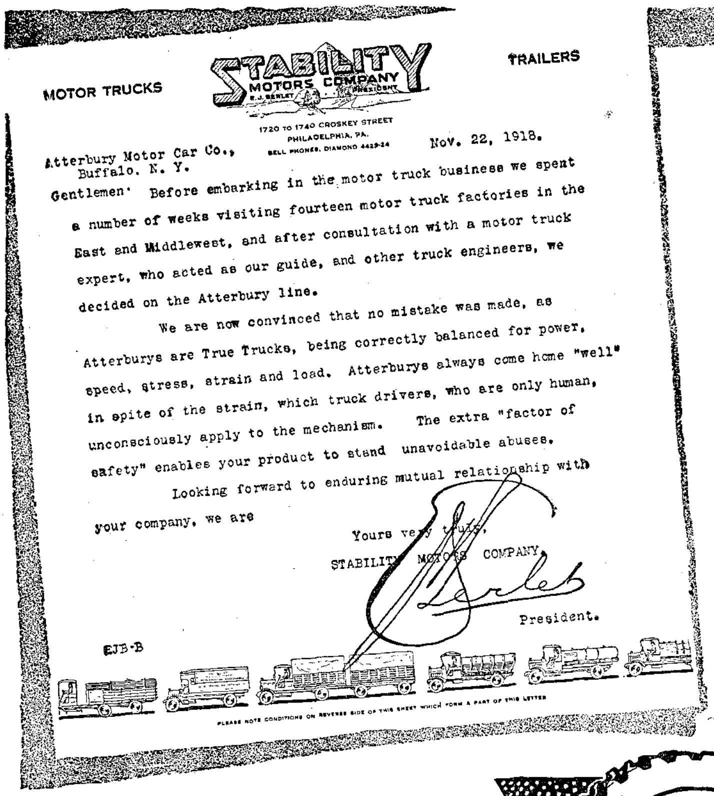
> The machinery by which these several types of cooperation are to be brought about is that of the evening school, the part-time continuation school, and the cooperative day-school. . . . . . .
>
> The manufacturer has no anxiety as to the readjustment of our public and private schools to meet those exigencies which the war has so keenly brought home to us, provided education in the United States continues, as it has so well begun, to develop sound vocational education in its schools and colleges. The so-called academic studies will remain only after they have proved their right to live by reshaping themselves to meet the true needs of modern life, and the schools as a whole will get more and more awake to the fact that they are supported by the public, not to fit boys into an iron-clad system, but to fit a very varied and flexible system into the actual needs of individual boys.
>
> This general awakening is being helped to an unexpected degree by the working of the so-called Smith-Hughes Law for the promotion of vocational education. Under that law every State in the Union has created a State Board for Vocational Education, and, in increasing amounts, the Federal Government stands ready to subsidize the teaching and supervision of secondary training. . . . To the manufacturer it is of great interest that at least one-third of the money appropriated by the State and matched by the Federal Government for the training in trades and industries must be used for part-time instruction. This provision emphasizes the interest of the Government in strengthening education at one of its weakest points. That point is the lack of educational supervision of the boy and girl between fourteen, when, in most cases, he can leave, and does leave, school, and sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen, when he arrives at the age for beginning really productive work. . . . . . .
>
> The part-time continuation school, thus fostered by the Smith-Hughes Law, has educational possibilities, I believe, beyond our present conception; but it can not be made really effective until the States pass, as they should, compulsory laws requiring school attendance between fourteen and sixteen for all youth—for the entire session if they are not at work, and for at least eight hours a week, out of their working time, if they are regularly employed.
>
> Another form of education which the Smith-Hughes Law permits and encourages is the formation of evening classes for men and women at least eighteen years old, in subjects supplementary to their day employment. This gives new and added opportunities for those ambitious workmen who desire to fit themselves, as modern industry makes it so difficult for them to do within the industry itself, for those higher positions which are the first rungs on the ladder of industrial competence.

THE "DOMINIE" AT THE FRONT

"DOMINIES" are not much heard of these days of fancy titles, but when the time comes to describe some heroic deed done by a man uniformed in nothing but rugged, indomitable courage, why then "Dominie" is a mighty useful and completely satisfactory word. When the Hun was at the gates of Paris and the battle of Château-Thierry poured out its wealth of hero-stories about the Americans and their immortal stand, even in those days one story could make itself heard. It was about "Dominie" Clifford, the man who dragged his wounded colonel four hundred yards through a stubble-field, in a gas-mask, amid bursting shell and rifle-bullets ripping up his clothes—a little gray-haired Scotchman about fifty-five years old, with a decided objection to talk about himself. When cornered he talked about the marines in this way: One night about ten years ago in a little town in the West Indies where he was a missionary he bumped into three drunken marines just as an "M. P." hove in sight; the "Dominie" knew what that meant; so he promptly took them into his care. One of them he specially cared for and the boy braced up, then he lost sight of him. After ten years came Verdun, where he bumped into a staggering marine. Staring at the "Dominie" between hiccups he said; "Hello, ole fren. You don't know me, do you?" The "Dominie" didn't. "So thash the wa' yu' forget yer ole frens, ish it?" Continuing, "Shay, don' you remember that guy you got to shign the pledge back in the ole West Indies ten years ago?" The "Dominie" did; that marine has now earned two stripes and is still going strong. He couldn't forget the "Dominie." The way such men adapt themselves to circumstances is told in *The Independent*, which we continue to quote:

> "Then there was Van," the doctor said. "Day before yesterday at Luzy I met Van. I have been trying to help him quit cigarets for months, but the poor kid just couldn't do it. I came on him lying in the corner of a fence wounded seriously. He wanted a cigaret. I knew it wouldn't hurt him, so I lit the first cigaret that I've lit in forty years and put it in his mouth. I don't know as I ought to have done it, but I just naturally couldn't go by and leave that kid o' mine hungry for a cigaret while he was a-waiting for the ambulance. Do you think I did right?"
>
> "It would have been a crime if you hadn't done it," I said to him.
>
> "Van looked up," said the doctor slowly and with tears in his eyes, "Van looked up at me and said, 'Doc, I know how you hate 'em, and yet you are big enough to light a cigaret for me. God bless you, Doc, and if I ever get well and get my strength I'll quit 'em, so help me God!'"
>
> "Do you think he will?" I asked.
>
> "No," said the doctor. "I buried him the next day."
>
> Then we tried again tactfully to lead him back to his heroism, but he evaded





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Nov. 22, 1918.

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We are now convinced that no mistake was made, as Atterburys are True Trucks, being correctly balanced for power, speed, stress, strain and load. Atterburys always come home "well" in spite of the strain, which truck drivers, who are only human, unconsciously apply to the mechanism. The extra "factor of safety" enables your product to stand unavoidable abuses.

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Yours very truly,
STABILITY MOTORS COMPANY,

President.

EJB-B

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The trip of 566 miles from Buffalo to Philadelphia, over roads that defy description, was easy for the big Atterbury truck (pictured above) even with another big Atterbury on top of it.

Incidentally, this journey was made on 70 gallons of gas.

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ATTERBURY

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> that part and said, "I must tell you about the trick the boys played on me.
>
> "One afternoon when I was out they stole my coat and my cap and took off all of my Y. M. C. A. buttons and put marine buttons in their place. I knew it was against the rules to wear them, but when I came in I didn't notice it and went to the officers' mess with them on. The colonel calls me '*Padre*,' the major calls me 'Chaplain,' and the boys call me 'Doc,' you know," he said smiling.
>
> "Well, the colonel looked at me funny like and he said, 'Well, *Padre*, I see you've joined the marines for sure now, and have the buttons and all, right with you.'
>
> "I was embarrassed and said, 'I'll go home, sir, and take them off. I didn't know they were on.'
>
> "'Who put them on, *Padre?*'
>
> "'The boys, sir.'
>
> "'Well, if the boys put them on they want them on, so on they stay,' the colonel said to me."

The marvelous effect and influence such men have upon other men are told in a touching incident, which ought to shame some of us at home who can see no good thing save in our own little "ism." It was the last communion before a great and fierce fight:

> "The boys themselves asked for it. They knew the big fight was on the next day and they asked if we might not have a communion service. I went and got some of that 'van rubbish' as I call it; the French call it '*vin rouge*,' and it being the best we could get, we had our communion with it. I told the boys what we were going to do and said that any who did not want to partake of the Lord's Supper could leave. Not a single soldier left.
>
> "I took note of them and nine Catholics partook, thirteen Methodists, three Christian Scientists, nine Baptists, three Lutherans, three Congregationalists, two Episcopalians, one Hebrew, and twenty-three who did not profess any religion. Five of these took a definite stand for the Christ in that meeting. The next day most of them were dead."
>
> He was subdued for a few minutes and we couldn't get him to talk. He was thinking of those dead boys of his. Then he reached into his pocket and pulled out an envelop. Reaching into the envelop he pulled out a five-dollar gold piece.
>
> I took it in my hand and waited for the story, for the moment forgetting even myself that the old fellow was still evading his own heroic deed.
>
> "The boy that gave me that I saw just before the big fight. I passed him as he went down under the camouflage into a communication-trench. He said, 'Doc, got any cigarets?'
>
> "I had tried to get him to stop smoking, but couldn't resist the desire to give him some. It might be my last chance to serve him. I pitched him a whole package.
>
> "'Thanks, Doc; you're a good scout.' Then he came back, handed me that five-dollar gold piece and said, 'Doc, take that. If anything happens to me, send it to mother.'"
>
> "Did he get out all right?" I queried anxiously, for I knew that only a few of the boys who had taken that strategic village had gotten out.
>
> "I am sending the gold piece to his mother this afternoon, along with a letter telling her of his heroic death," he said quietly.

That lad died in a strange way; all one morning he'd been in the thick of it, then his major was wounded, the boy went back for help, passed all safely till a splinter hit his belt and he went down to death shot by his own bullets.

But all this, interesting as it was, was not what the interviewers wanted; they wanted the "Dominie's" story; at last, promising not to "spread on the taffy," they got the tale. Here it is:

> Then followed as simple a statement as a Scotch dominie (economical with anything, especially words) could tell: of how he and Mr. Gibbons, the newspaper reporter whom the press later eulogized for having gone over the top with the marines, were waiting in the major's tent. They were to go down front. The major went off with the reporter and told the Dominie to follow with his orderly, a young lieutenant. The major and the reporter were barely out of sight when a runner came in with the news that the colonel was wounded seriously and was lying in an abandoned trench on the other side of the town, about four miles away at the far end of a wheat field.
>
> The young lieutenant and the old "Y" secretary (whose colonel was the apple of his Scotch dominie's eye) started off for him. There were no stretcher-bearers in sight but there was a stretcher. They carried that with them. Amid a constant hail of machine-gun bullets they went through the town. Nobody knew which house was occupied by Germans and which by Americans. Machine-gun bullets were flying in every direction. They had to get through this village somehow to get to the wheat field. Finally they reached the field. Then they had to crawl for four hundred yards on their stomachs along a low hedge across this field, in full view of the Germans, the field swept by rifle and machine-gun bullets with now and then a shell falling perilously near. One fragment from a shell tore a hole in the old secretary's coat as he crawled and ripped the hedge at his left into bits.
>
> The young lieutenant kept yelling back, "Keep your head down, Doc."
>
> The old Scotch missionary chuckled as he told us this, pointing down to his rather prominent waist: "I was keeping down as close as I could get to the ground. I never did realize what a bother a stomach was before. I got to wishin' I had dieted all my life as we crawled along that hedge. As it was I was so close to the earth that I scratched my nose and flattened my stomach into a pancake."
>
> After crawling four hundred yards in this manner they finally dropt into the abandoned trench and there the colonel was lying. His first question was: "I wonder how Bare is?" referring to his major. Then he handed over his maps to the young lieutenant and fainted.
>
> For two hours the three of them lay in that shallow abandoned trench waiting for the fire to die down enough to let them crawl back again. As they lay there two gas-shells fell close and they had to don gas-masks.

After sundry interpretations of other stories by main force, the "Dominie" was dragged back to his own story, which concludes in this way:

> "The colonel had a hard time getting his mask on so I tried to help him, but he wouldn't let me move. The trench was so small that when I moved my body was exposed. I felt so sorry seeing him try to put that mask on with his left shoulder shot through, that I rolled over and helped him. That's where I twisted my back so that they had to send me to the hospital." He added these last words in disgust that he had been invalided for such a slight pretext. It was not according to his wishes; we could see that in his whole attitude.
>
> "After a while we decided to make a try for it. The machine guns were still sweeping the field and shells were falling now and then. But we got the colonel on the stretcher. The lieutenant went in front and I behind. We lifted the stretcher with the colonel in it to the top of the parapet. Then we shoved it out as far as we could in front of us. Then we pulled and pushed and lifted and crawled and rolled over and over, keeping our bodies close to the ground; and scraped and edged and squirmed and grunted; and finally we got the colonel across that stubbled field. It took us another hour and a half to get across that field. Then we had the village to go through, but about dark we got him to the woods, where it was comparatively safe. That's all there was to it. Not much of a story, hardly worth telling. Others would have done the same and are doing it every day up there. I don't want you to make a lot of what I did. Please don't! I feel so humble in the face of what the boys are doing. Bless them every one!"

HUNS' WAR-AIM WAS FRENCH CLOCKS

IT used to be said that the Huns were obliged to go to war with France every now and then so that they could steal a clock that would keep time—this being a thing no timepiece of Hun manufacture ever can do. Some remember that in the Franco-Prussian War the looters grabbed every clock they could get hold of. The leopard has not changed his spots. During the fighting along the Marne the Americans saw the old vagabond clock thieves at work in Château-Thierry, stealing every clock in sight. What a commentary upon the much-vaunted Hun efficiency! They can imitate a clock, but to save their souls they can not make one that will keep time. Upon this point *Munsey's* remarks with sardonic humor:

> Is it not perhaps a favorable omen that the Germans, with all their much-vaunted efficiency, have never been able to construct a clock equal to the product of their neighbors? We know of an American gentleman whose constant support, as well as exasperation, during the present war has been a particularly illogical and unreliable German-made clock. In the darkest hours of the Allied cause, when the achievements of the enemy seemed to indicate an almost superhuman effectiveness of organization, he has found comfort and hope in the symbolic vulnerability of this atrocious clock—a clock equipped with an elaborate system of strikes and chimes which excel only in their ability to go astray.
>
> The French have always rivaled the Swiss and the Dutch as the makers of fine clocks. We are not to be despised ourselves in that respect as any good Yankee timepiece can demonstrate. A few weeks ago a humorous weekly published the picture of a Tommy in a first-line trench, whose recently opened parcel from home

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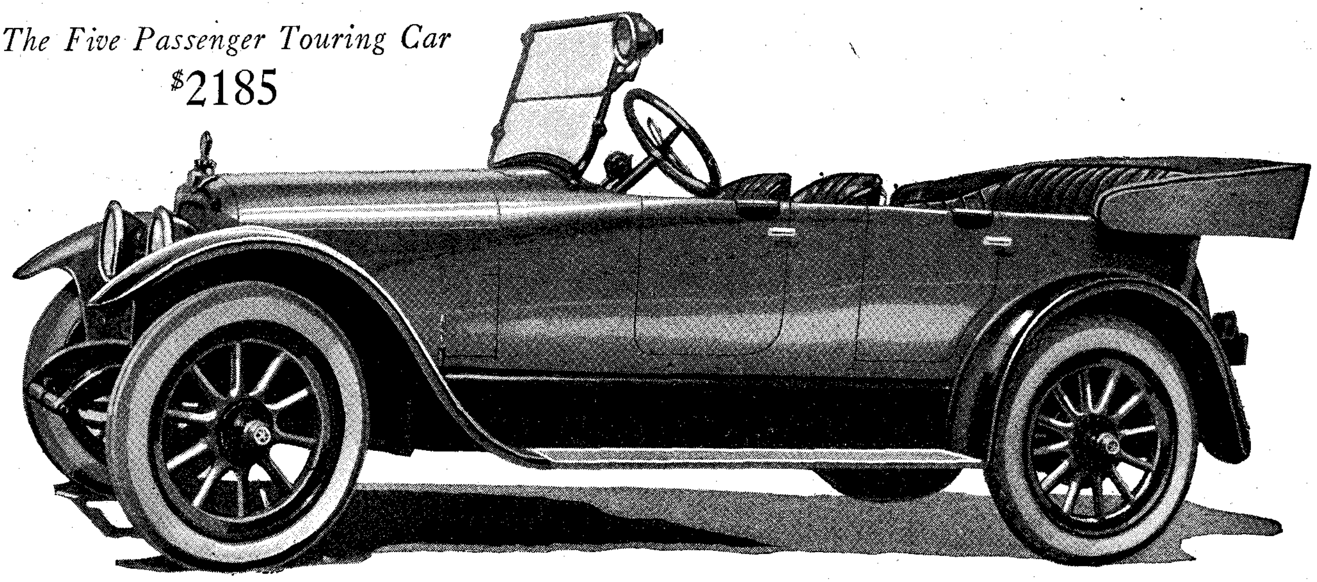

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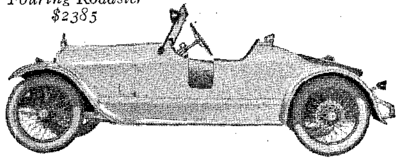

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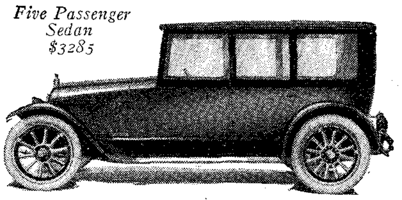

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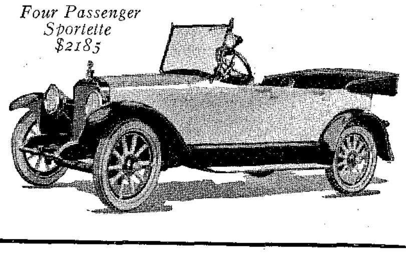

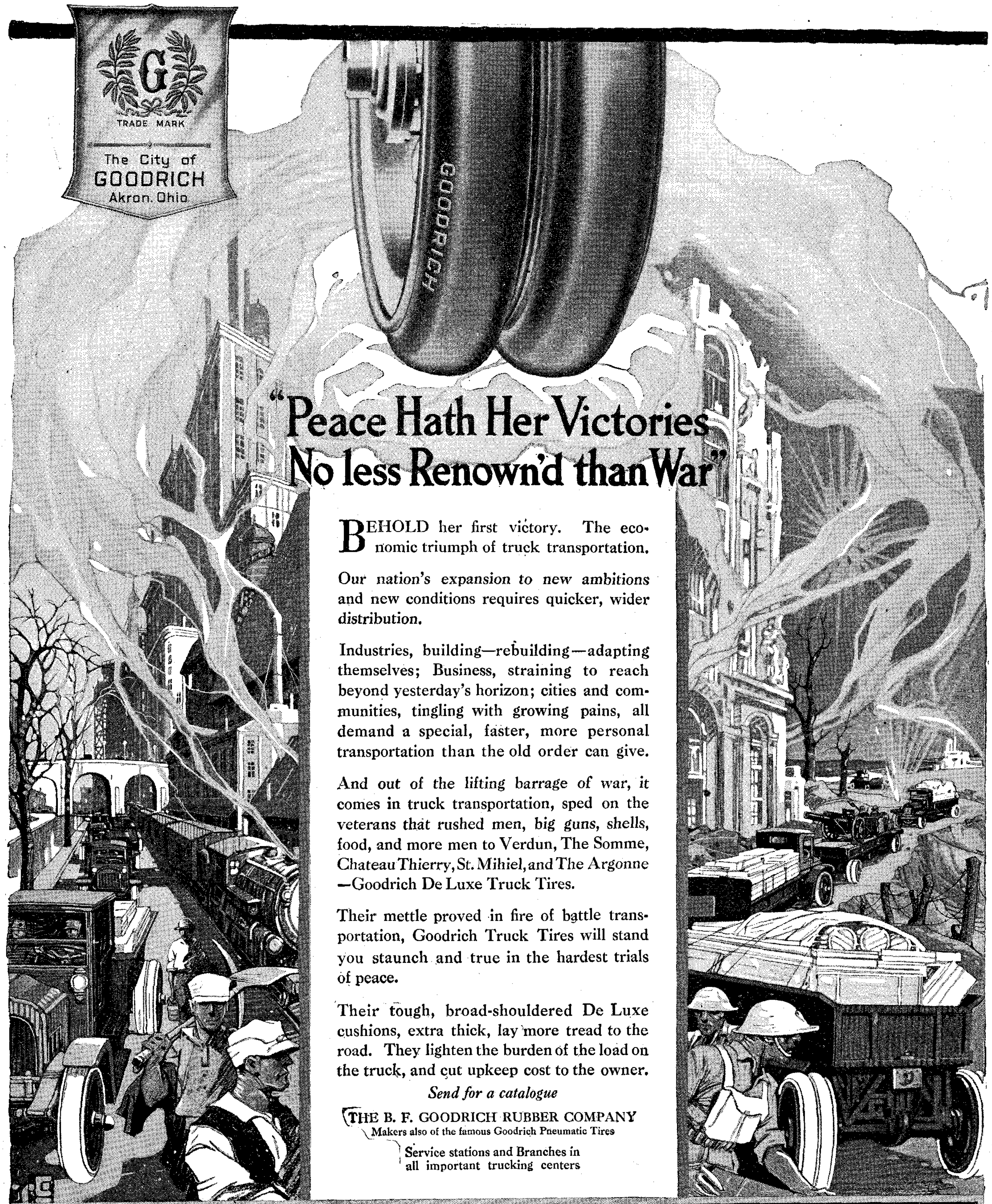

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We should not have said that there was a crying need for this horological specimen at the front. We do believe, however, that the Allied soldiers can press forward with the conviction that no race which is unable to manufacture a reputable clock is destined to rule the world.

THE GERMAN SOCIALIST AS A SOLDIER

WHAT manner of man is the individual Hun? This is a question which from the very early days of the war has been puzzling the American who could not understand how the *gemütlich* German every tourist knows and the devil in field-gray can be one and the same. The answer generally is that the German military machine has a very effective way of making its own kind of a soldier out of the patient, easy-going, comfort-loving Teuton. Some of our officers who have been questioning German prisoners are beginning to understand, and we quote from a recent issue of *The New Republic* a letter from an American officer which throws some light on the psychology of the intelligent German socialist who obeys orders which his mind revolts at and whose capacity to set up a new Government in the place of the old absolutism is yet to be demonstrated. This letter is written by Captain Heber Blankenhorn, of the Intelligence Service of our Army in France:

> These last six days I have put in talking to the enemy, questioning him. . . . . .
>
> In the great wire cages ———, a long way south, we mixed with the "catch." Picture a muddy hillside, some acres contained in barbed wire patroled by a few Yanks with long bayonets, and with cattle-like inhabitants, dun-gray shapeless animals standing around or lying around most of the time, muddy lumps in the muddy prospect. They look so much alike and so drab. If the sun comes out the more energetic peel off some of their wrappings and wash a bit or rub themselves. They all cling closely to their poor possessions, a blanket, a mess kit, an extra cap or coat. You can have no idea what *Kanonenfutter* means until you've seen a mass of several thousand German privates. The German army system takes all—yokels and fine boys—fathers and free journeymen—and mashes them into mass formation, abolishes their souls.
>
> Suppose you question these miserable men, with nothing left but their dirty wrappings, sleeping on the ground in the rain. Ask them about their treatment. Every one will instantly respond that his treatment is fine, that he is content, that he is glad to be in that cage. He is free in that cage. Free from the war and the German machine!
>
> It is hard indeed to imagine these men as they were a few hours ago, "good soldiers" trying to kill Americans. I passed a group which was waiting blindly for the return of some American officer who had told them to stand there, perhaps an hour before. They looked so wretched, without a spark of life. "*Achtung!*" one of them cried to the right of me; one at the left also called sharply, "*Achtung!*" (Attention!) The nine or ten sparkless forms hurled themselves upright, hands to trouser-seams rigidly, ramrods from ears to heels. Because I stopt and looked at them, because I was an officer, "*Achtung!*" sprang warningly from lips and "*Achtung*" smote their weary limbs into line. I wanted to laugh or swear at the poor fools. Instead I walked hastily away. . . . . . .
>
> One or two astonishing stories we have obtained. One young officer is anxious to go back into Germany to tell his people, "*hochgeboren*" diplomatic folk, what the Americans are like, and what they really are fighting for. But the most amazing is the story of Gefreiter F. W., with the ribbon of the 1st and 2d class Iron Cross, a "*Sozial-Demokrat geboren.*" This stark, creased, desperate-looking soldier, to all outward appearance nothing but a "good soldier," told us his story in bitten-off sentences and in a post-card. In August, 1914, he had been mobilized. In four years of war he had had sixteen days of leave. He spent those four years in front of the first-line trenches, gunner of a fifteen-millimeter piece. His job was to lie out in a shell-hole with his gun, ahead of his own infantry. He was put there because he was a Social-Democrat. That was his explanation. Not even when his wife died did he get leave to go to the funeral. He was forty-two years old, a butcher once, employing men, with a good business and a house which he owned, and he had a post-card picture of it if we wanted to see it. The business had been sold for war-taxes. The baby died three months after the mother. His own mother was paralyzed, seventy-nine years old. He must have killed hundreds of men. At Cambrai, where he was out in front of his own infantry, the British sent eighteen waves against him and none broke through.
>
> "Did he know Americans were before him in this last fight?"
>
> Yes, he had heard so. And, in the fog on that morning two days before, he saw the Americans, some passing to left, others walking to right, and he said then and there, "I will shoot no American." He swore he fired not a shot. When some American soldiers called out in German to him he rose up from his lone shell-hole fort and surrendered.
>
> "But if there had been negroes before me I'd have shot to the last shell," he added. It was this postscript that convinced me he was telling the truth.
>
> We asked him who caused the war. "*Die Weltspitzbuben,*" he said, "the rascals, the Prussian landlords." "Scheidemann?"—"He spoke pretty well." "Haase, Ledebour?"—"*Ach*, they told the truth." "Liebknecht?"—"He talked too much." On one of his rare leaves at a café in Stettin a captain of the *Vaterlandspartei* had said that the war must go on. W. had said to him, "You fool, if you had lain out there in that devilish *Schweinerei* for four years in the mud, you'd have reason to know better—you office slacker." W. said that the captain said he'd shoot the soldier, and the soldier says he answered, "You ——, you reach back, and I'll slit your —— throat." His *echt-deutsch* cuss words were venomous. I questioned him closely, through Walter as interpreter, but he stuck to it. "Do many common soldiers speak like that to officers?" "Many think it, the greater part think it, and more dare to say it now than ever did before."
>
> Finally we looked at the post-card of his house shown by this haggard, wolfish soldier with the broken teeth, the scars,

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the cropped, mangy-looking head, the plowed forehead, and the almost glazed, glassy eyes. We got a shock. In front of the common dwelling with its fenced-in yard stood a man, a round prosperous person, obviously in the pose of owner, almost a self-important person, with a high choker collar, a noticeable tie and large waistcoat, with jowls and a well-tended mustache, with his blond hair slicked down on either side of a neat "part"—ridiculously the type of the fattened *bourgeois*. He was so prosperous, with his arm akimbo and his newspaper crumpled in hand.

He explained that that was he—that was Herr W. in peace.

We simply did not believe him. He explained that he'd lost forty-eight pounds in four years of war. I looked sharply at the card and the face and could make out the nose and brows the same—not a thing else.

That man, body and life, was as smashed as these French villages by the war. He had stayed out in the trenches, outside even of the trenches, hating the *Spitzbuben* who put him there. Walter remarked, "He has only his anger left." I rejoined, "But he can't do anything even with his anger." For, as with all Germans, despite the hatred that could make him swear, there seemed in him no spark of revolution, no hint of organizing resistance. He had killed hundreds of men at the behest of *Spitzbuben*, whom he railed at and who smashed him and his, but it never seemed to occur to him that he could do anything whatever about it.

THE DOVE NOT A PEACE BIRD

DOVES, according to popular tradition, are the last things in the world to connect with war. Doves and pigeons are, or were, pacifists of the most virulent type. Another cherished yarn has to go by the wall, for an authority says that "five minutes in a pigeon-cote . . . will result in a lifetime of wondering why the idealized bird was chosen as an emblem of peace, for this stout-hearted little bird, once called the "dove of peace," is now known and cherished as "the war-pigeon."

There "being nothing new under the sun," one is not surprized to find that the ancient Egyptians and Persians used pigeons, just as to-day, as messengers in war-time. Then from the Orient to Holland and Belgium and Merrie England came the birds, the ancestors of the pigeons that have played so important a part in driving the Huns to their lairs.

It brings the subject close home to us when we remember that in the Pigeon Division of the Signal Corps Louis Wahl and William Smead, of the New York "Zoo," are in charge and that Corp. Donald Carter, once in the Gardens, is in active service in France, among "the doves."

Mr. Lee S. Crandall, in *The Zoological Society Bulletin* (New York), has interesting things to say about the birds. After speaking of Smerles, "Owls," Dragoons, Horsemen, Skinnums, Cumulets, etc., he proceeds:

> From this seeming chaos, after many vicissitudes, the racing homer, unequaled in speed, endurance, and intelligence, finally was evolved. These three characters have remained the great objectives of the breeder, and color, markings, and other points commonly sought among domestic pigeons have been ignored. Many derivatives, bred for exhibition points only, have risen to popularity, but the racer, not always uniform in type and color, tho never failing in courage and love of home, still remains the pigeon of pigeons.
>
> Having proved its value as a flier in Belgium, the newly evolved breed was quickly imported into England, and later was brought to America. The sport of pigeon-racing soon became popularized, and its devotees now number thousands. In America hundreds of races are flown yearly, under the auspices of local clubs and the larger national organizations with which they are affiliated. With the overrunning of Belgium by the German hordes of pickers and stealers, the great majority of the famous studs of racing pigeons were seized and sent to Germany. However, the blood of these great strains is widely spread and strongly cherished in England and in America, so that they will not become lost to civilization.
>
> Through a confusion of names, which has become wide-spread, the homing pigeon is almost invariably referred to in news reports as the "carrier." He is a carrier so far as service performed is concerned, but, unfortunately, that name was long ago preempted by an entirely different bird, closely related to the Dragoon and Horseman, and known as the English Carrier. This pigeon, while perhaps originally used for flying, now is useless for that purpose and is kept for exhibition only. It is a large bird, with extremely long neck and legs, and carries a huge mass of flesh about the eyes and on the beak. This misuse of names has caused much of the credit due the true homer to be given a pigeon which would not home from a distance of a mile.
>
> Many misunderstandings have arisen as to the homing abilities of the war-pigeon. Many persons appear to believe that it is merely necessary to whisper a few directions in the bird's ear, toss it into the air, and watch it strike out for the destination indicated. Other fancies, still wider of the truth, are numerous. There is nothing supernatural about the homer. It simply has a strongly developed love of home, a wonderful sense of direction, and the strength and courage to return to its loft when released at a distance.
>
> Sense of direction is strongly developed in most birds. We have only to consider the marvelous migration flights of many species to realize that this is true. In domestic pigeons this sense, doubtless native to the wild rock-dove, from which they are descended, has degenerated through countless generations of life in captivity. Only in the homer has it been retained and magnified by long-continued breeding and selection for this point alone.

All sorts of theories have been advanced as to how a homer finds its way, extraordinary sight, electrical influences, and so on, and so on. It would seem, however, that it is simply that mysterious sense direction, common to all birds, strengthened and developed by "the intensive training to which the young homer is subjected." One important part of this is, that, from the very first, the bird learns well its home surroundings. To continue:

"When free flying is begun, four hundred miles is the greatest distance birds of the year usually are asked to accomplish, but exceptional youngsters occasionally have done six hundred. Five hundred miles is the most popular long-distance race for old birds, but contests up to 1,000 miles are flown yearly. Eight hundred miles were accomplished in one day by a famous bird, but distances over five hundred miles usually require more than a single day.

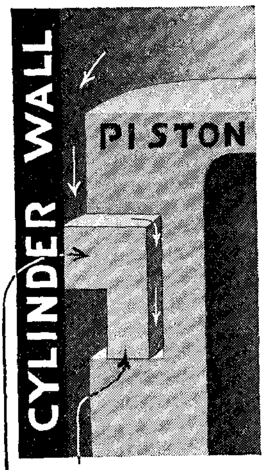
> The speed at which homing pigeons fly is one of the first questions that comes to the mind of the inquiring layman. This varies greatly with the distance, the shorter distances naturally being flown in much faster time. Flights of one hundred miles, with a favoring wind, often are made at the rate of a mile a minute, or even better. Recent tests under the supervision of the Signal Corps showed that field messages sent by means of homing pigeons were delivered in much shorter time than by automobile or motorcycle.
>
> The longest official distance flown by a homing pigeon was a flight from Denver, Colorado, to Springfield, Mass., 1,689 miles. A little more than twenty-three days were required for this feat, the bird flying only by day, gleaning its food from fields and poultry yards as it came.
>
> The fastest time for 1,000 miles is one day and eleven hours, a truly remarkable performance. This bird, rejoicing in the name of "Bullet," still lives in Fort Wayne, Indiana. It is a satisfaction to know that both these world's champions were produced in America, giving assurance that the heritage of the now scattered lofts of Belgium has not been neglected in this country. Grandchildren of both these famous birds are included in the flock recently installed in the New York Zoological Park. Others of almost equally illustrious descent complete the new exhibit, which is proving of great interest to our visitors.

WHAT BISMARCK LEARNED FROM A RUSS PEASANT

THOSE who despair of the rescue of Russia from her sad chaos may well remember now the stubborn Russian fatalism that upholds the peasant through every evil with a firm faith in final victory.

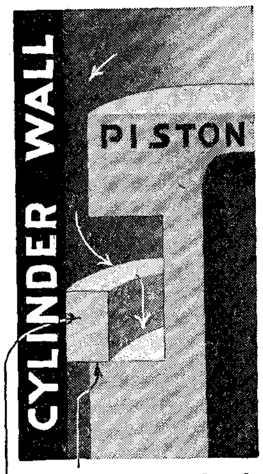
"*Nitchevo!*" Who that has ever lived in Russia has not wondered, pondered, and wondered again as to just what that word meant? A correspondent of the New York *Times* tells how no less a personage than Bismarck learned a lesson from a peasant's "*nitchevo*." We quote:

> Under Alexander II., as Prussian Ambassador, Bismarck was invited to an imperial hunt to take place ten or twelve miles from the capital. On the appointed day he started, but on the way something broke in his carriage, and he was obliged to ask one of the peasants to bring him to a certain village. The peasant appeared with an unusually small and lean horse attached to a queer, dilapidated sleigh with some hay in it. "How can you bring me on such a ratlike horse?" sternly asked the Prussian Ambassador. "*Nitchevo*," answered quietly the peasant. Now, to this word *nitchevo*, "nothing," the Russians give no end of meanings. It appears that nothing matters to them but life.
>
> It was a winter day. The fresh snow had covered all the ground, and no road was seen anywhere. They started, and the ratlike horse flew like a bird. "Look out! You



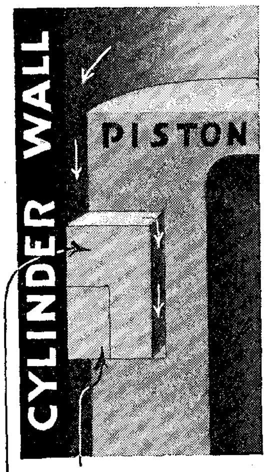
This arrow shows how the large L-shaped part of the ring seals the bottom of the piston groove—even where the smaller ring is open.

This arrow shows where the L-shaped part of the ring seals the wall of the cylinder.



This arrow shows how the smaller ring seals the bottom of the groove—even where the large L-shaped ring is open.

This arrow shows how the smaller ring seals the cylinder wall—even where large L-shaped ring is open.



This cut shows how both the wall of the cylinder and the groove of the piston are doubly sealed where there are no openings in either of the two component parts of Double Seal Rings.

Dr. Kibbie and His Overland

It wasn't living up to the fine reputation of its kind—that old Overland of Dr. Kibbie's. It wouldn't climb anything around Fort Worth except on low. Its gasoline record looked as if there were a leak in the gas tank. Its oil bill was a caution. He did what anybody would do under the circumstances; he had the valves ground, the cylinders cleaned, and the motor tuned. But things didn't change much.

Right after a big automobile race in Texas he heard from an engineer friend that five of the winners used Double Seal Piston Rings to increase compression and power and speed. Dr. Kibbie thought he'd try them. He had his car overhauled again and the Double Seal Piston Rings put on every piston. The first time he took that Overland out he was surprised.

It certainly took the hills on high; and when the gas and oil mileages were checked up they proved to be twice as much per gallon as ever before. Of course the doctor couldn't quite believe that it would last.

It seemed too good to be true. But six months later, when we saw him again, he said that the car was just as good on the hills—and the gas and oil bills were just as low—as on its first Double Seal day.

Thousands of other car owners say similar things about Double Seal Rings. Some of them had Double Seals put into old cars whose cylinders were worn, others into new cars whose motors somehow weren't just right, others had engines that "killed" annoyingly, others just had the usual trouble of too much carbon and too few miles per gallon.

Double Seal Rings are taking care of them all. Ask your garage man about them—and send for our booklet, MAXIMUM ENGINE EFFICIENCY, giving the reasons why.

DOUBLE SEAL RING COMPANY
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SEALS THE GROOVE OF THE PISTON

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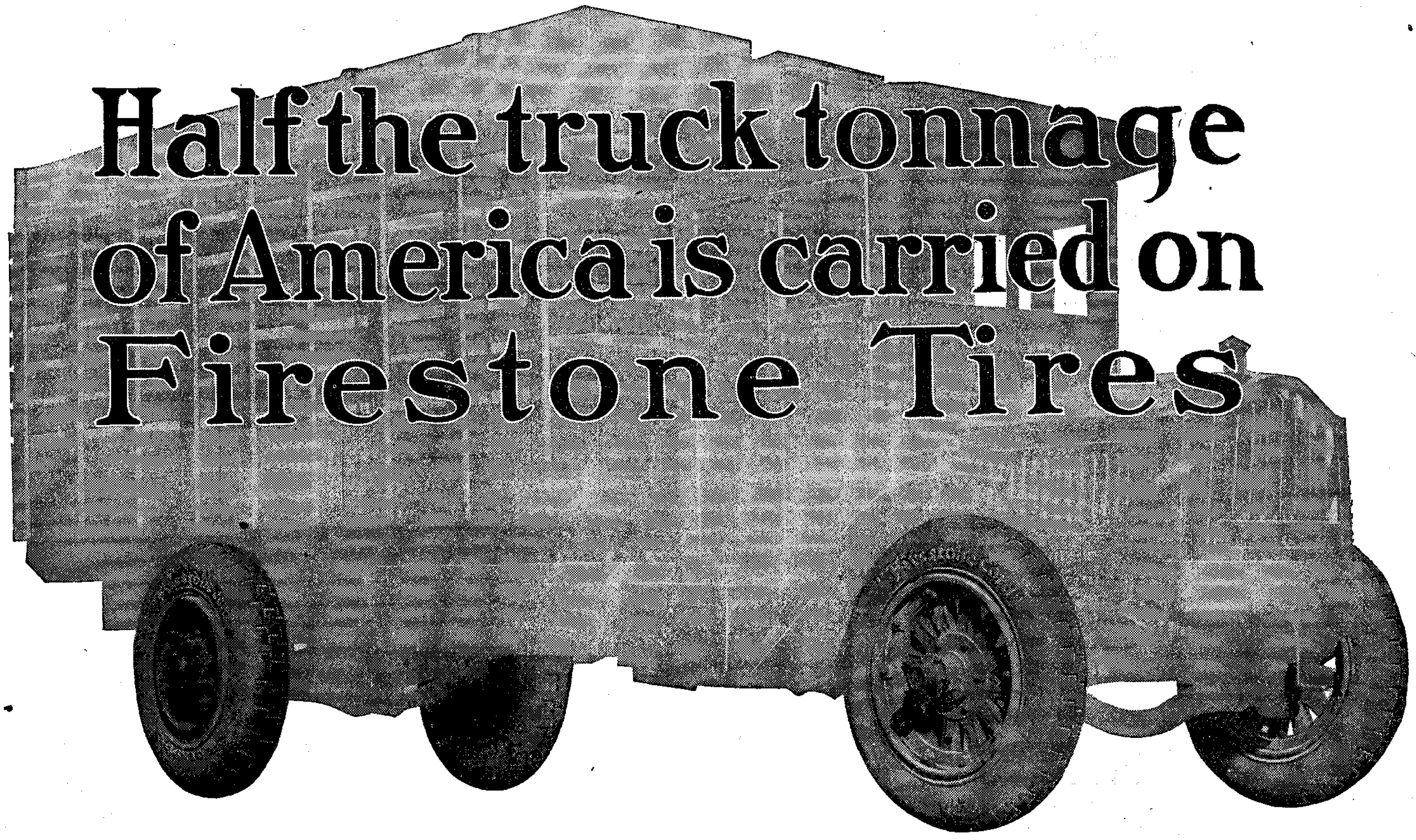
Beaumont, Texas	904 Pearl St.	Houston, Texas	1212 Main St.	San Antonio, Texas	
Cleveland, Ohio	1841 Euclid Ave.	Kansas City, Mo.	214 E. 17th St.	San Francisco, Cal.	1124 Polk St.
Dallas, Texas	210 Browder St.	Los Angeles, Cal.	603 W. Pico St.	Waco, Texas	705 Franklin St.
Denver, Colo.	430 Eighteenth St.	New Orleans, La.	808 St. Charles St.		

Keep Upkeep Down



Half the truck tonnage of America is carried on Firestone Tires

FIRESTONE leadership in the truck-tire field is being emphasized afresh by these Giant Cord Tires. Lower cost per ton-mile is their record wherever adopted. They save the truck, save gasoline and save time.

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will break my neck!" warned Bismarck. "*Nitchevo!*" replied the peasant, managing to avoid a collision with trees, for they were running in woods. Presently there was a crash; the sleigh smashed against a tree, and the horse, the peasant, and the Ambassador were thrown on the snowy ground, and the latter's nose was bleeding.

"I will kill you!" yelled the angry Prussian. "*Nitchevo,*" the peasant replied, applying snow to his nose to stop the bleeding. Bismarck was struck with the wonderful self-possession of the peasant. "Surely I will miss the imperial hunt," he grumbled. "*Nitchevo,*" the imperturbable *muzhik* answered him, tying his smashed sleigh with a rope.

Bismarck noticed on the ground a small piece of iron that was broken off the sleigh, and put it in his pocket. They started again on their swift run, and Bismarck was brought to the village in due time.

The Czar laughed heartily and the courtiers roared when Bismarck told them of his adventure. Once in the capital, he ordered a jeweler to make a ring for him of the piece of iron he picked up in the woods, and o put on it the inscription "*Nitchevo,*" and he wore that ring ever afterward. It old him that once man had a definite aim he must go to it, minding no circumstances whatever; then no obstacles will prevent him from reaching his goal.

Bismarck had an unbounded admiration or Russia, holding her to be mighty, re-ourceful, immortal. If now alive, he would ay that the Czar's resignation, the mad ntics of the Bolsheviki, and the economic ollapse of Russia—all that is "*nitchevo.*"

WHY RAILROADS LIKE MOTOR-TRUCKS

THE railroads, which once looked askance on the motor-truck as a ompetitor, now regard it with favor, s a feeder. It is also, we are told by a writer in *The Railway Review* (Chicago, November 30), doing much short-haul usiness that formerly went to the railroads; it is keeping merchandise out of ongested terminals, supplying factories with raw materials, and speeding up essential products. It is showing the way o escape embargoes and tie-ups. It oints the road to direct deliveries without terminal haul, is developing new sources f material, and is reducing time in transit· The writer goes on:

> A few years ago motor-truck highway ransportation was vigorously opposed by ailroad traffic departments and under he prevailing conditions the business was making but little progress. However, with the competitive features of railroad ransportation discarded, at least temporarily, a strong impetus seems to have een given to the movement to eliminate ll forms of competition between steam nd electric road, inland waterways, and ighway transportation. We now see he Director-General of Railroads promoting inland water transportation by building a fleet of river barges and steamers nd encouraging the use of canals; we have he statements of officials of the Railroad Administration that that organization is n hearty accord with every effort made to promote the use of motor-trucks in faciliating highway transportation, and we have he crowning act of railroad officials diverting traffic from their own roads for shipment *via* these new transportation lines.
>
> Of course, the underlying motive of this abandonment of what was once considered the prime essential of the business of transportation has been war-time efficiency—the concentrated efforts of all for the winning of the war. However, war-time efficiency is merely a phrase—a catchword. Efficiency is the same either in war or in peace, and if it is obtained by certain methods and practises under war-time conditions, these methods and practises will be the subject of comment and investigation when conditions are different. Their permanent retention will not be a matter of sentiment, just as the return to the old competitive conditions will not be a matter of sentiment, but will depend upon the economic results under a changed régime.
>
> At the present time highway transportation, or, more particularly, motor-truck transportation, is being encouraged by the railroad transportation for the express purpose of relieving the rail-carriers of some of the burden of short hauls and for the purpose of relieving congested terminals. The railroads need this relief; their development has not kept pace with the development of the country's business, and consequently, in an emergency when the demands upon them are more than doubled, they must resort to supplementary means in order to perform properly their functions.

The total tonnage over highways is increasing in some States as much as 400 per cent. over last year. In the Cleveland-Akron area 61 per cent. as much freight is being moved by motor-express as the railroads are carrying. High development of the return-load idea is being prest in all sections, particularly in Connecticut. In the vicinity of Cincinnati and Omaha live stock is being carried to the stockyards in increasing numbers. Rural express has reached a high point of efficiency in Maryland, New Jersey, eastern Pennsylvania, and southern New York. Arrangements are being made to connect the New York State barge-canal ports with farming communities by rural express. The writer goes on:

> Shoe-manufacturers supplying our armies operate fleets of trucks between Boston and near-by shoe centers, carrying hides in one direction and finished shoes in the other. Cotton and woolen mills in New England do not await the arrival of slow incoming freight. They go and get their raw materials. Heavy machinery is delivered direct from shops and foundries in Connecticut to factories in New York. Wholesale grocers deliver in Washington from warehouses in Baltimore. Tons of chemicals are delivered with but one handling after they leave the chemical works.
>
> With the coal problem primarily one of distribution motor-trucks have been performing a service that undoubtedly will be reflected in the character of the coal-bins for months to come. Not only have the motor-trucks relieved the railroads by transporting coal over short distances, but have gone so far in some districts as to haul coal direct from the mines to consumers. This is especially true in the Pittsburg district, where hundreds of trucks throughout the summer have been engaged in hauling coal for Pittsburg concerns direct from the mines to the company's own storehouse or cellars.
>
> It is not an uncommon thing to see dozens of trucks rolling over the hills south of Pittsburg loaded with coal secured from small bank mines. Their number is steadily increasing, thereby releasing railroad-cars for long-distance hauling. . . . . .
>
> During September the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company sent two of the trucks used on the Akron-Boston run from Boston to San Francisco. The trucks covered the 3,717 miles in 20.37 days. From Boston to Akron they carried cotton fabric and from Akron each truck transported 18,000 pounds of airplane tires to the Pacific coast. They averaged fifteen miles an hour the greater part of the way. These two trucks, like all units on the Akron-Boston run, are equipped with a sleeping compartment back of the driver's seat. The drivers work in shifts and the trucks are kept on the move night and day, one man sleeping while the other drives. These trucks now on the return trip are hauling a load of baled cotton from the Goodyear cotton plantation in Arizona to a Goodyear fabric-mill in Connecticut. . . . . .
>
> A real innovation of motor-truck transportation is the motor-truck refrigerator operated in intercity service by the Sullivan Packing Company, of Detroit, Mich. It is, so far as known, the first truck in the country to be used for this purpose. When this company depended upon railroad delivery, two and one-half days were required to make a car-load shipment from the Detroit plant to the branch in Toledo. This loss in time involved shrinkage in meats. The truck, with a heavily loaded trailer in tow, completes the trip in six hours, carrying an average of 18,000 pounds of meat. The body of this truck is designed and built very much like the ordinary refrigerator freight-car. The wall and heavy side doors are made of aluminum, cork, and wood, an excellent non-conducting combination. Top filling tanks for ice and brine are loaded from the outside. The owners of this refrigerator have found it so satisfactory and economical that an extensive expansion is contemplated on highways within a radius of one hundred miles of Detroit.

WANTED: A NEW WORD

OUT amid the battle and agony; in the holocaust of gassed, tortured, torn, and dying men; fighting, daring, and struggling in the heart of swirling pestilent vapors a something has come which is so trenchantly splendid and heroic that it's hard to find a word strong enough, tender enough, to adequately describe it. It makes men out of boys; more, it shows itself — this "something" — among the "toughs," the "hard-boiled eggs." This is the theme of a virile and vigorous yarn which we quote from *Association Men:*

> "Hard luck, pal?" said the doctor interrogatively, as the bearers set down a stretcher in the courtyard.
>
> The boy shrugged his shoulders, actually shrugged them as well as he could, bundled up on that stretcher, and grinned wanly.
>
> "Comin' fine if I can get you fellers to save that foot. She's smashed plenty. If you can't—all the same."
>
> "We'll run you right in."
>
> "Nix, bo, not me. I'm gettin' past all right, nothin' but my foot. You jest lemme be here and git busy with them guys that's hurt. I'm on the waitin' list."
>
> They were coming back out of the hot

blast of the great battle—those boys of a certain division now famous throughout France and one day to be famous throughout the world. They were not coming back because they wanted to, nor because they had had enough of it; they were being brought on stretchers, wounded, gassed, shell-shocked, to an advanced dressing-station. Some of them seemed just boys. One could see them grit their teeth to hold back the moan of pain.

That was one boy. He belonged to an outfit that bears a name far and wide for being boiled hard. Tough birds, you hear them called, rough-talking boys with the crust outermost. If you had seen them a month before, or two months before, when they had not had their purifying in blood and fire, you would not have prophesied that they would hold back in suffering to wait for one in greater suffering to be cared for first. It was an attribute that was not apparent to the casual eye. Hard-boiled, you would have agreed, and you might have felt a trifle sorry for the enemy that had to encounter them. But you would not have stood by with tears in your eyes—not in your eyes, but rolling down your cheeks—and have muttered again and again, "Here are men!"

But now they had felt the scorching breath of war. Suddenly they had been dropt into the furnace and had come out with the dross burned away. Something had happened. They were still hard-boiled. Their language was made up of the same words, but the words had taken on a new meaning, their very faces had taken on a new aspect. In spite of blood and grime, and the discoloration and burn of gas, you could see that something was present there which had been absent before—until you could not see at all for the flooding of your eyes.

Crude may be their language, but the words come clean from the heart. Last words of great men, some true, some doctored and polished, are trumpeted to a listening world; but for heroism, blended with tender thought for others, none can surpass the last words of one of the "toughs":

"I—got mine. . . . No use—sport. . . . Can't do—nothin' for —me. . . . Git—busy with some of them boys—you kin—help."

That was the spirit. That was the thing that had been burned into their souls by the hot breath of war. They had forgotten themselves. Jim was not thinking of Jim but of Mike. Mike was not thinking of Mike but of Jack. Each passed it on.

The dressing-station was small and many must lie outside until the men who were taken in first could be evacuated. You heard groans, but amid the groans you heard cheery, gritty words. "Oow . . . that leg! . . . How's Charlie makin' it? Anybody know? I seen him git it. . . . Oow . . . !

"They just took Charlie in. He wasn't sayin' much."

"Say, them stretcher-bearers ought to git the *Croy de Gerr*, them birds ought to. See 'em fetch me back with them shells bustin' like it was rainin'? And would they hurry? Not a darn bit. I hollers to them to git a move on or they'd git busted on the dome, but that little shrimp says for me to mind my own business, he was carryin' that stretcher. . . . Afraid if he hustled he'd shake me up and hurt me some. Can you beat that? . . . Ooow!"

"Two of them stretcher-bearers was Y. M. C. A. guys. What they doin' in that game?"

"Volunteered, one of them told me. I asked him. He's been workin' up in that dressin'-station right where she's happenin' ever since this busted out. I seen him there. Hain't had his clothes off for a week. Looks to me like he's about ready to crack. But he's always there with a cup of coffee, a cake of chocolate, or a cigaret. Now he's totin' stretcher. . . . Needs a stretcher himself, seems as tho."

"You're next, son," said a lieutenant-doctor. "Where'd you get it?"

"Leg and a chunk somewhere in the chest."

"Out of luck."

"Out of luck nothin'. Didn't I bayonet three of them Germans before they got me? Eh? . . . Luck."

The story goes that this division was called upon to stop the rush of five times its number. The story goes further and says they not only stopt the rush but caused a movement in the other direction. It was not an affair of hours but of days, days of constant, bitter, hand-to-hand fighting, with horrors added by the Hun that no American soldier has ever been called upon to face. But they had dammed the flood; had even swept it back for a little, and they were proud.

Great as were the achievements on the field, glorious tho the courage and daring against odds and fiendish treachery, above all soars the shining spirit of thought for the other fellow, that the "hard-boiled" found in that hell of hate. The writer continues:

A hurry call was sent to the distant Y. M. C. A.

"Can't you do something for these boys that are being brought in here?" the officer in charge demanded.

"What can we do?"

"Something to eat, and smokes. Coffee. A bite and a smoke do a wounded man more good than anything else. Do you know, some of those boys have been out there in that for two days with nothing to eat but hardtack!"

So the "Y" sent its men and its trucks; it made coffee, it brought such fruit as it could; it carried chocolate bars.

"Here you are sport," said one of them, coming into the courtyard. "Here's a cup of chocolate."

The boy raised himself painfully on his elbow and reached for the cup—then he motioned it away.

"I hain't hurt much—and there's a lot of guys here that's messed bad. You hain't got enough to go around. Git busy."

"I've got smokes and hot chocolate for every man. Go ahead."

"Honest? I won't be robbin' none of them birds?"

"Honest."

The boy drank—and was transformed. He lay back with a cigaret between his lips, with his eyes closed, and the expression on his dirty face was such a reward as few men ever earn.

"That's livin'," he said softly.

One boy was brought in with a broken leg. It had been an accident and not a wound won in battle. He had got in the way of a motor-truck.

"Jest fix me up out here what you can" he said.

"You get to the hospital, son."

"Nix. Hospital's for those fellows that's hurt. I just got a busted pin. You fix me here and leave me here. . . . When you git a chance."

Everybody appears to have this "something." The strangeness of it all—out of screaming, murderous gun-fire, scorching flames, noxious gases, frightful suffering, something better than they had ever known came to them. There is utter ignoring of self, a thing wonderful to witness. To continue:

"We've got to have a new word in the language," said a captain-surgeon. "Game won't do. These boys are something more than game. I've never seen anything like it. I don't know what it is." Even he, inured to suffering and to scenes of bloodshed, wiped his eyes. "They're—they're—why, hang it all, they're something! Nobody was ever like them!"

One man lay inside on a mattress on the floor. His chest was rising and falling as he struggled for breath.

"He's on his way," said the doctor to a "Y" man who was acting as orderly, nurse, assistant, anything.

The "Y" man went over and touched the boy's forehead.

"How about it, old man?" he said.

"Kind of—lonesome. . . . Maybe you . . . could sit . . . here still . . . ."

The "Y" man sat down and a hand struggled toward him. He took it and held it in his own, and he whispered to the boy a moment. Maybe it was a prayer. Whatever the words, it was a prayer. The wounded man lay still, his hand in the hand of the friend who had come to him in his last dark moment—his last glorious moment. He was giving his utmost for his country. The "Y" man sat still unti the hand grew limp and lifeless in his own, and then he moved away to othe errands, for it was a night demanding much of men.

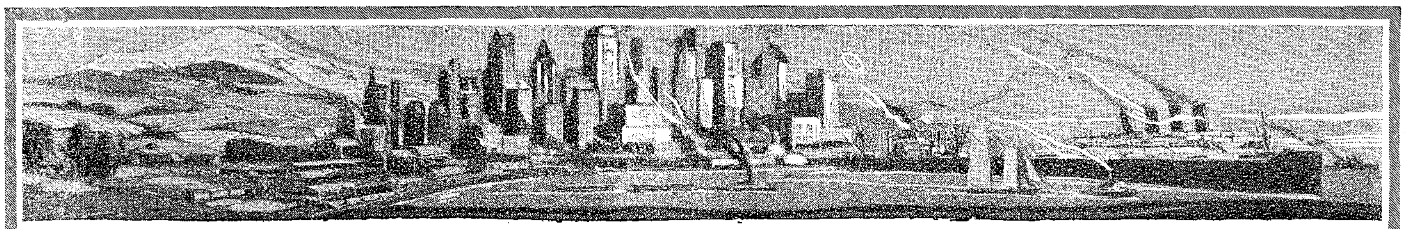
The courage of the battle-field seem to be a common commodity; but the courage to bear pain without flinching; to realize the approach of death withou crying out; to reach a moment when you know you must face life maimed, withou arm, leg, eye—and not to curse with black rage or cry out with despair—that is another kind of courage. But it was there Not one man had it, but it seemed as if al those wounded had it—it was not the gameness of the bulldog. It was something tha had to do with the soul. It was greatness it was fineness, it was a thing that compelled the watcher to uncover his head and stand bared in its presence.

They were Americans. Perhaps it wa their birthright. More likely it was a new thing; newly born of the day and the business of the day. Whatever it was, whenever and however it came, it was present This had been written with repression with a striving for understatement, with a wish to tell the truth. The thing wa there. They brought it back with them.

"How are you making it, sport? . . Here's a cup of coffee."

"*You come around* to me after you've given some to the boys over there. They need it."

That is what was there. It has read something new into the meaning of the words American Soldier. As the docto said, some new word must be coined to designate it. It was born of battle and agony.



Getting Down to Business

Today American Business faces an era of stupendous possibilities. We are about to enter an age of industrial prosperity unmatched in history. The vast, unsuspected reservoirs of economic resources the war has tapped cannot be sealed up. They are known, open and flowing and must continue to flow for the benefit of all mankind. This is an obligation arising from the unquestioned Leadership in Finance, Transportation, Industry and Agriculture, which the fortunes of war have thrust upon America.

TO every thinking man, the future must be interpreted largely in terms of motor transportation.

New industries born of war's necessity must continue to serve in peace. They will need motor trucks.

The enlarged capacity of America's factories—none too great to meet our own and the world's requirements—must rely upon modern haulage.

Our standardized, fabricated ships are needed to carry America's goods to foreign lands. Their cargoes must "go down to the sea" in motor trucks.

The multiplied harvests of our power-operated farms can best be carried to market with motor trucks aiding railroad and ship.

Our soil is still rich with coal, ores, and petroleum. Better roads and more trucks are needed to release them.

We accept Federal's part in this great constructive peace period not only as an opportunity but as a *duty*.

That manufacturer falls short who sees in a motor truck only a power vehicle to be sold at a profit.

He must sense his larger obligation to supply haulage units that will assist in the fulfillment of America's great industrial destiny.

* * * *

FROM the very beginning of its history, Federal has laid solid foundations.

"Federal" signifies—not a mere combination of specifications—but performance—quality of service—the assurance of haulage, reliable, efficient and economical.

What Federal signified before the war, Federals have proved many times over in their war-time record.

That record is the ample evidence of what may be expected of Federal in the coming period of business expansion.

Federal plans for the future are plans for growth in order to answer every haulage need for more trucks and the right kind of trucks.

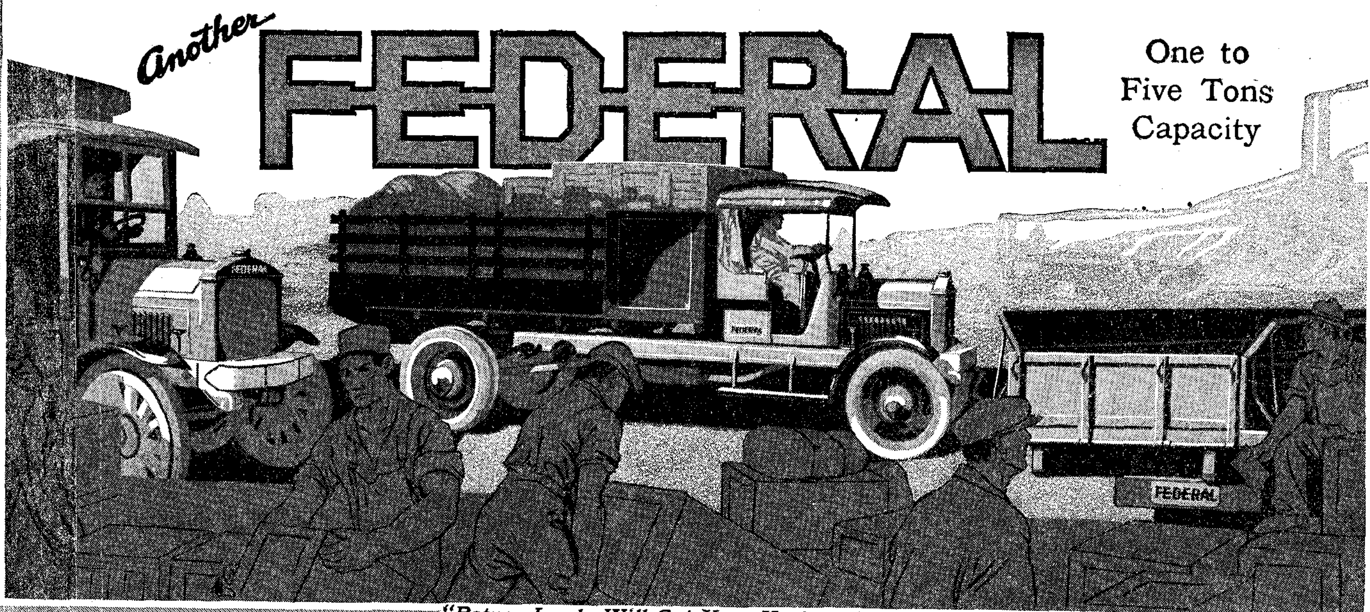
The Federal Haulage Research Department will be developed still further so as to offer motor truck users information that will enable them to get the utmost of service from their trucks.

This is the purpose that animates the entire Federal organization as we are once more "getting down to business."

If in the following out of this purpose, Federal can help you in your business, you may rest assured that no details will be overlooked in our endeavor to serve you well.

For the benefit of motor truck users, present and prospective, Federal publishes regularly an interesting worth-while magazine, "Federal Traffic News," which discusses actual problems of haulage in various specific lines of business and shows how they have been solved. It contains a wealth of suggestion on motor transportation for the owner and operator of trucks. We will be pleased to send it to business executives on request.

Federal Motor Truck Company Detroit, Michigan



"Return Loads Will Cut Your Haulage Costs."

FALLICK, THE LIGHTNING FITTER

A TAILOR who can fit six men a minute to complete suits of clothes would seem to have the wizards of Araby faded away to Never-Never Land, but he is just plain Sergeant Fallick, of that brand-new Yankee Army that has been doing a few other surprizing things of late. Here is the story, as told in *The Mooseheart Magazine:*

"Seven, 32–27, 5½, 2, 7½, D!" yells Sergeant Joseph Fallick, and like magic another recruit is fitted from head to foot in khaki. A moment ago he was garbed as a citizen, now he is drest as a soldier. The numbers yelled out by Sergeant Fallick make you think of a quarterback calling out the football play. But it isn't football signals; the numbers are confined to the measurements of the soldier's duds.

Sergeant Fallick is the official outfitter for the men coming to Camp Pike, Little Rock, Arkansas. He can take a man's measure and fit him with clothes, hat, and shoes in just ten seconds. Imagine yourself walking into a clothing store, being measured and fitted and having your shirts, socks, suit, hat, and shoes in your arms in ten short seconds by the clock.

How does he do it? Why he measures the man with his eye and calls off the measurements as fast as he can wag his tongue. The garment handlers then throw the correct sizes at the rookie's head; he catches them on the run and goes to his barracks to put them on. Thus the men are fitted as fast as they can file in front of this rapid-fire tailor for Uncle Sam.

"I have fitted about 60,000 soldiers since I have been here," said Sergeant Fallick. "I can clothe 1,500 men a day. My average is six a minute. We give the soldier the best material in the clothes we supply him. Uncle Sam does not spare the dollar when he is buying clothes to fit his boys out in khaki. He has a monopoly on all the best materials in the country. That's why retail concerns can't obtain high-grade materials."

In the supply-depot there is a long chute between two doors. On one side of the chute a line of sergeants and lieutenants sits with the names of the men to be fitted. On the other side of the chute is a table. Back of this table there is a stock of soldiers' clothes. A dozen men are waiting along that table to carry each man's clothes out as he comes into the chute. Sergeant Fallick stands at the head of the line and as the rookies come to him in single file he "gets their measure" and yells out to the supply-men. The work is done so quickly that many men are puzzled. One rooky grabbed up his clothes and strung them out the door.

"Great snorts," he laughed, "that fellow takes your measure and your breath all at the same time." He looked at his new army clothes a moment and sighed. "Gee, no wonder he can fit you up so quick; nothing'll fit a guy after he gets th' junk!" But when the rookie got to his barracks and "drest up," he found he'd been well fitted.

"Most of the time I get 'em fitted right," said Sergeant Fallick. "Of course, sometimes we're out of the numbers I call and we give them the nearest we have to that size.

"My fitting vocabulary contains thirty-two numbers and I can fit anybody from the King of Siam to the High Mogul of Zanzibar. And aside from that I came to the army to 'fight' the Hun and 'fit' him for a six-foot hole in the ground."

"New York's my home town," laughed Sergeant Fallick, "and I want to take a picture of the Statue of Liberty from New York to the Kaiser! I have never fitted the Kaiser with clothes, but I know I've got his number, all right! We'll fit him with a suit of wooden clothes."

Soldiers' clothes are a different proposition now from what they were in wars fifty years ago. In the Civil War the boys wore baggy blue pants that caught on rocks and bushes like a woman's skirt. To-day the soldiers legs are drest to avoid the snags. Then there were the clumsy caps of Civil War days. They were too heavy in front and wouldn't stay on. Think of dressing the fighters in monkey caps that fall over their eyes when they move.

THRILLS OF WAR—BUT THE TRAGEDY OF PEACE

TO spend years on German sea-raiders, in German prison-camps, in German cattle-cars, to risk death from German guns, and from exposure on land and sea, to go through adventures "of the most penny-dreadful character," and then to come back unharmed to his own land and go to work on a Long Island farm and have his right arm crusht into uselessness in the teeth of a prosaic threshing-machine was the fate of one nineteen-year-old New York boy. Ralph Goodman, as Augustin Lardy tells the story in the New York *Herald*, was a fifteen-year-old messenger-boy when the European War broke out. The lure of the sea and the war drew him from his A. D. T. uniform to the nondescript garb of a mess-boy on the *Corea*. Here he had to "serve grub to about seventy-two of the crew—lascars, negroes, wops, Swedes, Hindus, Portuguese, Finns, and Russians from way up North." Six days out, the boy, who had taken his prize-fighter brother's ring name of Dan Goodwin, knocked out one of the lascars in a fight. That night the lascar attacked the pugilistic mess-boy in his bunk. Some one else kicked the lascar out of the bunk-room, and there was a hubbub, with the consequence that on the following day the captain of the *Corea* put Goodman to work shoveling coal for the stokers. But this work was too hard and he returned to the mess-room. At London the young adventurer left the ship, looked, up and found a grandmother whom he had never seen, tried in vain to join the British Navy, and was finally sent back to the *Corea* by the American Consul. After two more trips Goodman got a job as able seaman with the White Star line. The date he remembers well: "It was December 1, 1916, and from that day began my real troubles." The young seaman shipped from Philadelphia on the *Georgic* carrying horses, munitions, and Christmas gifts to Britain. Perhaps this is the place to let Ralph Goodman begin to tell the story in his own words as taken down by the writer in *The Herald:*

The weather was as cold as time. Part of my job was up in the crow's-nest watching for German submarines or raiders. On Sunday, December 10, I came down off duty and went into the galley, asking the cook for something to warm me up. I was nearly frozen with my trick in the nest. The cook chased me out on deck for breakfast. The bos'n and I and some other sailors were chatting about the chances of being plugged by a torpedo when the bell rang for breakfast and we all made a rush for the mess-hall, for it was first come first served, and he who gobbled most and fastest got the best. It was Sunday and so we were waiting for the plum duff, which is the English sailor's delight—the White Star liners are English boats—when—

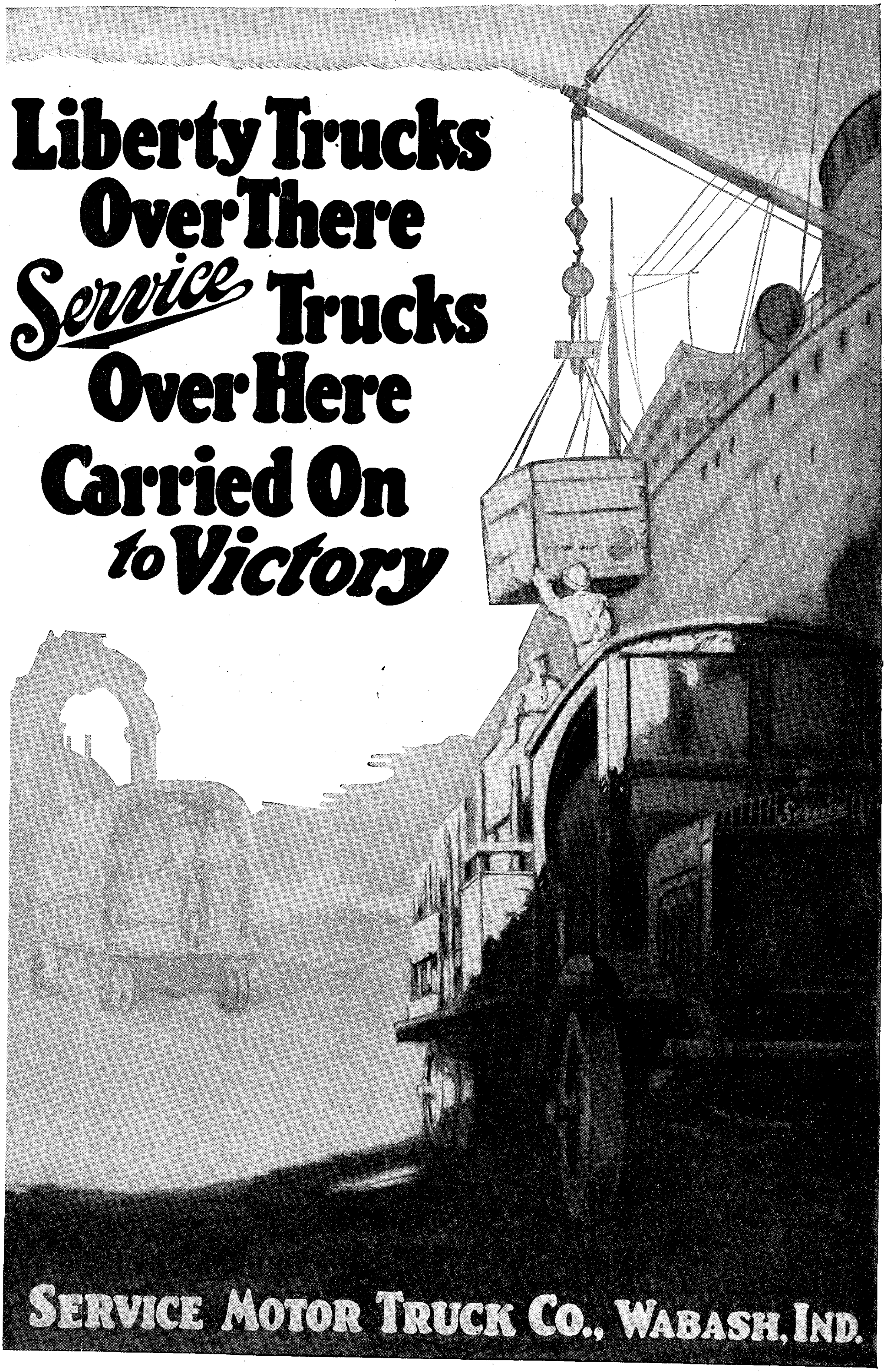
Crash! The report of a cannon and the ship trembled a little. We sat around stunned and stupid for a moment, and then everybody broke for the deck. There, off to port, not more than one hundred yards away, was a ship—a long, rakish, black ship, with the imperial German eagle flying from her black masthead. She was racing alongside us just as easy as if she could sail around us three times in a circle without half trying. She was the notorious German raider *Moëwe*.

Crash! There was a puff of smoke from her starboard gun and a smash—splinter—bang on our boat, and when we turned to look nothing was left of the 4.7, which we had mounted on our stern. Some shooting from those Germans, all right!

Everybody went wild. The captain and the officers danced around like chickens with their heads off. There was a rush for one of the two life-boats that had not been smithereened by the Hun shells. The seas were running rough and high and our boat was still moving, mind you. Out swung the boat from her davits and over the side she went, overcrowded with about seventy or seventy-five men. She struck the water and a big wave washed her out and another slapped her smash against the ship's side and then there were seventy or seventy-five men in the sea. The smashed boat was hanging by her ropes and banging against the ship and there were yelling and screaming and rushing about on board and not an officer with his head cool enough to keep order.

Up steps Scotty Adams, a boy whose job it was to look after some of the horses. Up he steps, cool as can be, and curses out the men calm and fluent for spoiling their chances of getting away in the remaining boat. He kept order, did Scotty. He made the men get into the boat one by one, saw to it that she was not overcrowded, saw to it that she swung out from her davits and dropt neatly into the sea. Then there was panic again. I was rushed over the side by frantic men. I grabbed a rope and managed to reach the Jacob's ladder. I was going down, rung after rung, when some fool heeled my fingers with one boot and stept on my head with the other. Down I went. Splash! Ooh, that water was bitter cold! My boots I kicked off, and squirmed out of my jacket. Believe me, I was glad I had learned to swim off the docks of little old New York when I was a kid. I struck out for the German raider, riding easy and high, and every now and then pumping another shell into the liner just to keep in target practise, I guess.

A German life-boat was pulling toward us, the seamen grunting as they bent to their oars. I was dragged on board like a drowned terrier. Somebody gave me a drink. It burned like Third Avenue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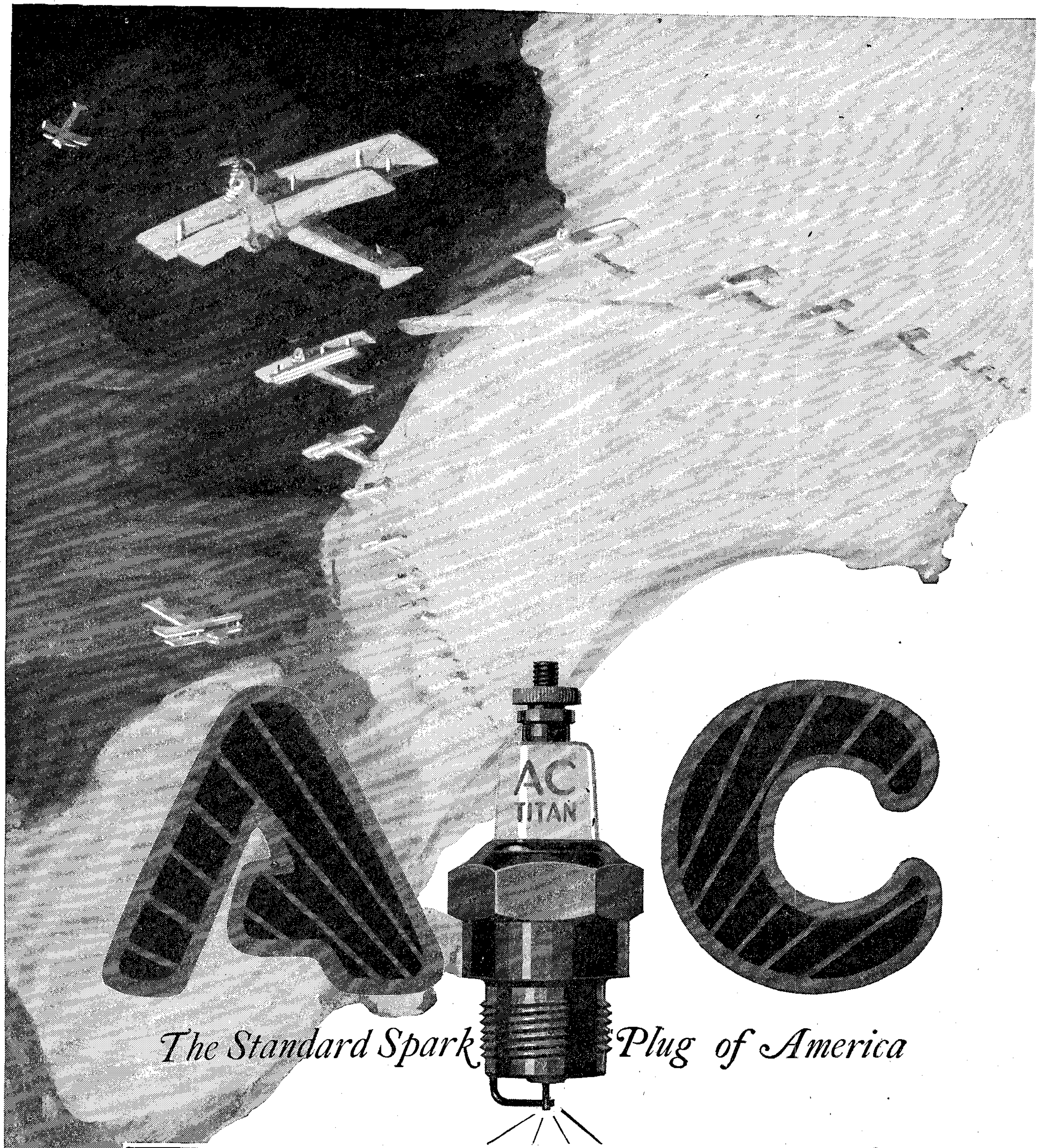

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Westcott
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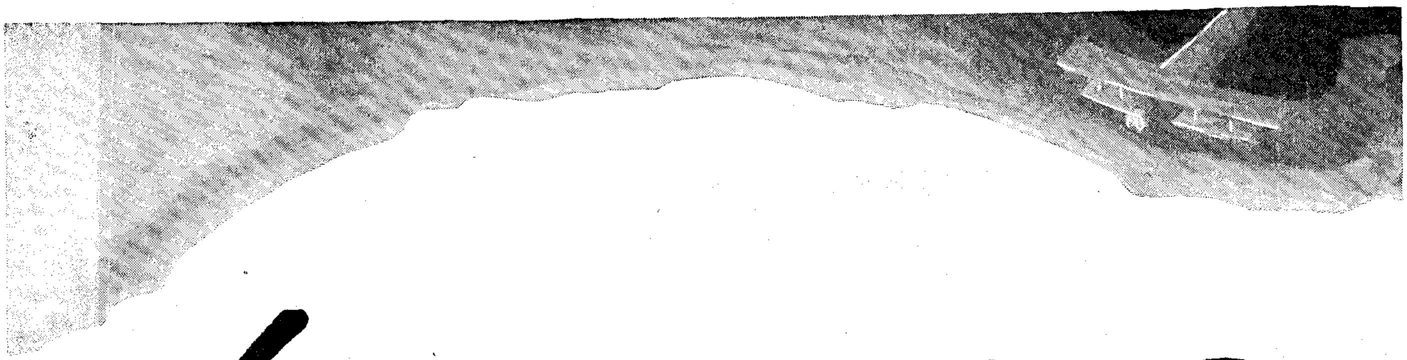
U. S. Pat. No. 1, 135,727, April 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1, 216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending.



40,000

Airplane Plugs a Day

During the war, our obligation to the government we served, imposed upon us the seal of silence. Now we may with propriety set forth the full facts concerning AC Spark Plugs and the war.

At the outbreak of the war, army and navy engineers asked the spark plug makers to submit plugs in tests for an aviation motor of 125 pounds compression.

The result of these tests was overwhelmingly in favor of AC.

So AC Spark Plugs were chosen for standard equipment on Liberty and Hispano-Suiza airplane motors. These plugs were all of the basic AC design used for years by the leading motor car, truck and tractor manufacturers of this country. This we deem absolute proof of AC superiority.

Our War Program

AC Spark Plugs were standard equipment on Liberty and Hispano-Suiza airplane motors.

At the time of the signing of the armistice we were manufacturing 40,000 AC aviation plugs a day.

This exceeded the combined daily outputs for aviation of either English, French or American makers.

Thousands of AC Spark Plugs were furnished for ordnance tanks and trucks.

All Class B standardized army trucks were AC equipped.

By far the largest percentage of all army trucks were equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

We are proud of our opportunity to perform this service. Justly, also are we proud of the record we have made.

To our customers who were perhaps inconvenienced at times in their efforts to secure AC Spark Plugs while the war lasted, we make this explanation.

Now we resume with full energy the production of AC Plugs for civilian use.

Heretofore we have pointed to the overwhelming majority of motor car, truck and tractor manufacturers who use AC Plugs for standard equipment.

Now we call your attention to the endorsement won by AC Spark Plugs at the hands of the United States Government.

Such combined testimony demonstrates more emphatically than ever before our contention that AC Spark Plugs are by all odds the best spark plugs.

There is an AC Spark Plug specially designed for every make and style of motor. Use no other kind.

AC Spark Plugs will serve you best, just as they served the Government best under the acid test of airplane service.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan* whisky, but it warmed me up, despite my clothes freezing about me. Next thing I knew we were on board the German raider and we were being herded down below. There were six hundred men already there, survivors from other ships that had been sunk by the raider.

Some of the men were taking things philosophically and others were crying like a lot of women, for we could not say how many of us had been killed by the shell-fire or drowned. Later we learned that out of 127 in the crew 116 had been saved, which was mighty good work on the part of the Germans, seeing that most of us were picked up out of the water. Every now and then we could feel the recoil of a shot, and we knew the old *Georgic* was getting it good and plenty. Finally down the stairway steps the German captain, a fellow so proud that he never glanced at his own shoes. His mustache was turned up *à la* Kaiser, and his eyes, if they ever looked at you, were as cold and green as the sea itself. He opened his mouth and the whiskers of his mustache quivered like a cat's. He said:

"*Amerikaners! Raus!*" pointing to the deck with one sweeping, lordly gesture.

There were about thirty-one of us Americans and we went on deck, some of us coatless, most of us without shoes, like myself, and we stood there shivering while the cold bit into us. The Germans tied white bands about our arms to distinguish us from the French, English, Belgian, and other prisoners down below, and, as our country was not at war with Germany, we were given the run of the ship. We crowded to the rail, where we could watch the old *Georgic* still floating. She had been raked by shell-fire until her iron-work on deck had been hammered into fantastic shapes. The Huns had looted her clean of everything they had wanted, from shells and ammunition to food and clothing. They let fly a light torpedo at her and it struck amidships and knocked a great hole in her middle. She shuddered all over like a live thing, that ship, and after that, for seven and one-half hours she just lay on the water wabbling like a sick child, quivering like a woman sobbing, trembling like a baby with the ague. Crash!

They had let her have another light torpedo and the hole in her middle had been knocked into a bigger one. Dead horses began to float out of the hole and every now and then a live horse would jump out and swim around. There had been 2,500 horses in that ship, remember. Then a fine big white horse sprang out and swam strongly to us, half a mile away. Ah, he was a noble beast, that horse! Near us he neighed. An officer barked something in German and a sailor began shooting at the animal with a pistol. One shot hit and the horse screamed. Did you ever hear a horse scream? It sounds like a woman in agony and it makes your blood creep. He was right near us and we could see his eyes, wild, pleading fear of death in them. The officer curst and clouted the sailor and jerked out his own pistol and fired once, and the horse sank immediately. That's the horse I have nightmares about sometimes.

Then the Germans gave the ship another torpedo, a heavy one this time, and she sort of broke up in the middle, seemed to balance herself for a second, and then went down, tilting her stern high in the air. It was a graceful, horrible sight.

One after the other the Germans nabbed ships and sank them. One, two, three order it was. Somewhere somebody must have been giving information to the Germans, for they seemed to know just where to find the ships. Finally, there were nine hundred men in the hold of the raider, and I could tell you tales of men going mad of hunger and thirst and cold and sickness and brutality, but I have too many other things to tell. Then the raider captured a dirty little tramp steamer, the *Yarrowdale*, and formed a prize crew of fourteen German sailors and a brute of a lieutenant. They made us all sign papers never to fight against Germany and promised to dump us at some neutral port, and then put us on board the tramp in charge of the prize crew.

After that there were more horror and suffering. Nine hundred men penned in the bowels of a dirty little steamer! Typhoid broke out, dropsy, scurvy, and disease. Vermin crawled upon us and we were nearly starved. Men died like flies in winter. Once a fellow called Harrington spoke to a sailor, who slapped his face. Harrington knocked him down and when the sailor came for him with his bayonet or sword Harrington grabbed it. The German grasped the steel and Harrington yanked it through the Hun's hand, splitting the palm clean open. Then the crew piled on him and Harrington nearly died from his injuries. Once there was a revolt among the prisoners and the Germans came down with their guns clubbed. Some of us were battered to death and after that we were cowed. Once I saw that German lieutenant knock one of his men down and jump on his head with his boot-heels. They used to lower our slops in a bucket, and because we had been turned by pain and starvation into beasts we would fight among ourselves for the food. We were wolves. Twenty-one days were we on that ship, always sailing north under dull steam, it seemed. One whole day we lay in a port, and we understood that it was somewhere in Denmark. One morning we were told to herd on deck, and there we were in a land-locked bay. A neutral port? No, indeedy! It was Swinemunde, Germany, a naval base in the north of that country. Barefooted, jacketless, we were marched seven miles through the snow to a barracks where the whole nine hundred of us were herded again. We were fed every other day on acorn coffee, two slices of bread, and a bowl of cabbage-water that was called soup. That was two days' rations.

What's the use of going into all the dreary, agonizing details? Everybody knows how the Germans treated their prisoners. We were shipped across the country from prison-camp to prison-camp, for they did not seem to know what to do with us. Sometimes we would be locked in the cars—cattle-cars—for days at a time in indescribable filth. Always were we just this side of starvation, always were we hooted, jeered, pelted, curst by the people. Germany was a desolate, saddened land. Every man was in uniform, and every woman was a toiler. There were no babies that I saw. They must all have starved to death. Now and then we would see *Zeppelins* overhead, hovering like evil dreams over a land that once had been smiling.

Once we were held in a prison barracks at Neustrelitz, on the outskirts of Berlin. Ambassador Gerard tried to get to us, but he was prevented. We passed through Hanover, Münster, and Essen, where the Krupp gun-works are, miles upon miles of smoking factories, running night and day. For a while we were held at Dulmen, the main prison-camp for the Western Front, where 140,000 French, British, Belgian, Indian, and captured troops of all other nationalities seemed to be herded. We were kept separate. There two American consuls, Osborne and another man I can't remember came to me and said they could do nothing. The English prisoners took pity on our condition and gave us food surreptitiously. After that we were shipped to Brandenburg, the death-camp of Germany, where the year before 7,000 out of 8,000 Russian prisoners had died of pestilence. It was the naval prison-camp of Germany, but there were not more than sixty or eighty naval prisoners there, all that Germany had captured in the war. One morning we Americans, about twenty-five of us now, were called out and lined up in the snow. Then the mighty Hindenburg himself came to sneer at us. He was an old man, huge, haughty, his face lined and seamed and hard as granite and red with rage. There were fifteen soldiers guarding him in front and fifteen guarding him in the rear. He told us in English:

"Shame America! Shame! We would have won this war long ago if it had not been for your damned interference. You Americans are now under military rule. You will remain so until the war is terminated."

Harrington, the fellow who with Scotty Adams had more nerve than any other men I have ever seen, shouted at Hindenburg that America would do as she pleased and Germany be damned. A soldier back of us felled Harrington with the butt of his musket.

The spotted fever broke out among us. Vermin were so thick on us that we ceased trying to be clean, and every day we became more and more brutish. When our tub of slops would be pushed in to us we would fall upon it like savage, starving pigs. I have watched two huge Englishmen slug each other's faces into bleeding beef because of a half slice of bread. We Americans stuck together. We were always shoulder to shoulder and any one who hit one of us hit all. See? That's how we pulled through. One day an English chum of mine wandered within the sixteen feet prohibited area next to the electric charged wire fence. A guard put a bullet through the prisoner's groin. Once I got into a fight with a little Portuguese, who pulled a knife from God knows where and got me through the shoulder.

I never felt the wound then. I got away his knife and would have cut his throat if Scotty Adams and Harrington had not pulled me off him. About once in four months we would get a bath. No soap, of course. Soap was more precious than gold in Germany. Several times we were told we would be released, but nothing ever happened. We ceased to hope.

But finally the American sailors were released and came home by way of Switzerland, France, and Spain. At Barcelona, Ralph remembers, he saw Jack Johnson, the prize-fighter, "an exile and seedy and downcast." As Ralph concludes his own story:

I had come through all that hell of war without any damage to myself physically. I had gone through all that scarlet agony that I might return to peaceful America, where I went to work on a farm owned by a man called George H. Robinson, at Northport, L. I. And then I got my arm broken and wrenched and ripped, until now——

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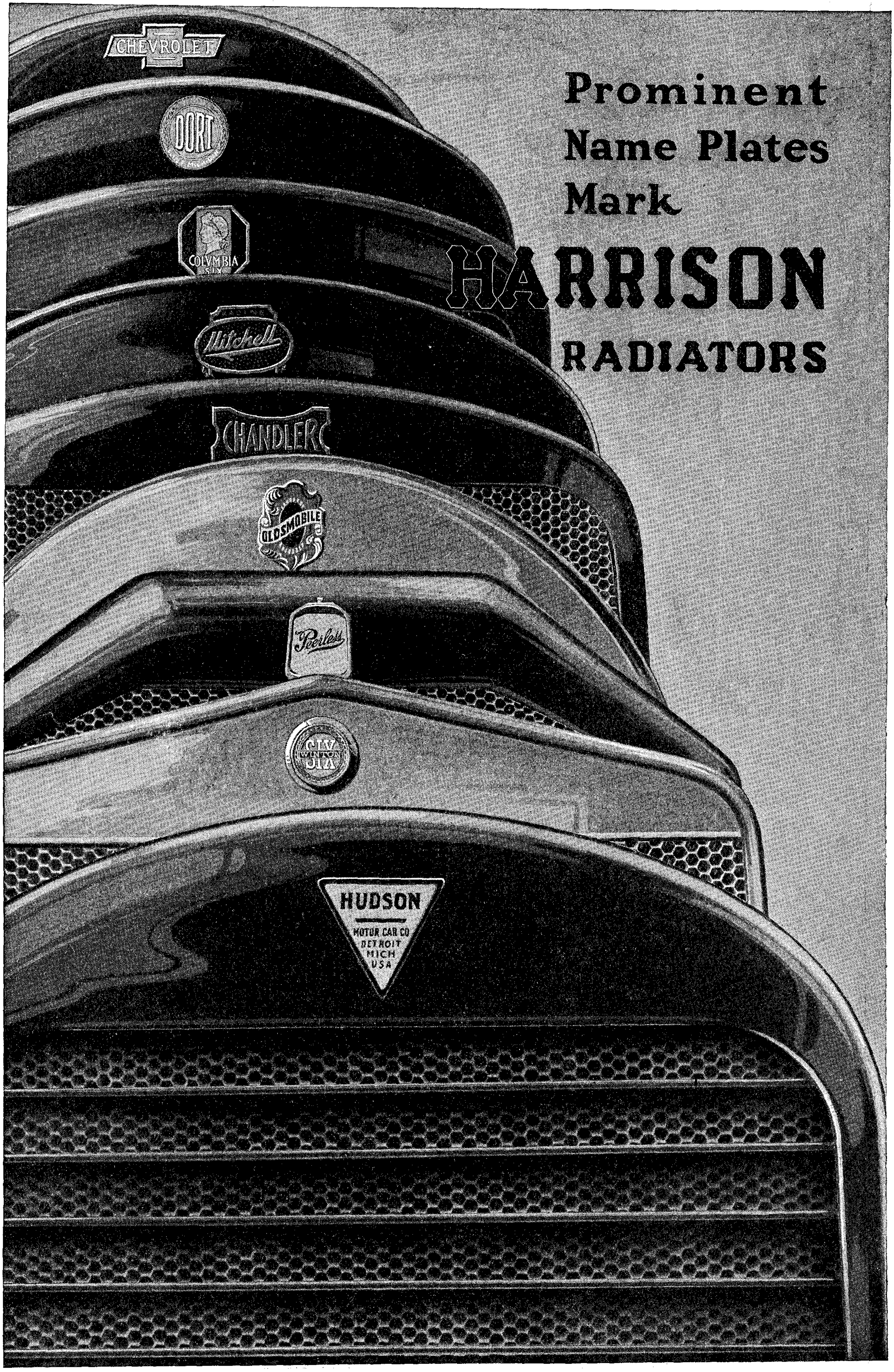
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HOME LIFE OF THE JUGO-SLAVS

SOUTH SLAVS having sprung from a state of comparative unimportance into sudden prominence, it is but natural they should have awakened a new and general interest among the people of the United States. There is considerable curiosity as to their customs of living and their ideals which Miss Beatrice L. Stevenson, Ph.D., who is a specialist for the Jugo-Slavs in the Department of Work for Foreign-born Women, War Work Council of the Y. W. C. A., does much to satisfy in an interview with a representative of *The Christian Science Monitor*. She tells us something of the home life of the wives and sisters of the brave soldiers whose uniforms are now nearly as familiar to us as those of their Western Allies. To quote:

> The women of Servia more than once have astonished the enemies of their land by their stoical disregard of danger and their ultimate appeal to the fighting glory of their race, in succoring and providing weapons for their men in the hour of peril. Well known is it that in war-time women care for the wounded and attend to an important extent to the provisioning of the armies with food and clothing. These they carry to the troops across the hills or down the valleys as the case might require. Servian women have not hesitated to form themselves into bands for military drill and to organize their resources as fighting auxiliaries.
>
> The men in Servia never discourage the attitude of women who actively help the warrior. Knowing that it must be so, they realize that the Servian women are only doing what the women of their race had often been forced to do in times gone by. Now in the hinterland of Saloniki there is much opportunity to revive the traditions and the thrift which have left their mark for generations.
>
> Altho the Servian woman has not shown herself ambitious to take the lead in public or political affairs, she has always been the great conservative force in the nation, and defended all national interests as if they were matters of pure patriotism. In her heart the fires of devotion never die, she cherishes the old traditions and customs, teaches her babe the histories and tales of past achievements, and inspires him with a determined belief in Servian destiny.
>
> Among the Jugo-Slavs hospitality is highly developed. If one eats bread and salt with a stranger in Servia it is taken to mean that such comrades will hereafter be fast friends. To be on terms of friendship with one member of the family implies friendliness with the whole household. The wives, mothers, and sisters of the host do not play so prominent a part in presenting the show of hospitality, but they carry out its behests. During the time of the Turkish invasions many and many an outlaw would be forced to seek the security and protection of the homes throughout Dalmatia and Bosnia. Relatives always received these outlaws in a friendly manner, and, without murmuring or mentioning added expense, would keep them willingly till such times as called for their departure.
>
> In Montenegro when a traveler is prevented by bad weather from continuing his journey, he may enter the first house he finds. On arriving he greets the master with the words: "*Pomozi Bog!*" (God help

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a tiny fraction of your loss on one ill-chosen hat or gown

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Consider, then, that by the simple act of mailing the coupon below, and at your convenience forwarding $2 (a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown), not only may you have before you, at this important season, Vogue's great special Fashion Numbers, but all through the next two seasons the numbers that follow them.

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Here are the 9 numbers

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The most daring and intimate of the Parisienne's thoughts on lingerie. The latest Fifth Avenue originations. Linens, laces, accessories.

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Forecast of Spring Fashions **Feb. 1**
The earliest advance information from Paris on the new silhouette—saving you from the costliest of all errors, a wrong start.

Spring Millinery **Feb. 15**
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ye). The householder replies: "*Dobra ti sreda!*" (Good luck to thee). The women now come forward and kiss his hands, while he asks: "Can one pass the night in this honorable house? Ill luck has chased me till I know not what I do or whither I go." The host replies: "The house is God's and yours, and we shall surely find something to eat, be it but two potatoes, which with love and good will can not be divided."

The morning after the arrival of the guest the whole house is up early, and sees that everything he may require is ready for him when he arises. One of the women puts on his shoes and brings him water and a towel. When he has washed, he sits down to breakfast at which none of the women would join him under any consideration, but stand around and wait upon him. After he has eaten, he takes leave of the entire household, and the women kiss his hands, saying "*Zbogen i oprosti!*" (Good-by and forgive).

PARALLEL PORTRAITS OF TISZA AND KAROLYI

At the moment when some people were thinking Count Michael Karolyi might prove to be the Gambetta of Hungary and make it safe for a Magyar democracy came cable reports that in despair at the outlook for his country he had committed suicide. Suicides and assassinations of world-figures in latter days have become so numerous and are so often denied that the average person receives such reports with doubt until they are officially confirmed. Of the assassination of the former Prime Minister Tisza of Hungary, who was the power behind the Austro-Hungarian throne, there is no longer question. And his reactionary character is contrasted with the progressiveness of Karolyi, the radical aristocrat, by Mr. Eugene S. Bagger in the New York *Evening Post*, who says that the four words, "from Tisza to Karolyi," condense for the Magyar people the political evolution of a century into four tempestuous years. We read:

> Tisza and Karolyi—the two names stand as the embodiments not only of two opposed political ideas, two different conceptions of governmental theory, but as the symbols of two worlds: the Old World dominated by the obscurantist dogma of the super-race and super-caste, and the New World, not an ideal world indeed, but one striving toward the light on the arduous road called democracy.
>
> Was it not but yesterday that Count Stephen Tisza ruled Hungary with the power of a military despot and dictated the policies of the camouflage empire of the Hapsburgs? It was at his command that, in those blessed days of peace, volleys of Bosnian infantry mowed down the Magyar workers, clamoring for the right to vote, in the streets of the Hungarian capital. It was at his command that the leaders of the opposition, noblemen, privy councillors, and ministers of God among them, were literally kicked and dragged by *gendarmes* down the steps of the Budapest Parliament, the "temple of Magyar constitutional liberty." One of these leaders was Count Michael Karolyi, the cousin of the Premier, and the second largest temporal landowner in the country of limitless estates.
>
> And to-day? Count Tisza is dead, his heart pierced by the bullets of Magyar soldiers whose brethren he had sent to the shambles by the hundred thousand—crusht by the very forces he more than anybody else, not even the Kaiser excepted, had helped to turn loose upon the world.
>
> A good way to explain Karolyi is to contrast him with Tisza. Typical representatives, each in his way, of their race and caste, these two aristocrats have but one quality in common—indomitable courage, physical and moral. Bodily valor, however, is the common heritage of Magyar aristocracy whose life is a mixture of English outdoor exercises and the discipline of cavalry officers. The different manifestation in each of the quality called moral courage is the measure of the gulf that separated the two men. For Tisza, moral courage was an impenetrable armor behind which he defied the twentieth century in the terms of the fourteenth. He had a certain style, a simplicity of outline, which commanded the admiration even of his enemies. This style is not the property of cowards. Karolyi's moral courage helped him to battle his way through the Chinese wall of caste feeling and class interest, to face social ostracism for the sake of democratic ideas.
>
> If sheer force of character and oneness of purpose are desirable standards, Tisza was by far the greater man of the two. He was a splendid specimen of Junkerdom—not of the Prussian variety, tho. He had no use for the scientific methods of oppression, did not believe in bribing people into submission. He was all for the whip and the saber as the instruments of political education for the masses—feudal baron merged into a Russian police general. His Magyarism was simply caste feeling and oriental exclusiveness. His stern religion finishes the picture. He was a Calvinist crusader—at the same time a devout servant of his Catholic master the King. A Cromwell willing to fight and die for the divine right of James II.

According to the *Evening Post* writer, the pragmatic test of social usefulness establishes the superiority of Karolyi. His mind is described as flexible and receptive, while Tisza's opinions were of cast iron. Karolyi is pictured as cosmopolitan in education and attitude, as Tisza was parochial—as European as Tisza was Asiatic. Socially and intellectually the two men compared as a granite statue of Sulla compares to a live Paris club-man, and we read that—

> His activities as Radical leader did not tend to popularize Karolyi among his fellow aristocrats. They affected not to take him seriously—derided him as a crank and a doctrinaire.
>
> Now members of the ruling caste had a very legitimate grievance against the "Red Count." Heir to the Karolyi entail, second only to that of the Prince Esterhazy and reputed to be worth about $30,000,000, Count Michael started public life as president of the Hungarian Agricultural Union, the representative body of Magyar Junker reaction. One day he announced to that distinguished gathering of Magyar Westarps and Reventlows that he was through with them for good, that they were all wrong, that the future belongs to democracy, and that he was going to fight for the rights of the common people.
>
> Imagine Mr. Schwab announcing at the Union League Club that he joined the

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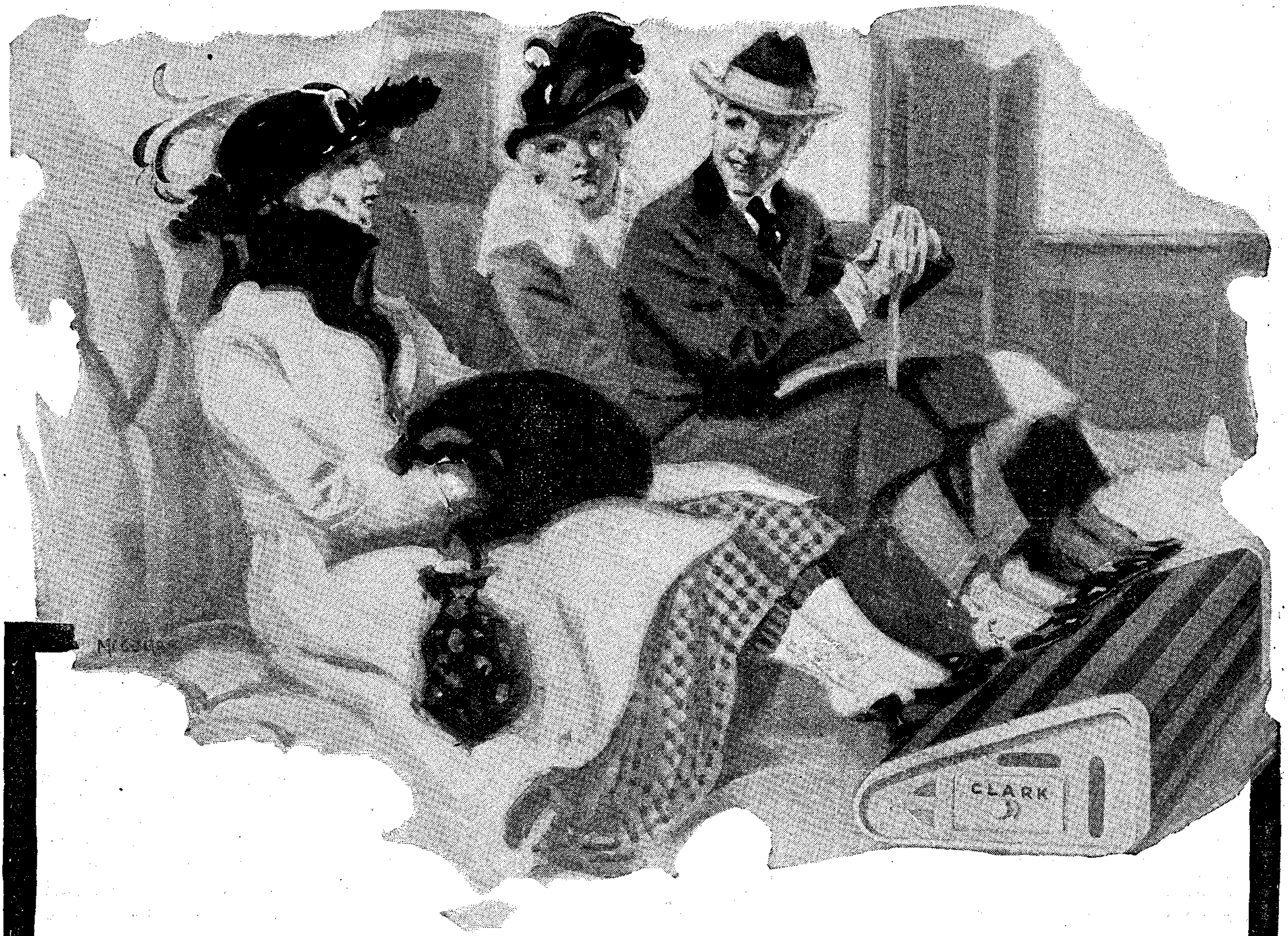

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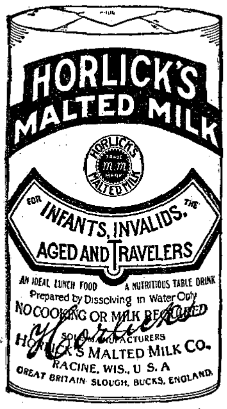
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I. W. W.! Karolyi was as good as his word. To his advocacy of universal and equal suffrage he soon added a persistent propaganda for land reform. He went from bad to worse—from the Left toward the Extreme Left.

The question naturally arises: Why does Karolyi not live up to his principles and turn over his vast estates to the Hungarian people? This is the favorite question of his hecklers. But he has an answer. In the spring of 1914 he came to the United States to enlist the aid of Hungarians in this country in the fight for universal suffrage and other reforms. At a mass-meeting in the Central Opera House the above question was put up to him. He replied:

"I will not give my estates to the Magyar people because I want the Magyar people to come and take them away. I won't give alms to my people, and I won't bribe them. The land rightfully belongs to them—when they will awaken to this, they'll go and seize it, and as far as I am concerned they are entirely welcome."

The probability is that the reports of Karolyi's suicide are correct. Yet even if he did break down under the terrific burden he bore, he remains a figure of no mean proportions in days when great men crowd the stage of the world. We read:

His enemies charge he is a theorist. This is, to an extent, true. But it means only that he is able to see things in perspective, to recognize that whatever the demand of the moment, ultimate expediency always coincides with general justice. He preached that the German alliance spelled disaster for Hungary when to say it aloud would have cost an ordinary citizen his neck. He said, in effect:

"Berlin and Vienna tell the Magyar Junkers, 'You give us recruits and taxes, and we give you a free hand to skin the Slavs and Roumanians alive—the Magyar peasants, too. The Slavs and Roumanians will resent the skinning and this you may point out to the Magyar people as the reason why they should give us recruits and money.'"

He did not hesitate to draw his conclusions. His overtures toward Paris and Petrograd, heartily applauded by all Hungarian radicals, were cut short by the outbreak of the war.

His record during the last four years is more or less known to the American public. In Parliament he opposed bitterly submarine warfare, demanded renunciation of all imperialistic aims and a peace program along Wilsonian lines, attacked the Germans whenever he saw a chance, and profest pro-Ally sympathies with increasing frankness. His endeavors were duly honored when, early in 1918, he was indicted for high treason on a charge brought by his own cousin, Count Emery Karolyi. The German Government appreciated his activities by establishing at Budapest a special secret service to watch him. The thing came out; there was a big scandal in Parliament, and Major Consten, the German secret agent, had to make a hurried exit.

Karolyi advocated just treatment for the subject nationalities ever since he turned Radical. Nevertheless, he was denounced by Slovak and Roumanian spokesmen as a Magyar chauvinist because of his insistence on the indivisibility of the Magyar state. His stand has its parallel in the attitude of Russian liberals toward the Ukraine. But there is every reason to assume that Karolyi has at last realized that the friendship of the Czecho-Slovaks

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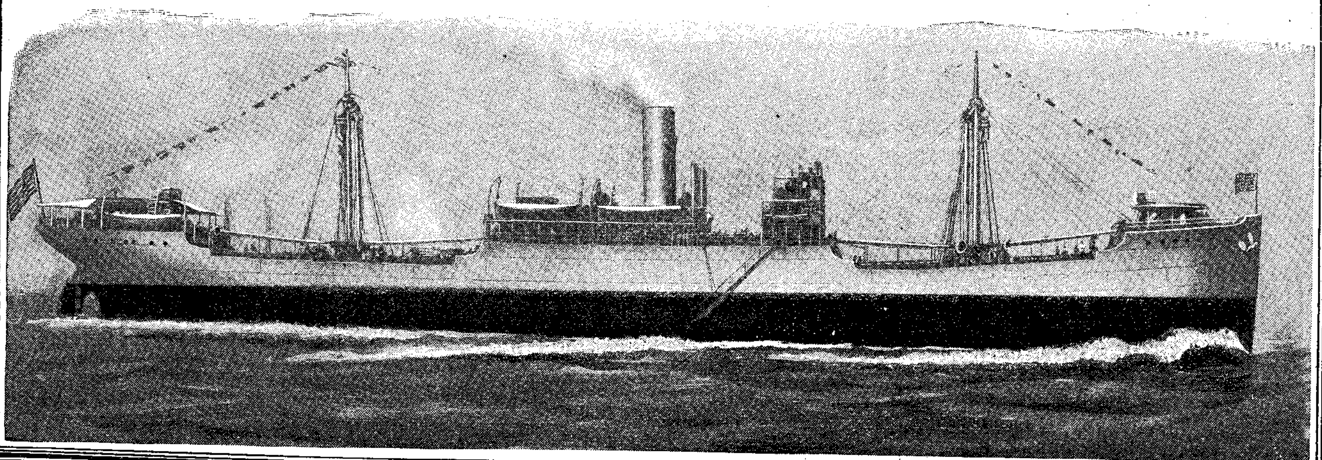


and Jugo-Slavs and Roumanians can be gained only through cooperation with their free national states. His whole development points in this direction.

Even his best friends would refrain from calling Karolyi a genius of the first rank. But his good-will, his sincerity, his zeal to do the right thing are coupled with a keen sense of justice, a European outlook and power to grasp the international foundations of genuine democracy. Above all, he lacks that cocksure, parochial, intolerant haughtiness which characterized almost all Magyar statesmen since the death of the two real Liberals, Deak and Eotvos.

COMPARATIVE CHARMS OF FRENCH AND AMERICAN GIRLS

THE relative fascination of American and French girls, which seems to have caused some uneasiness in certain quarters, was recently the subject of a cable dispatch from Farmer Murphy to the Chicago *Tribune*. The question had been asked whether the less independent but more strictly feminine French type might not have such an influence on our men in France as to compel the American girls to look to their laurels when the heroes return. This is what Mr. Murphy cabled from France:

> The French girl's training is to look up to and coddle the men in the family. She is more of a listener than a talker; she is pleased with small attentions, and never fails to show appreciation of them. It was inquired if the contact of our men with these customs might not make them less willing to fetch and carry and obey the beck and call of our self-reliant American type of girl.
>
> There was only one way to settle the question, and that was to ask the men themselves. The army edition [of the Chicago *Tribune*] last week stated the case to its readers and invited them to give opinions.
>
> Many of the letters were very thoughtful and showed that the men have not answered offhand, but have seriously considered before answering. Several such are from privates. One of the surprises was the number who favored the French girl. Among the first batch the French probably had the majority, but then the American girl's defenders came to the front.
>
> Be it understood that this is a discussion of types and not individuals, and there need be no heartburnings.
>
> A private in the Medical Corps, who says he read the questions in the company of his fiancée, dares to write:
>
> "I've had some opportunity to observe the French girls and wish to assure you and the folk at home that they have my entire approval."
>
> One of the most complete answers is from a sergeant who emphatically declared he considered the French girl more thoughtful, agreeable, and less exacting than the American, and just to show that he is not prejudiced he wound up by saying he was going back to the States to marry the dearest girl in the world unless she has changed her mind.
>
> Giving the reasons he favors the French girl, he said:
>
> "The French girl expects nothing and is not disappointed if she receives no more than that. The American girl expects everything and always is certain, in one way or another, to make known her feeling if she does not receive it. If you want a surprize ask a French girl to allow you to carry her umbrella or parcel, and, if she is not used to Americans, she will be just as surprized as you. It can not be denied that the French girl has won her way into the hearts of the Americans."
>
> Another soldier who is going home to an American girl begs that his name be not used when he says:
>
> "The charm of the French home life is a revelation. The French girls stand the beauty test every time. Their keen humor doesn't take the form of the verbal sparring and the cheap banter of the American débutante. They can talk well and intelligently, and, what is more, they can listen.
>
> "Wo to the American girl who fails to listen long and patiently when the A. E. F. goes home. The French girls are ideal companions, friendly, natural, unaffected, and self-possest in a quiet way, never seeking the center of the stage, and never conspicuous."
>
> A sergeant who has lived in France for twelve years lauds the American girls.
>
> "There is nothing doglike about the devotion of the American girl," he says, "but she is true blue and a real comrade through life, depending upon her worth, not her sex, to hold her beloved beside her and keep the respect of all men."
>
> Joe Lucas, 4250 Campbell Avenue, Chicago, is for the American girl first, last, and all the time, and wants everybody back home to know it. One whole aero squadron votes the French girl adorable. So it goes, and the discussion is only beginning to warm up.

CHINA FINALLY DOPE FREE

CHINA greeted the war with enthusiasm because she realized the truth of the old proverb, "while the cat is away the mice can play." In this case the cat was the Great Powers and the play the resumption of the opium traffic that the "cat" has so effectively stopt. Alas for poor John Chinaman's pipe-dreams. Altho the Great Powers had their hands full elsewhere, a strong man has suddenly arisen in Peking and the "soothing pipe" will remain empty. *Oriental News and Comment*, the New York organ of the Far-Eastern Bureau, tells us the story. First it quotes a cablegram which runs:

> President Hsü Shih-ch'ang of China has shown marked independence and patriotism by a decree just issued ordering the destruction of 1,200 chests of opium (valued at $14,000,000) in Shanghai. This is the entire lot lately bought from the Shanghai Opium Combine. Considering the financial weakness of the Chinese Government, this act deserves special recognition. It also marks the President's personal strength of character, as it was generally understood that some of the strongest political men had large interests in the opium and were counting on munificent profits.

The Oriental News comments thus:

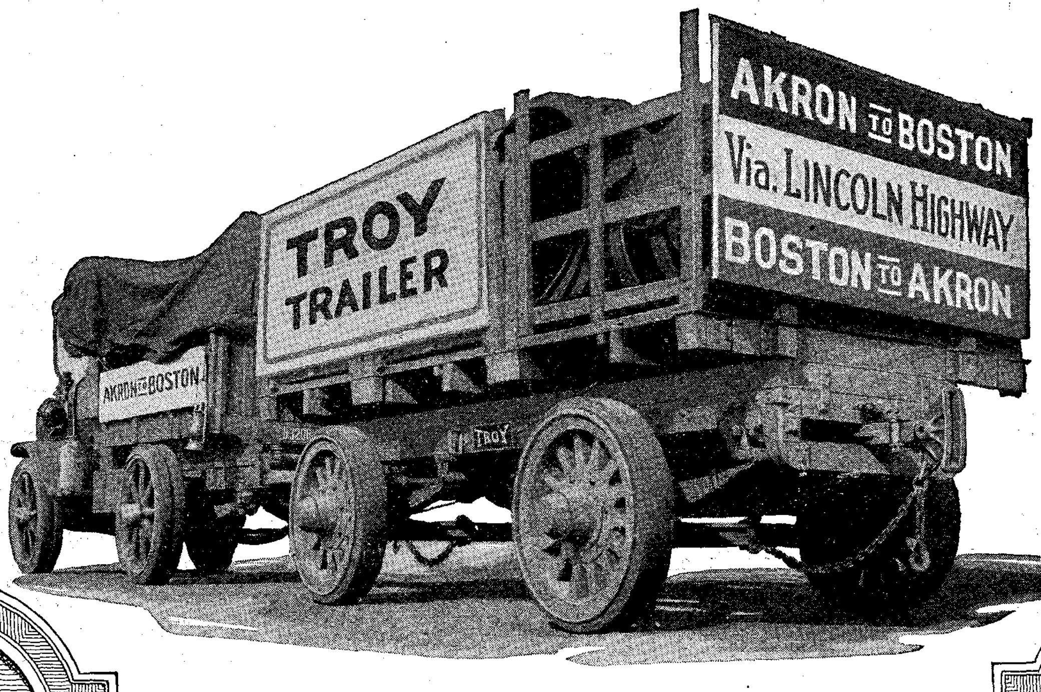
> The decision of the Chinese President, Hsü Shih-ch'ang, to burn the stock of opium acquired by influential Chinese from the Shanghai Opium Combine for the purpose of reopening the traffic in China is a matter for praise and congratulation not only from Chinese, but from all civilized nations. The President has risen to the occasion in a conclusive and effective way. The loss of the $14,000,000 stock, to say nothing of the loss to the Government of millions in revenue, and at a time when the country is in financial straits, the loss of popularity among certain official circles personally interested in continuing the traffic seem to have weighed little in the President's mind before the significance to the Chinese nation of the proposed backward step. Some nations whose voices have been raised loudest in protest against developments in "backward" and "uncivilized" China might well take a leaf out of China's book and attempt what she has accomplished, the eradication of their own particular national evils. It is interesting to note that the western press makes announcement of President Hsü's decision as the result of the protests of Great Britain and the United States. That they had influence on the Chinese attitude is not to be doubted; but the strong sentiment of native Chinese of the better classes should not be lost sight of.

The provincial governors of China seem to have stood solidly behind the President, and they were prepared to make things uncomfortable for the local "hop fiends" in a manner peculiarly Chinese:

> Provincial governors and influential Chinese citizens have worked hand in hand with foreigners to fight the evil. It is very interesting to note the preparatory measures taken by the four provinces in which the new opium syndicate was licensed to sell the stock it had purchased from the Shanghai Opium Combine. These provinces, Kiangsu, Kiangsi, Chekiang, and Hupeh, had determined on the following measures:
>
> 1. If the opium-dealer be a shopkeeper, all the banks and money shops shall refuse to have anything to do with him in money matters, so that he will have to close his shop for lack of funds and banking facilities. (The Chinese have long known the efficacy of the boycott. Both the United States and Japan have felt its force.)
>
> 2. If an employee of a shop deals in opium the shopkeeper shall dismiss the man, whose name will be published in the newspapers, so that he will not be able to find employment elsewhere.
>
> 3. If a wealthy man be discovered dealing in opium, his name should be given to the elder of his family, with the request that the guilty person be cast out from the family (one of the greatest of disgraces), and he shall be opposed by all as an alien without mercy.
>
> 4. Landlords and landladies shall not rent their houses to opium-dealers. If they do, they will be dealt with as if they were opium-dealers themselves.
>
> 5. If damage is done to opium-dealers and their properties, the Chamber of Commerce shall refuse to grant compensation.
>
> We are inclined to think that even had the syndicate been permitted to follow its commercial career it would not have found very easy sledding, since the only provinces in which it was licensed to do business were ready armed to meet it.

Some distinguished foreigners, too, have been working to eradicate opium from China, and to one of them *The Oriental News* gives high praise:

> Great credit is undoubtedly due the Chinese. But the work of disinterested foreigners must not be forgotten, among whose names is prominent the name of



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The above illustration shows a 5-ton Troy Trailer carrying full capacity of Goodyear products (and a truck built especially for hauling), on a recent 1440-mile trip from the Goodyear plant in Akron to Boston and back—up and down some grades of 18%—up some steady 5-mile climbs over the summits of the Allegheny Mountains. This is not a remarkable performance, in so far as the Troy Trailer is concerned. It is this same staunchness and flexibility of Troy Trailers that has made them such dependable and profitable units of transportation under everyday conditions, and with the average truck.

Under average conditions, a Troy Trailer will at least double the hauling capacity of any good make of truck, and cut hauling costs in half.

The Troy Wagon Works Co.
Troy, Ohio

Mrs. Elizabeth Washburn Wright, who not only put forth her best effort in China itself to arouse public opinion against a revival of the traffic, but in both Japan and this country brought the matter to the attention of the authorities, and again urged action. Mrs. Wright very fittingly undertook this work, inasmuch as a great deal of the credit for the work already done in eradicating the opium evil belongs to her husband, the late Dr. Hamilton Wright, American Commissioner to the Opium Conference in Shanghai in 1909 and American representative at the opium conference held at The Hague. Mrs. Wright has worked tirelessly making speeches, securing interviews, and writing articles.

What Mrs. Wright thought we can see from a recent article from her pen in *Millard's Review*, an English paper published in Shanghai:

> A great obstruction in the form of opium has been placed in the path of China's progress. It is a many-times-told tale that China for decades fought against the introduction of opium into her country, and, finally, a victim of circumstances, succumbed to its use. Because China is fundamentally strong and moral she never ceased to fight against a great wrong that was being done her people. It was repugnant also to the better mind of the world that a nation like China of many strengths and potentialities was being slowly and, if not checked, irrevocably undermined. Ten years ago the question was definitely taken up at the instigation of America by an international commission which met at Shanghai to study the question and to decide upon some means to eradicate the evil.
>
> Great Britain also approached the subject in her so-called ten-year agreement with China—by which she agreed gradually to reduce the importation of Indian opium into China until it should finally cease at the expiration of ten years, on China's promise that she would stop the smoking of opium among her people and cease the cultivation of the poppy. Six years followed, during which time three international conferences were held at The Hague and a convention drawn up by which China was guaranteed international cooperation and protection. With great vigor China set about her own reforms and demonstrated to Great Britain and the world her sincerity and justified the confidence which the United States had placed in her desire and ability to grapple with her problem. In fact, her energy and accomplishment were such that Great Britain voluntarily reduced the time of her agreement by three years, and in 1913 announced in Parliament that the Indo-China opium trade was at an end. For this act Great Britain deserves much credit. By abandoning a trade of many years' standing she gave up a large revenue to her Indian coffers and a source of livelihood to many of her Indian subjects. But England also had the cause of China at heart, and was more than glad to be rid of a question with which her own conscience had not been satisfied.
>
> With the extermination of her poppy cultivation and by her rigidly enforced prohibition of opium-smoking China rose in the estimation of the world by leaps and bounds. The giving up of opium was no light task and comparable only to a universal restriction of all alcohol in the western world—or the use of tobacco; but opium, due to the nature of the drug, was infinitely more subtle and difficult of handling. This action on the part of China demonstrates a quality of strength in her people that is not adequately grasped by the west. This eradication of a century-old vice was not put in force through the issuing of edicts by the Government alone, but was due to the imperceptible and immense pressure of public opinion—the opinion and belief of millions and hundreds of millions of inarticulate Chinese scattered throughout the vast distances of China, a force imbued with the simple and definite instinct of right.

WOMAN WEIGHED IN THE SCALES OF MEDIEVAL MAN

NOT a whit behind our day in their interest in the diverting discussion of the eternal feminine were the Middle Ages, Miss Eileen Powers tells us in the current *Cambridge Magazine* (Cambridge, England). The difference is that now the worm has turned, and woman has perked up sufficiently to return criticism for criticism of her lord, whereas in the older days she merely accepted him as an inevitability. The cause of medieval woman was valiantly attacked and defended by the men themselves. Miss Powers accounts for the situation by the influence of the Church, which on the one hand exalted women "by the promotion of morality and by the sacramental character given to marriage, by the creation of the type of the nun, and by the cult of the Virgin"; and debased them "by the rigid asceticism of early religious ideals and by the doctrine of the inferiority of woman." The effect of chivalry was similar, and another influence was the popularity of oriental tales stamped with contempt for women. The writer says:

> It is from this complicated, two-sided attitude, that there sprang in the later Middle Ages a literary controversy, which has continued ever since, having for its subject the praise or blame of women. There is, indeed, no particular reason why such a controversy should ever cease, because there is no particular reason why any one should ever arrive at a conclusion. The antiwoman pamphlet has existed from the earliest times; but no such controversy exists as to the merits and demerits of men in the Middle Ages. As that inimitable woman, the Wife of Bath, exprest it:

By god, if wommen hadde writen stories
As clerkes han with-inne his oratories,
They wolde han writen of men more wikkednesse
Than all the mark of Adam may redresse.

> It has been reserved for our own day to produce the antiman pamphlet. The medieval man would have said, "See what comes of educating the creature—'whan she comth home, she rampeth in my face!'" Some of the poems written against women in this controversy are exceedingly entertaining. Sometimes they take the form of long didactic dissertations, in which the case against women is set forth at length and with no unnecessary mincing of language. Sometimes they are more serious social satires. Sometimes they take an allegorical form, resembling *fabliaux* or *exempla;* such is the tale of *chichevache*, the mythical monster, who could only feed on women who were obedient to their husbands, and had had nothing to eat for the last two hundred years. Some again are quite short songs. A favorite device is to credit women with all the virtues, in which they are popularly considered to be most deficient, and then to add at the end of each verse the refrain, "The contrary is true."

In every place ye may well se
  That women be trew as tyrtyll on tre;
Not liberall in langag, but ever in secrete,
  And great joy among them is for to be.
    Cuius contrarium verum est.

For tell a woman all your counsayle
  And she can kepe it wonder weyll;
She had lever go qwyck to hell
  Than to hire neyboure she wold it tell—
    Cuius contrarium verum est.

Trow ye that they lyst to smatter,
  Or ageynst ther husbondes to clatter?
Nay, thei had lever fast bred and water
  Than for to presse such a matter—
    Cuius contrarium verum est.

Thowe all the pacience in the world were dround
  And nonne were left here on the ground,
Ageyn in women it myght be found,
  Such vertu in them doth abownd.
    Cuius contrarium verum est.

> Crude—but effective!
>
> All these poems have their counterpart in others singing the praises of women, which, if less piquant, have frequently great charm and tenderness. I need only mention a poem whose literary merits have gained for it a greater fame than any of the English antifeminine productions, the beautiful "Nut Brown Maid." But I can not resist quoting a naive and delightful little fifteenth-century song in praise of women:

I am as lyghte as any roe
To praise womene wher that I goo.

To onpreyse womene yt were a shame,
For a womane was thy dame;
Our blessed Lady beryth the name
  Of all womene wher that they goo.

A womane is a worthy thyng,
They do the washe, and do the wrynge,
"Lullay! Lullay!" she dothe the synge,
  And yet she has but care and woo.

A womane is a worthy wyght,
She serveth a man both daye and nyght;
Therto she puttyth alle her myght;
  And yet she hathe but care and woo.

> This is something rather different from the praise of woman to be found in the chivalrous love-poetry of the period; it is less the praise of a lady than that of a plain woman; less romantic than domestic; and thence (I think) its charm.

Miss Powers gives some amusing accounts of the ideals of married life held by medieval writers, who assume that all women, if not nuns, are past, present, or future wives. We read:

> The fundamental idea, based on the Bible, is that a woman is in subjection. Philippe de Navarre put the matter in a nutshell, "Our Lord," he says, "demanded that woman should be ever in subjection" (which is quite untrue); "in childhood she must obey those who are bringing her up, and when she is married she must obey her husband as her lord, and if she goes into religion, she must be perfectly obedient to her superior, according to the rule." Even the Ménager de Paris—a sensible *bourgeois*—likens a wife's love for her husband to the fidelity of a dog to its master, and declares that all his orders, whether just or unjust, important or futile, reasonable or unreasonable, must be implicitly obeyed. There is, of course, another side to the matter. It is obvious that, altho they insist upon the fact that the husband is always lord and master, these

Are these thousands of Stewarts making money for you?

If you buy a Stewart, you enjoy the benefits of our quantity production. For, by making thousands of Stewarts we are able to offer you quality trucks which—

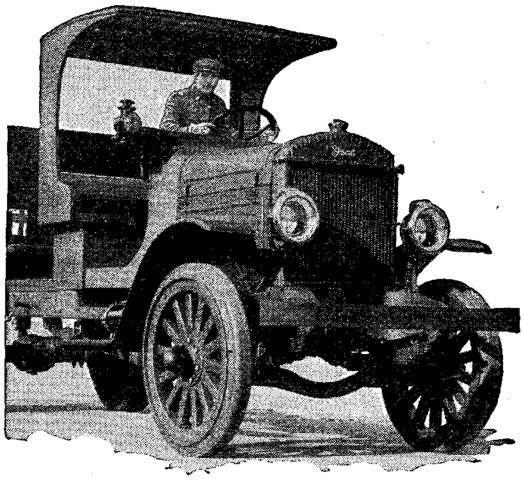
1. Cost less to buy.
   (Compare the prices.)
2. Cost less to run.
   (Ask Stewart Owners.)
3. Give longer service.
   (In 6 years no Stewart has worn out.)

These three facts mean savings to you and money saved is money made.

Many of the largest concerns in the world are users of Stewarts. They first bought one, then two, then three, until now many of them have large fleets of Stewarts. These repeat orders are the backbone of Stewart success.

Before you buy *any* motor truck compare it with the Stewart for quality and price.

Stewarts are quality trucks proven by the test of time.



¾ ton chassis	$ 950	1½ ton chassis	$1975
1 ton chassis	$1575	2 ton chassis	$2575

3½ ton chassis $3500
(f. o. b. Buffalo)

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION
BUFFALO, N. Y.

(Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States and Foreign Countries)

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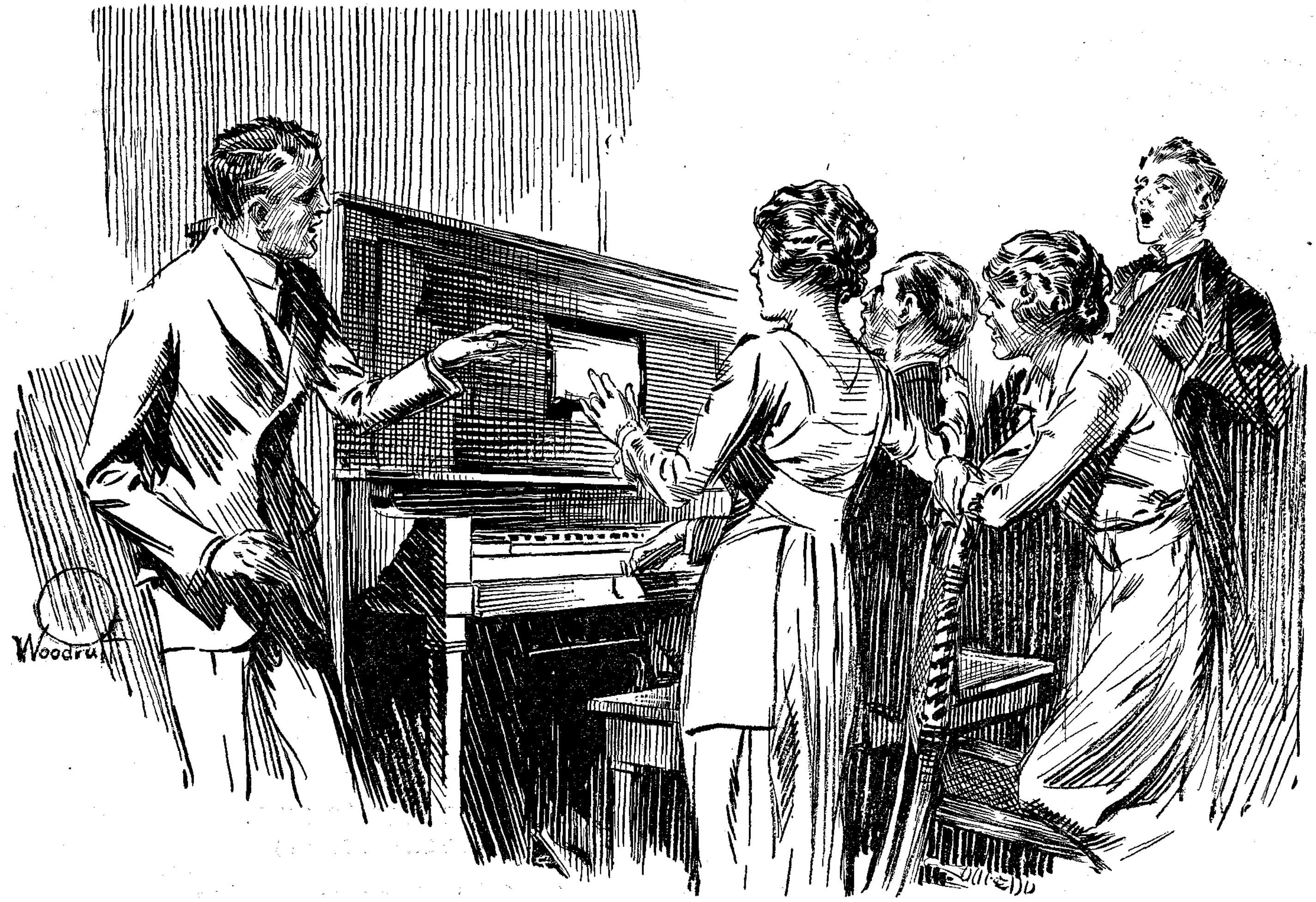
MOTOR TRUCKS



What Do You Think They're Singing?

K-K-K-Katy"? "Smiles"? "Sweetheart"? "That's the Kind of a Baby for Me"? "The Tickle Toe"? Well, what would *your* crowd be singing at a lively party?

You can sing all these—and thousands more—old and new—if you have a Gulbransen to play them.

No trouble to read a song roll. The words are printed as big as **THIS** right on the paper and each word appears at the moment it should be sung.

Is Your Home Dull?

Do people seldom "drop in"? Do your parties "drag"? Cheer things up with music—songs the folks can join in. Nobody ever tires of music—the variety is endless.

The songs a mother sings to her baby—the rowdy chorus things the boys let out at stags—the good old hymns that mean so much in church—the love songs a man likes to hear his dearest girl sing—

Yes, and the waltz the girls could "just die dancing to"—and today's jazz fox-trot with the words everybody wants to know.

Do You Know These Pieces?

These 24 pieces are the most popular right now. Several kinds of music are represented. Which of them would you pick out to play on your Gulbransen if you owned one?

Smiles
Oh! How I Wish I Could Sleep Until My Daddy Comes Home
'Till We Meet Again
Oh! Frenchy
Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning
My Belgian Rose
I'm Always Chasing Rainbows
K-K-K-Katy
There's a Long, Long Trail
Over There
Beautiful Ohio
Oui, Oui, Marie
If I'm Not at the Roll Call Kiss Mother Good-bye for Me
Everything is Peaches Down in Georgia
Indianola
When You Come Back, and You Will Come Back
A Little Birch Canoe and You
Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight
I'm Sorry I Made You Cry
Dreamy Hawaiian Moon
For Your Boy and My Boy
Blue Danube
I'm Glad I Made You Cry
National Emblem

GULBRANSEN
Player-Piano

treatises do look for that degree of companionship between men and women, which must in many cases have existed. Moreover, the husband's reciprocal duty to his wife is not neglected; he is urged to treat her with courtesy, and never to rebuke her in public, and to love and cherish her if she be worthy; the idea that a good wife is an inestimable possession appears continually.

Finally, it may interest modern readers to know how the Middle Ages solved the evergreen problem of "How to be happy tho married." A little Italian treatise, written about 1300, purports to contain the twelve pieces of advice given by a mother to her daughter on the eve of the latter's marriage. They are as follows:

1. Avoid everything likely to annoy your husband. Don't appear gay if he is sad, or sad if he is gay.
2. Try to find out what dishes he likes, and if your taste does not accord with his, don't let him see it. In fact—Feed the brute!
3. If your husband has dropt off to sleep through illness or weariness, take care not to wake him, and if you absolutely must, do it gently and do not make him start.
4. Be faithful in love and do not rob your husband; don't give away or lend his possessions without his permission.
5. Don't appear too anxious to know your husband's affairs, but if he does tell you about them, keep his secrets and never repeat in public things told you in private, however trivial they may appear.
6. Love your family, especially those whom your husband loves, and don't find fault with them for little things.
7. Don't do anything of any importance without asking your husband's advice and always consider what he says to be best.
8. Don't make impossible or wrong demands upon him, which displease him and are contrary to his honor, so that no evil may come upon him through you.
9. Be careful always to look pretty and neat. Be suitably drest without ostentation or exaggeration, for if you wear fast clothes your husband will think you are fast.
10. Don't be too familiar with your servants. It makes them scornful and disrespectful.
11. Don't want to go out too often. Man's sphere is outside; the sphere of woman is the home. Speak seldom, be modest, and don't frequent fortune-tellers.
12. Finally, and most important of all, do nothing which could possibly make your husband jealous, for thus you will lose his love. When he comes home, receive him with pleasure. Make much of him, and pay more attention to his relatives than to your own, and then he will act in the same way toward you. See that everything in your house runs smoothly. And always make yourself attractive.

A Little Hint.—Janet, aged nine, was taken by her mother to lunch at the house of a friend.

The hostess was of the talkative variety, and, in her enjoyment of certain interesting little incidents she was relating, quite forgot to give Janet anything in the shape of food.

After a lapse of several minutes, Janet could endure this situation no longer. So, raising her plate as high as she could, she demanded in a shrill voice:

"Anybody here want a clean plate?"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Live Question.—"Billson says he is living on two meals a day."

"Where does he get them?"—*Life.*

Hint to Wilhelm.—One of the joys of not being an Emperor is the inconspicuity of ordinary failure.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Blame Located.—SHE—"I wonder why men lie so?"

HE—"Because their wives are so inquisitive."—*Boston Transcript.*

Pale Word.—SALESMAN—"I suppose you require a grand piano, madam?"

MRS. MEWNISHUNS—"Grand! I want a magnificent one."—*London Opinion.*

Her Plan.—"My husband is going to give me a lot of things for Christmas."

"How do you know?"

"I've bought most of them already."—*Judge.*

Carry It Back Again.—DINER—"What do you call this stuff?"

WAITER—"Mock turtle soup, sir."

DINER—"Well, tell the chef he has carried his mockery too far."—*Tit-Bits.*

Useless. — HUSBAND — "Have you brought your opera-glass?"

SHE—"Yes, but I can not use it."

HUSBAND—"Why not?"

SHE—"I have left my bracelets at home."—*London Opinion.*

Couldn't Catch Bobby.—PAPA—"Bobby, if you had a little more spunk, you would stand better in your class. Now, do you know what spunk is?"

BOBBY—"Yes, sir. It's the past participle of spank."—*Chicago News.*

He's a Failure at Either Game.—"I hope that Wilhelm has not decided to take up politics," mused Senator Sorghum.

"Why?"

"Because a military man can be definitely disposed of, but a politician never quits."—*Washington Star.*

Sorry He Spoke.—"Any of you got a very old uniform?" asked the sergeant.

A private, scenting a new one, proudly displayed his frayed edges and stains.

"It isn't fit for much, is it?" commented the sergeant. "Parade at two-thirty for a coal-fatigue."—*Tit-Bits.*

Diplomatie Américaine.—"And you will take me to America with you *après la guerre?*" asked the demoiselle of the buck private.

"But, mademoiselle," remonstrated the diplomatic buck, "the customs-house officials would never pass such a priceless pearl as you!"—*The Spiker (Army paper printed in France).*

How It's Done.—"Say," said the new young Assistant Editor of the Big Magazine, breezing in with a basket full of poems, "I can't make head nor tail of these poems. I don't know what in thunder half of 'em mean!"

"*Eureka!*" shouted the Big Chief, embracing him. "Pick out the ones you don't understand, have the artists illuminate 'em in page frames that ain't artistic, and advertise the new school of literature! We've got 'em going!"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Where Pluck is Needed.—There are few persons with courage enough to admit that they haven't got it.—*Life.*

Matrimony à la Mode.—A few words mumbled by a minister constitute a marriage. A few words mumbled by a sleeping husband constitute a divorce.—*Smart Set.*

In Poor Company.—The Belgians ought to do the right thing by King Albert and elect him President of Belgium. He deserves to be taken out of the king class—*Albany Argus.*

A Dead Letter.—MRS. A.—"Your husband told my husband that his word was law at home."

MRS. B.—"Yes, it's one of those laws that are never enforced."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Harder Thing.—GREY—"How are you getting along in the stock market?"

GREEN—"Well, I'll tell you. I traded a lot of money for experience, and now I'm trying to reverse the process."—*Jersey City Journal.*

Unconsciously Ludicrous

The cases are quite numerous;
  As well as quite mysterious,
When men appeared most humorous
  When trying to be serious.
—*Washington Star.*

Might Be Lonely.—"Look here, now, Harold," said father to his little son, who was naughty, "if you don't say your prayers you won't go to heaven."

"I don't want to go to heaven," sobbed the boy, "I want to go with you and mother."—*Pearson's.*

New Pet Words.—HE—"See that man over there? He's a bombastic ass, a wind-jammer nonentity, a conceited humbug, a parasite, and an encumbrance to the earth."

SHE—"Would you mind writing all that down for me?"

HE—"Why in the world —"

SHE—"He's my husband, and I should like to use it on him some time."—*Tit-Bits.*

When Bills Don't Count.—Having made his payments for Liberty bonds, war-chest, rent, coal, gas, and groceries, the poor man was broke. But he needed winter clothes, so he compromised by digging through a closet and unearthing a heavy vest that belonged to a winter suit he had worn some years ago. He brushed the vest off and felt in the pockets.

Eureka! A discovery!

In the inside pocket of the vest was a roll of bills amounting to $123.

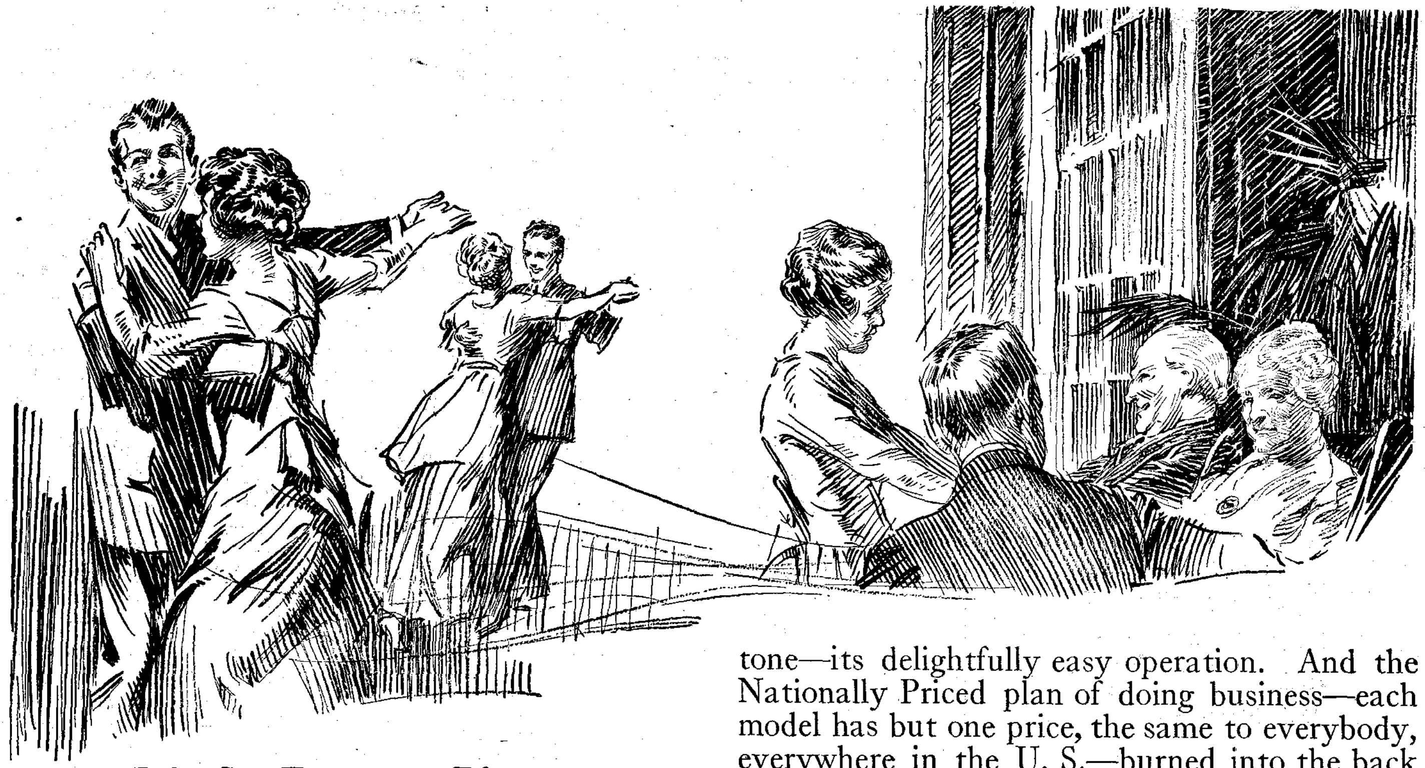
And not one of them was receipted.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Try This Plan.—"Miss Willing," began the young man as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "are you fond of stories?"

"If they are new, Mr. Woodby," replied the fair maid. "I simply dote on them."

"But the one I was going to tell you, Miss Willing, is not new," said the young man. "It is, I might say, Miss Willing—or, Clara—the old, old story, but——"

"Oh, never mind, George," she interrupted. "Even if it is a chestnut, I'm sure I never heard of it. Go on, please!"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*



It's So Easy to Play —this Gulbransen

Its pedals work so easily a baby can play the Gulbransen—just as shown in our famous trade mark. In fact, a certain baby *did* play the Gulbransen; that's where we got the idea for the trade mark.

You can be breathless from dancing—or exhausted by a hard day's work—yet play your Gulbransen enjoyably, delightfully. It seems to read your thoughts, so sympathetically does it respond to your touch.

Musical Possibilities That Equal Your Desires

If you appreciate the finer music—if your taste in quiet moments runs to the master composers—the Gulbransen is your instrument of instruments.

Muratore—world-famous tenor—plays a Gulbransen at home. Harold Henry—America's distinguished pianist—uses a Gulbransen in his studio to study the recorded playing of other virtuosi.

You must put preconceived ideas behind you when you come to consider the Gulbransen. It has taken the drudgery out of piano-playing. But left in it—yes, *put* into it for most of us—the opportunity to play with all the expression our imaginations can conceive.

The Leading Player—and Nationally Priced

For two years, more Gulbransens have been made and sold than players of any other make. Think what this means. It is an astonishing record.

Two things have made it possible. The sheer quality of the instrument—its sweet singing tone—its delightfully easy operation. And the Nationally Priced plan of doing business—each model has but one price, the same to everybody, everywhere in the U. S.—burned into the back of each instrument before it leaves our factory.

Thinking men respect us for this policy. It makes the Gulbransen the standard of value wherever it is sold. National prices, war tax paid:

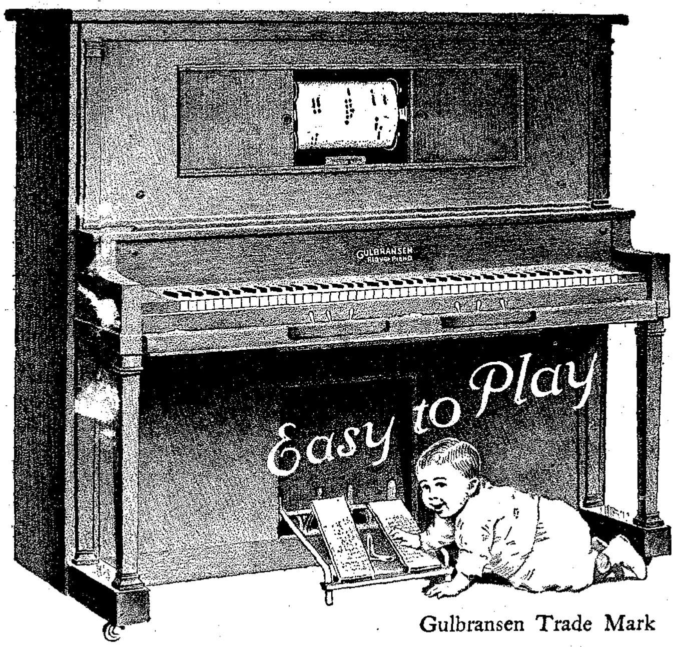
White House Model	**$600**	**Town House Model**	**$485**
Country Seat Model	**535**	**Suburban Model**	**450**

The most substantial piano dealers have naturally made the Gulbransen a feature of their business. There is such a dealer near you. Look for the Gulbransen trade mark—the Baby at the Pedals—in his window, or ask us for his name and address. We will gladly send you our catalog.

(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)

GULBRANSEN
Player-Piano

GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON COMPANY
3232 West Chicago Ave., Chicago



Gulbransen Trade Mark

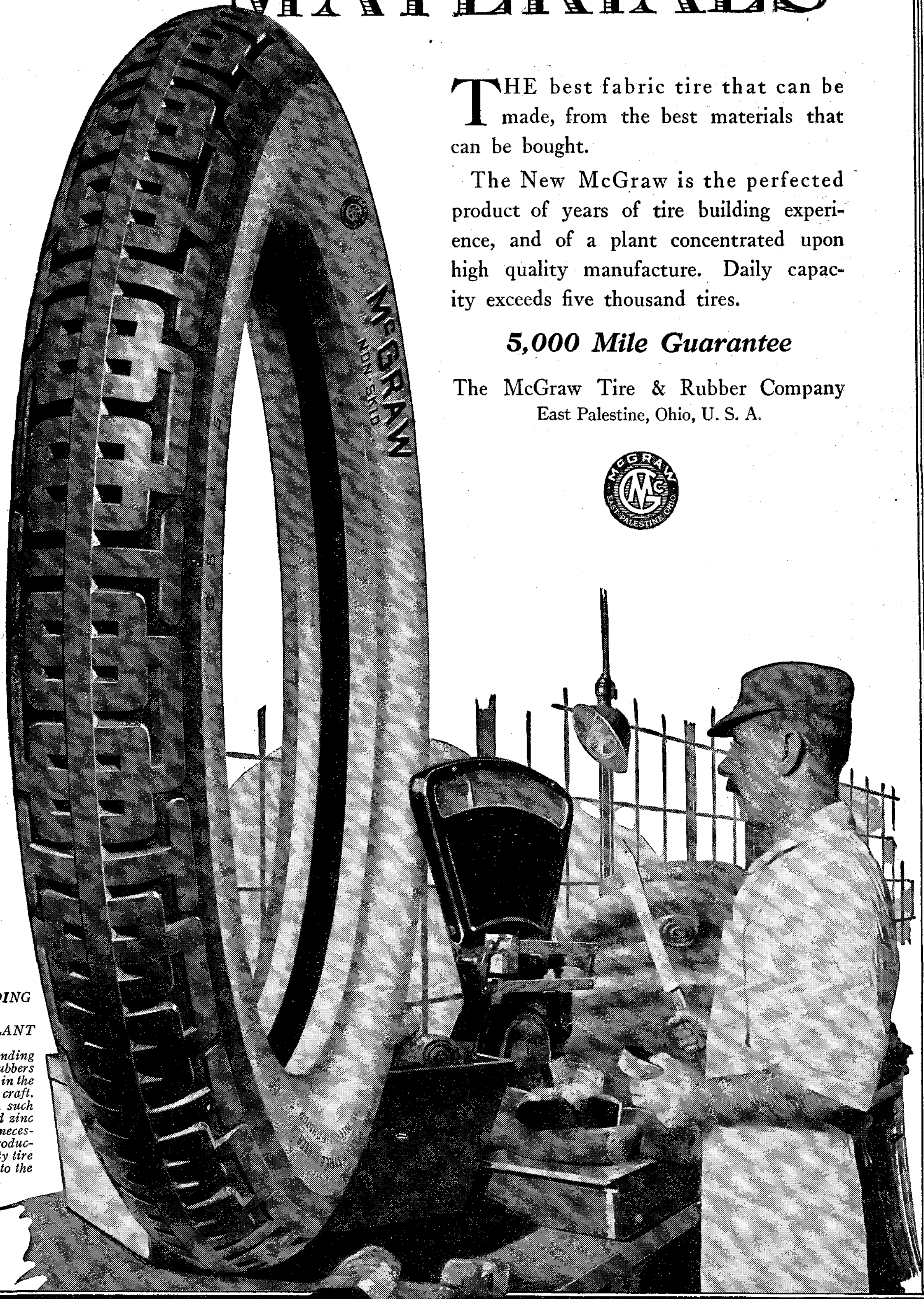
A TIRE *of* SELECT MATERIALS

THE best fabric tire that can be made, from the best materials that can be bought.

The New McGraw is the perfected product of years of tire building experience, and of a plant concentrated upon high quality manufacture. Daily capacity exceeds five thousand tires.

5,000 Mile Guarantee

The McGraw Tire & Rubber Company
East Palestine, Ohio, U. S. A.



COMPOUNDING
in the
McGRAW PLANT

The proper blending of high grade rubbers is the first step in the science of tire craft. Minerals also, such as sulphur and zinc oxide, are as necessary to the production of a quality tire as alloys are to the coinage of gold.

McGRAW TIRES

That We May Ride In Comfort

A New Spirit of Good Will

Thanks to the opportunity given it by the War Department, at home and abroad, a new spirit of good will has grown up around Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

Wherever soldiers meet, this car is spoken of in terms of admiration, and even affection.

Soldiers grow to love the tools, and weapons, and implements, that serve them.

They admire, especially, the inanimate thing that shows grit, and endurance, in a tight place.

That is American—and that is the American soldier in particular—and that is the sort of glory being woven around Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

There will always be associated with it, the remembrance of the work it did in the world war—in army service on both sides of the ocean.

Thousands of American soldiers are coming back, now, from the camps in America, and the battlefront in France, telling how well that work was done.

They are telling it to their fathers and mothers, their worshipping small brothers, their sisters, their sweethearts and their friends.

It is the central figure in many a stirring story told about the family fireplace.

To many a white-haired American mother, it means something more as it goes by than just a motor car.

She links it, somehow, with what her own boy did, with what America did, and with what America stands for.

Dodge Brothers are proud that theirs was the one car of its type and class chosen by the War Department.

They are prouder still that it has been taken into the hearts and homes of the American people.

The old folks, and the little folks who don't forget, are spreading a leaven of good will which will endure for years to come.

Dodge Brothers cherish this new spirit of good will, which has come out of the world war, *as their most valued possession.*

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

CURRENT EVENTS

THE PEACE SITUATION

December 11.—Premier Lloyd George tells a meeting at Bristol that the Allied war-bill against Germany is $120,000,000,000 and that Germany should pay to the utmost of her capacity. With regard to the freedom of the seas question, he says: "Wherever the request comes from, we are not going to give up the protection of the Navy so far as Great Britain is concerned."

A dispatch to the Jugo-Slav Bureau at Washington reports the National Council at Zagrab protesting to the Allied governments against Italian administration in the occupied territories of Dalmatia, Istria, and Göritz.

December 12.—The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America has a cabled request from a Berlin University professor to petition the United States Government to soften the terms of the armistice.

Over $60,000,000 of gold received from Russia by the Germans arrives in Paris under the armistice terms and is deposited in the Bank of France to the common account of the Allies.

The Brussels Chamber of Commerce adopts a resolution in favor of Belgian annexation of Zealand and the Maestricht enclave.

British advance guards enter the city of Bonn and take possession of the Rhine bridge. British troops hold all the great bridges across the Rhine at Cologne.

December 13.—President Wilson arrives at Brest and starts for Paris.

In a statement to Reuter's Premier Lloyd George wishes it made clear beyond all doubt that he stands "for the abolition of conscript armies in all lands."

General Pershing reports that the American Army marching into Germany has come to a stand on the Rhine from Rolandseck to Brey.

An Amsterdam message states that an American squadron has arrived at and taken command of Pola, the former Austrian naval base.

December 14.—President and Mrs. Wilson enter Paris attended by President Poincaré, Premier Clemenceau, and other eminent Frenchmen.

Replying to an address of welcome by President Poincaré at a luncheon tendered to himself and Mrs. Wilson, President Wilson says he will look upon the ruin wrought by the armies of the Central Empires with "the same repulsion and indignation that they stir" in the hearts of Frenchmen and Belgians, and appreciates the "necessity of such action in the final settlement of the issues of the war as will not only rebuke such acts of terror and spoliation, but make men everywhere aware that they can not be ventured upon without the certainty of just punishment."

Copenhagen has a dispatch from Treves stating that the armistice has been extended until 5 A.M. January 17, and the Allies have notified Germany that they reserve the right to occupy the neutral zone east of the Rhine from the Cologne bridgehead to the Dutch frontier.

At a special meeting of the Norwegian Parliament the Foreign Minister announces that the Government has asked the other Scandinavian countries to seek admission to the Peace Conference negotiations regarding a league of nations.

Washington announces an agreement with the Allies to send a special civilian mission to investigate reports of atrocities committed in Poland.

Saloniki is informed that the village of Agathopulos, on the Black Sea, which is inhabited solely by Greeks, has been set on fire by Bulgarian troops.

December 15.—President Wilson attends church twice, lays a wreath on the tomb of Lafayette, and holds conferences with Premier Clemenceau and Colonel House.

A New York meeting of the League of Small and Subject Nationalities passes resolutions in support of civil and religious equality for all nations, which will be cabled to the President in Paris.

London reports the three great Rhine bridgeheads provided by the armistice occupied by advanced Allied forces—the British at Cologne, the Americans at Coblenz, and the French at Mayence.

December 16.—President Wilson is greeted by the President of the Municipal Council of Paris and the Prefect of the Seine and is presented with the gold medal of the city of Paris. In his address he insists that America shares France's indignation at the wrongs done by the Germans. Later he calls upon Premier Clemenceau and receives Premier Venizelos of Greece.

The American Jewish Congress in Philadelphia plans a delegation to present the political claims of the Jews at the Peace Conference.

The American Third Army, which now occupies more than 4,500 square miles in Germany, takes possession of the famous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein opposite Coblenz.

December 17.—President Wilson holds conferences with the Italian Ambassador to the United States and with Chairman Hurley, of the United States Shipping Board. In the evening he attends a dinner given to him and President Poincaré by the American Ambassador to France.

The Belgian Government announces that its delegates to the Peace Conference will be Paul Hymans, Emile Vandervelde, and Baron van den Heuvel.

The general syndicate of French hotel men announces that for ten years they will receive no native of now enemy countries as employee or guest.

The American Jewish Congress in Philadelphia adopts a resolution accepting on behalf of American Jewry the British Government's declaration for an independent Palestine to be developed into a Jewish commonwealth under British or Allied trusteeship.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

December 11.—The Hague reports Premier Beerenbrouck declaring in the lower chamber of Parliament that the ex-Kaiser is entitled to the right of sanctuary in Holland and his return to Germany can not be demanded.

A Copenhagen dispatch says the Prussian Guard entered Berlin December 10 and, favoring the Republic, refused to disarm.

The Cologne *Gazette* states that the directors of the Krupp munition-works have announced their intention to transform the plant into a factory devoted to the arts of peace.

Paris reports that legal action against the ex-Kaiser has been commenced by an organization of "Lille mothers."

December 12.—An Amsterdam message quotes Premier Beerenbrouck as saying that Holland would not be disinclined to a conference of foreign governments with regard to a new place of residence for the ex-Kaiser.

A cable from Budapest states that German-Austrian troops have crossed the Hungarian frontier and are looting.

An official dispatch to Washington says Marshal Foch has sent officers of the Allied armies to investigate the alleged pogroms in Poland.

December 13.—Amsterdam learns that the Ebert Government has designated January 1 as a day of general rejoicing in Berlin in honor of the revolution.

Seven frontier villages of the Grand Duchy of Baden have formally exprest their desire to become united to Switzerland, states a telegram from Bern.

A revolutionary Socialist tells the lower house of the Dutch Parliament, says a dispatch from The Hague, that Switzerland refused to admit the ex-Kaiser when he fled from Germany, and that Holland ought to have followed that example.

December 14.—A Munich mass-meeting calls for the immediate creation of a tribunal of workmen and soldiers, the resignation of Ebert and "other opponents," and the arrest of Scheidemann, Ebert, and others connected with the "blood bath of Berlin."

Supporting the demand for quick summoning of the Reichstag, the *Berliner Tageblatt* declares "all measures must be taken to prevent Foch's armies from marching east of the Rhine."

December 15.—Dispatches from several European points state that there are 350,000 workmen on strike in Berlin, that only two small newspapers are being published, that two Socialist members of the German Government have resigned, and that the Spartacus group has drawn up a program for safeguarding the revolution.

A message from Vienna says the State Council of German Austria will send a note to all foreign governments demanding a plebiscite for the self-determination of the populations of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia.

December 16.—It is reported that the new Government of Poland has severed relations with Germany.

Delegates from Soldiers' and Workers' Councils of all Germany meet in Berlin to choose an executive committee and to vote on the date of the assembling of a national convention.

It is reported from The Hague that Count Wilhelm Hohenzollern has refused to accede to Holland's request that he voluntarily leave the country.

The resignation of W. S. Solf as German Secretary of Foreign Affairs is accepted.

Czecho-Slovak troops occupy the towns of Tetschen and Bodenbach, in German Bohemia, south of the German border.

The Central Congress of Delegates from Soldiers' and Workers' Councils opens in Berlin with the radical Spartacus group greatly outnumbered by Moderates. A resolution inviting Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg to attend the Congress is defeated five to one.

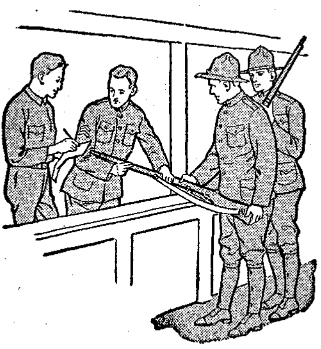
The first elections to a German national assembly held by the former Duchy of Anhalt result in a victory for the Majority Socialists, who also gain control of the Anhalt national legislature.

In the election in Mecklenburg sixteen Liberals are chosen out of twenty-two delegates.

December 17.—Vienna Royalists nominate

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.
Starting Delco Lighting
Ignition
Dayton, Ohio

MUSTERED OUT



CALMLY and quietly, as a private enters the ranks, The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company enlisted with thousands of other manufacturers to assist in winning the war.

Victory has been gloriously achieved and Delco, its duty done, is now mustered out of the service.

We do not desire to boast of Delco's part in the great struggle.

We have no wish to refer, in self-exaltation, to the sacrifices Delco has made.

To speak in such a manner, while thousands of our youth lie dead in Flanders, would be an egotistical sacrilege.

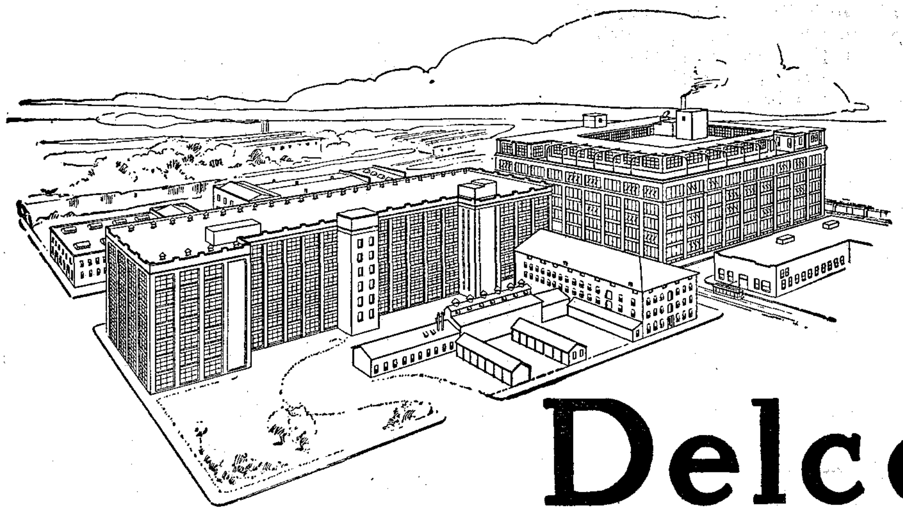
What Delco has done, what any manufacturer may have done, is small indeed when compared to the supreme sacrifice made even by a single soldier.

It is enough to say—loyally, and gratefully Delco has done what it could.

Honorably discharged, Delco once more takes its place in the ranks of American business.

And Delco is well prepared to take up its position as the foremost maker of electrical equipment for high-grade automobiles—equipment that represents the present-day maximum in quality, ability and certainty of performance.

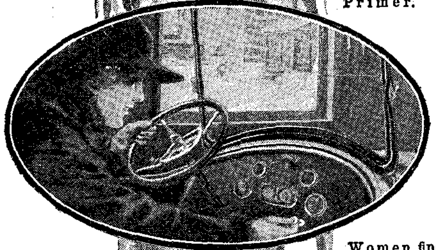
The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company
Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.



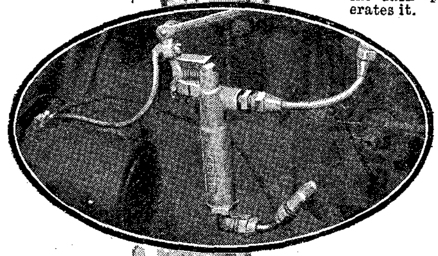
Delco

The Master ELECTRICAL Primer is Guaranteed to Start Your Car Within Five Seconds in the Bitterest Zero Winter Weather

You eliminate trouble and annoyance when you equip your car with a Master Primer.



Women find the Master Primer an invaluable boon. Pull on a button on the dash operates it.



Any owner or garage man can install a Master Primer in a short time. It fits compactly on the motor.

INSTANT motor starting—even on coldest days! That's what we *guarantee* the Master Primer will do for your car. Use *any* kind of gasoline in *any* kind of weather! Try it for 30 days at our expense. IF IT DOESN'T ABSOLUTELY SATISFY—if it doesn't eliminate delays—heating the carburetor with hot water—back-breaking cranking—WE'LL GLADLY RETURN YOUR MONEY. You won't be out a penny. Simply clip the coupon below and send it on.

30,000 in Use

on every kind of car. The Master Primer has never failed to deliver complete satisfaction yet—on *any* car. It has the O. K. of The Detroit Testing Laboratory—recognized as the nation's leading motor equipment test laboratory. Their tests prove that the Master Primer, in cold winter weather, will start a motor in from one to five seconds, EVEN WITH LOWEST GRADES OF GASOLINE. The Franklin, one of the most scientifically engineered cars in America, carries the Master Primer as standard equipment.

Cost is Trifling

$12.50 and the coupon below brings the Master Primer to you, all ready for your car. Simply enclose check or money order, —and in a few days you will be experiencing the ease and convenience of Master Primer instant starting.

What the Master Primer Does

The Master Primer is an electrically heated vaporizer and it acts as an auxiliary carburetor. It takes the gasoline direct from the carburetor, vaporizes it by heat, and turns it into the manifold—a rich, hot gas that ignites on the first spark—NO MATTER HOW POOR THE GASOLINE. It eliminates necessity for auxiliary tanks of high test gasoline. IT IS NOT A GASOLINE PUMP—*it does away with* pumping required by other primitive priming devices. *It is trouble proof—it positively cannot drain the battery or interfere with the proper functioning of the carburetor.* It saves battery energy by preventing waste of electric current in starting, and will save its cost in repair bills, in a short time.

Operated By Button On Dash

The Master Primer in motoring convenience equals the self-starter. Kills starting worries. It removes the last obstacle to comfortable winter driving. *It is operated by a button on the dash.*

As Necessary As Self-Starter

—to comfortable winter driving. No matter what kind of primer or choker device your car may now carry, you need the Master Primer this winter. And there is no reason why you should be without one. All you need to obtain a Master Primer for a 30-day trial is to clip the coupon and mail, with the assurance that you will get your money back the moment that you are dissatisfied with it. Remember—thousands of Master Primers are being demanded this winter. *Make sure of receiving yours immediately. Send coupon at once.*

This Coupon Means Winter Driving Comfort—Clip It—NOW

Remember—30 Days Trial—Absolute Guarantee—Money Back if Not Satisfied

Master Primer Company, Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Please send me a Master Primer, for which find enclosed $12.50. If the Master Primer does not give absolute satisfaction, you are to refund the purchase price at any time within thirty days of purchase.

My car is a................ Model ....

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*____________________

*State*____________________

Archduke Maximilian of Austria as successor to his brother, former Emperor Charles.

It is reported from Bern that the Polish General Staff has called for the mobilization of the classes from 1883 to 1901, an army of 1,500,000 men.

RUSSIAN AFFAIRS

December 11.—The Associated Press hears that the formation of a new Russian Government, to be headed by former Premier Trepoff, is contemplated in Stockholm to carry on matters of state while awaiting the fall of the Bolsheviki.

Archangel reports that the Bolsheviki forces were repulsed with considerable losses in the sector between the Dvina and the railroad near Naresevo. In a counter-advance the Anglo-Russian troops took considerable booty.

London receives a wireless message stating that Grand Duke Nicholas, former commander-in-chief of the Russian Army, is now in command of a force of Cossacks in southern Russia.

December 12.—Stockholm learns that Russian ships have bombarded the coast from Narva to Asserein, but attempts of the Bolsheviki to land on the Esthonian shore were frustrated.

Senator Johnson introduces a resolution calling upon the State and War Departments for full information regarding the United States policy in Russia, the number of American troops there, and casualties among them.

Advices reaching Washington through official channels state that executions are still numerous in Russia, the victims including many priests and monks. Conditions in Petrograd are "beyond human power to grasp."

December 13. — Washington announces that it is the purpose of the Allied governments to send troops to the western provinces of Russia to take the place of evacuating German troops.

London receives an official dispatch describing the situation in Esthonia as desperate. The Bolshevik Government has declared the Esthonian Government outlawed, and the latter is appealing to the Entente Allies for a supply of arms and ammunition.

Paris reports French marines entering Odessa, occupying the wireless station, and expelling all German soldiers from all military posts.

At the opening of the anti-Bolshevik convention of the Federation of Russian Organizations in New York City a resolution is adopted affirming fealty to the United States and the cause of democracy.

December 14. — Dispatches from Bern state that Bolshevik troops are marching toward Central Europe on a front of nearly 400 miles from the Gulf of Finland to the Dnieper River and are being joined by German soldiers, who are destroying everything in their path.

December 15.—Stockholm hears that Lenine favors abandonment of Bolshevik rule, but is opposed by his colleagues, who wish to hold out to the last.

December 16.—It is reported from Amsterdam and Basel that on the 14th the hetman of the Ukraine abdicated and the Government was taken over by a "Directory."

An English squadron in the Gulf of Finland has bombarded Bolshevik forces on the coast of Esthonia.

December 17.—Washington reports that Russian Bolsheviki are defeated with a loss of more than a thousand prisoners by Don Cossacks near Voronezh.

FOREIGN

December 11.—The State Department at Washington announces that all South-American countries have been asked by the United States to join in its suggestion to Chile and Peru that the interests of Pan-American unity demand an amicable settlement of their controversy over the provinces of Tacna and Arica.

The Brussels College of Aldermen decides that hereafter all contracts for commercial enterprises will contain a clause prohibiting the use of German materials.

December 12.—A Panama dispatch says negotiations have been begun by the United States for the purchase of property rights on the Island of Taboga, at the Pacific entrance of the Panama Canal.

Montreal reports a strike of policemen and firemen.

The Royal Ulster Yacht Club sends a cable challenge to the New York Yacht Club for the *America's* Cup on behalf of Sir Thomas Lipton.

December 13.—The Montreal strike is settled by the men returning to work after $300,000 damage has been done and many persons, including several city officials, had been injured by rioters and looters.

December 14.—The Constantinople correspondent of the New York *Tribune* wires that the former Finance Minister informs him that Turkey's national debt, including the cost of all material received from Germany, is $1,750,000,000.

December 15.—Dr. Sidonio Paes, President of Portugal, is shot and killed by an assassin while in a railway station at Lisbon awaiting a train to Oporto. His assailant is killed by the crowd.

December 16.—Former Premier Bratiano has been requested by the King of Roumania to head a coalition ministry.

Upon request of the Chinese Government, the Dutch Government recalls Minister Beelarts from Peking.

Lieut.-Gen. Jan C. Smuts resigns from the British War Cabinet.

Admiral Canto y Castro is elected President of Portugal.

DOMESTIC

December 11.—The War Department announces the abandonment of nineteen war-construction projects, including a number of nitrate and other chemical plants.

The New Jersey State Manufacturers' Council decides to form a permanent industrial commission for the betterment of economic conditions.

Secretary Daniels states that there are at present close to 524,000 men in the Navy, leaving a surplus of 174,000 to be released by July 1.

Resolutions demanding the termination of government operation of railroad, express, telegraph, telephone, and cable companies and their return to former owners are unanimously adopted by the New York Board of Trade and Transportation.

The War Industries Board announces that government steel prices will be suspended on January 1.

In his annual report Secretary of the Interior Lane proposes to have soldiers help to reclaim the nation's idle acres and suggests a vigorous national campaign to reduce illiteracy among American citizens, whether native or foreign-born.

Director-General McAdoo recommend Congress to extend the period of government control of railroads for fiv years, ending January 1, 1924.

Mayor Hylan, of New York, issues warrants for five officials of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company on a charge o manslaughter arising out of the elevated-train wreck on November 1 that cost ninety-seven lives.

The Postmaster-General announces that aerial mail service between New York Cleveland, and Chicago will be inaugurated December 18.

December crop estimates of the Department of Agriculture shows a total value of $12,272,412,000 this year, an excess of $614,380,000 over the former record year. The total acreage was 365,895,722, being 10,700,000 acres more than last year. The cotton crop is estimated at 11,700,000 bales. Last year 11,302,375 bales were produced.

December 12.—Railroad executives representing 125 roads and 92 per cent. of the mileage of the country issue a formal statement in Philadelphia opposing Director-General McAdoo's proposal to continue government control of the railroads until January, 1924.

Washington announces the invention and development of a practical system of multiplex telephony and telegraphy which will revolutionize wire service.

Secretary Daniels and officers of the Navy appear before the House Committee on Merchant Marine in advocacy of a bill empowering the Government to take over all privately owned wireless systems in the country.

An additional United States Government credit of $3,200,000 is extended to Belgium, making her total loans from the United States $213,320,000, and the aggregate for all the Allies $8,223,540,702.

One month before the armistice, states the annual report of the Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering, the American Navy was operating 1,959 vessels of all descriptions, of which 264, carrying 42,000 men, were actively participating in the war in European waters.

December 13.—Capt. George B. Lester, of the Military Intelligence Bureau, testifies of the alleged connection of William Randolph Hearst, William Bayard Hale, and others with German propaganda in this country.

Two gunmen enter the East Brooklyn Savings Bank in the afternoon, kill the paying-teller and assistant treasurer, and escape with $13,112.

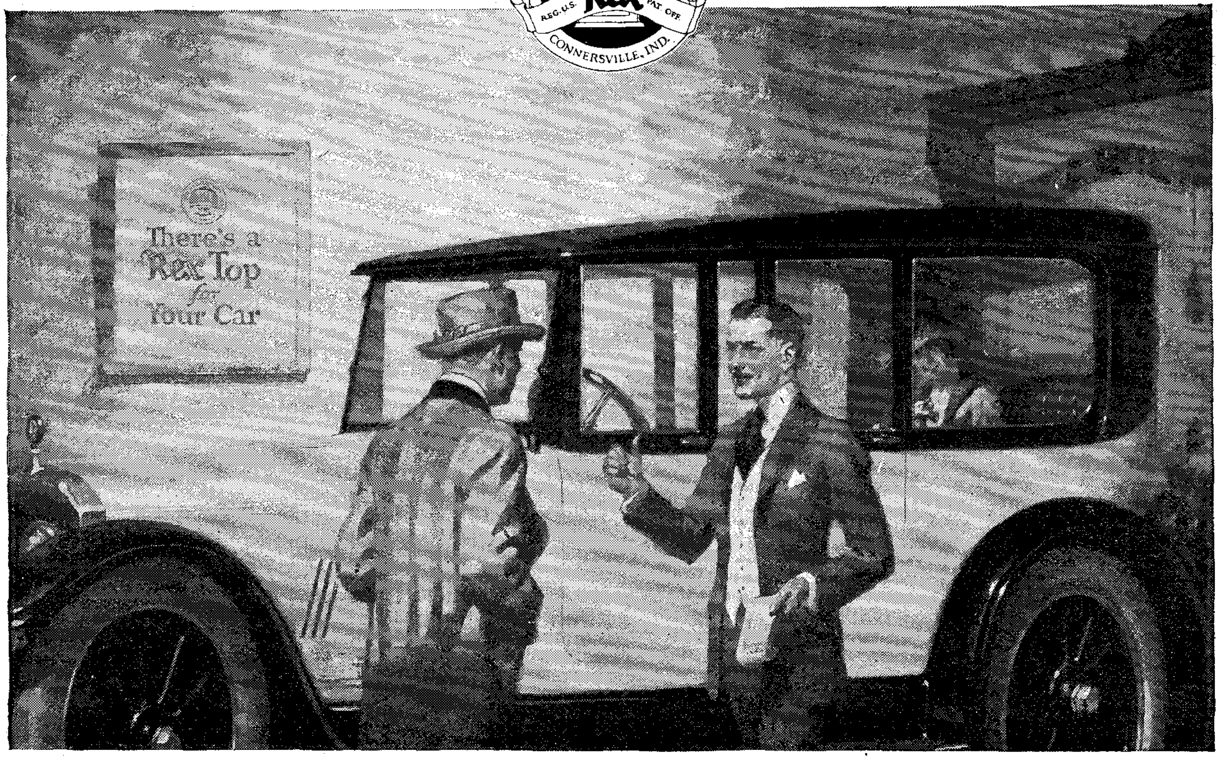
Postmaster-General Burleson ousts Clarence H. Mackay and two other officials from any connection with the operation or control of the consolidated cables of the Commercial and Western Union companies, and appoints Newcomb Carlton, president of the Western Union, director of the combined lines.

The War-Trade Board announces almost unlimited export of commodities to the United Kingdom, France, Italy, and Japan and their colonies effective December 16.

Surgeon-General Ireland tells the Senate Military Committee that of 2,500 shell-shocked patients, all except about 300 were cured almost immediately by news of the signing of the armistice, being "the greatest experience in psychotherapeutics known."

A convention of representatives of metal industries at Atlantic City declares in favor of a protective tariff and the subsidizing of an American merchant marine, and protests against the Administration policy of post war taxation.

A resolution for permanent government control of telegraph- and telephone-lines


There's a Rex Top for Your Car

Copyright 1918, Rex Manufacturing Co.

There's a Rex Top for Your Car

If You Own a Dodge Brothers, Buick, Oakland, Paige, Nash, Reo, or Lexington

And what is vitally important, it will fit your car like the proverbial glove. For there is a Rex All-Seasons Top that is specially designed and built for the make and model of automobile you now own, thus assuring mechanical and artistic co-ordination with the body.

After the Rex All-Seasons Top is installed on your touring car or roadster, there's every season comfort and protection for you and the members of your family.

The discomforts and handicaps of winter motoring vanish. Your car is at your service when you want it most of all—on the day when the weather is most inclement.

The Rex All-Seasons Top provides shelter against the cold and snow of winter, the chill and rain of autumn and spring, and the dust and showers of summer.

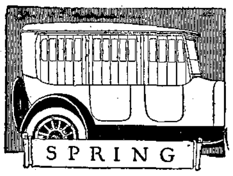
The Rex All-Seasons Top is economical as well as practical. Its installation changes the touring car or roadster into a sedan or coupé at a saving of $300 or more over the cost of a closed body of the solid type.

And the sturdy but light-weight Rex All-Seasons Top, with permanent deck and glass side panels that may be entirely removed in fair weather, is just as sparing of gasoline, oil and tires as the cape-topped car, and equally as active. The thousands of Rex-topped cars, factory-equipped and now in service, testify most eloquently to the truth of such a broad assertion.

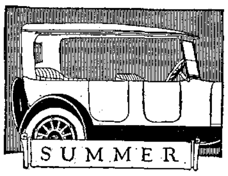
The Rex All-Seasons Top is now available for immediate installation on the following makes: Dodge Brothers, Buick, Oakland, Paige, Nash, Reo, Lexington and others.

The distributor or dealer, from whom you bought your car, can supply you.

Rex Manufacturing Company
Connersville, Indiana

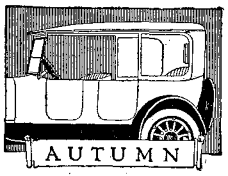


Rain protection—jiffy curtains in place.

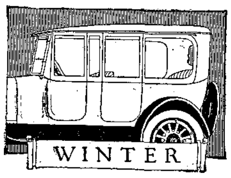


Complete ventilation—all panels removed.

Rex
ALL-SEASONS TOP
MANUFACTURED AND LICENSED
UNDER PATENTS THAT ARE BASIC

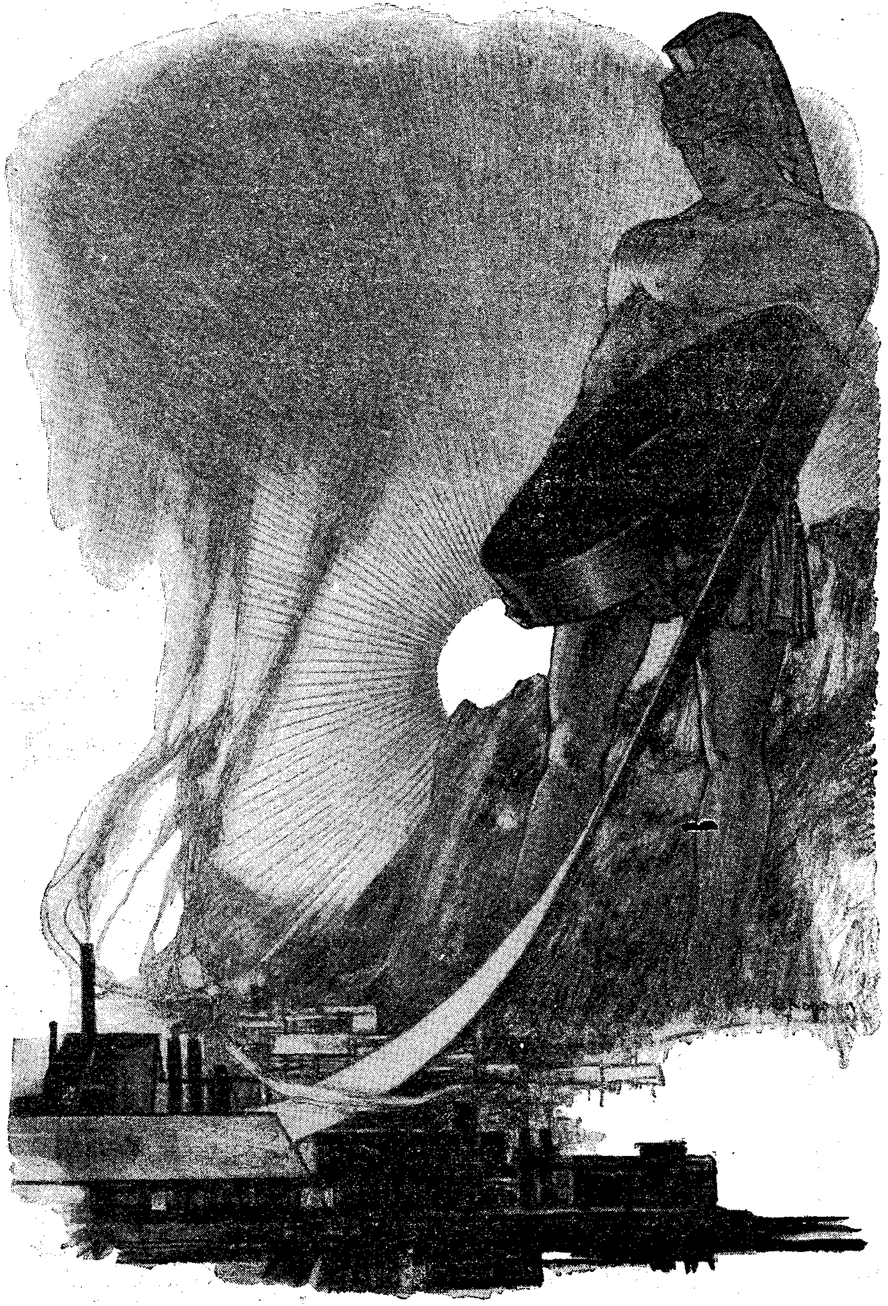


Tonneau protection, forward panels removed.



Weathertight—all panels in place.

ALEXANDER
LEATHER BELTING



THE BELT OF POWER

POWER properly put-to-work will make a watch or move a mountain. For more than half a century the words Alexander Leather Belting have been synonymous with power transmission.

THE HIGH MARK ON LEATHER

ALEXANDER BROTHERS, Philadelphia
New York Chicago Boston Atlanta

Distributors of Alexander Leather Belting, Sole Leather, Harness and Strapping Leather and Leather Specialties in all principal cities of the United States and Europe

is introduced by Chairman Moon, of the House Post-Office Committee.

December 14.—A minority report of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections urges further action in the case of Senator LaFollette, of Wisconsin, looking toward his exoneration, censure, or expulsion.

General March announces that approximately half of the 1,700,000 men in the home camps on November 11 are specifically designated for early discharge.

A nation-wide campaign for the equalization of educational opportunity throughout the country is begun by the National Security League.

Captain Lester gives more information gathered by the Military Intelligence Bureau of the activities of W. R. Hearst and Dr. Hale to the Senate investigation committee, which is exploring German propaganda.

December 15.—The second annual report of the United States Shipping Board shows that from the time of its organization up to August 31, of this year, the Emergency Fleet Corporation had negotiated 495 contracts, aggregating 2,298 vessels, with a total of 14,119,130 dead-weight tons, involving an estimated cost of $2,319,216,204.

Postmaster-General Burleson announces sweeping reductions in long-distance and toll telephone-rates to become effective January 21.

A statement issued by the War Council of the Red Cross shows that ninety-eight cents of every dollar of the money given to the organization is spent in actual relief work, only two per cent. being used to meet administrative expenses in the United States.

December 16.—Colorado's "bone-dry" law is signed by the Governor to go into effect at midnight.

Postmaster-General Burleson sends to the House Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads a letter asserting the necessity of government ownership of telegraph- and telephone-lines, and saying that this can be paid for entirely through the savings which will be brought about by such ownership within the next twenty-five years.

Carter Glass takes the oath of office as Secretary of the Treasury.

The Department of Agriculture forecasts a winter wheat crop of 765,000,000 bushels, 80,000,000 bushels larger than any previous yield.

December 17.—The Ordnance Bureau of the War Department announces that it was making 500 guns of all calibers per month at the close of the war.

The President and Vice-President of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph and Cable Company testify at Washington their opposition to government ownership of wireless systems.

Walker D. Hines, Assistant Director-General of Railroads and former Chairman of the Santa Fé, issues a statement to the effect that the railroads should either be turned back to their owners at once or should be held for five years as suggested by Mr. McAdoo.

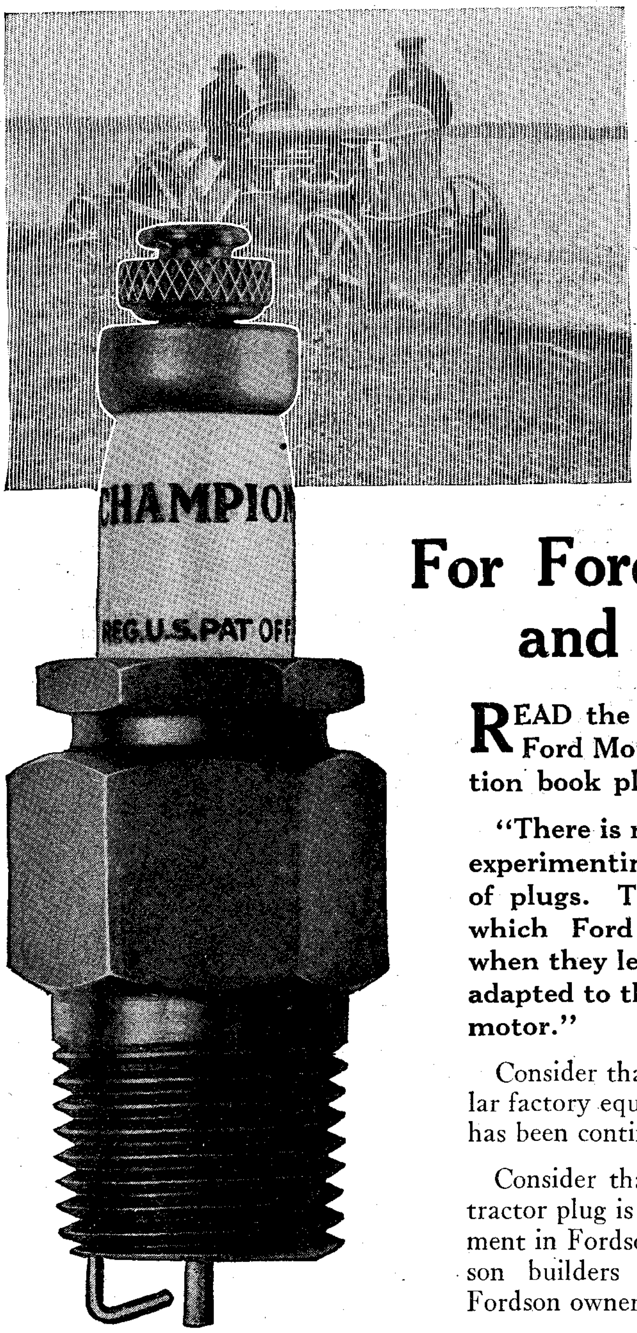
Four Army aviators are killed in an airplane collision at Geneseo, New York.

In accordance with a preelection agreement, United States Senator Mulkey, of Oregon, resigns his seat in the Senate and is succeeded by Senator McNary, who was elected in November for the six-year term beginning next March.

The first great industrial combination completed under the provisions of the Webb Act to stabilize foreign trade is launched at New York by combining fifteen great copper companies, practically all the producers of the country, to form the Copper Export Association, a selling corporation.

Champion

Dependable Spark Plugs



For FORDSON TRACTORS
Champion Fordson Tractor Plugs. Price $1.00

For Fordson Tractors and Ford Cars

READ the advice contained in the Ford Motor Company's instruction book placed in every Ford car:

"There is nothing to be gained by experimenting with different makes of plugs. The make of plugs with which Ford Engines are equipped when they leave the factory are best adapted to the requirements of the motor."

Consider that Champion "X" is regular factory equipment on Ford cars, and has been continuously since 1911—

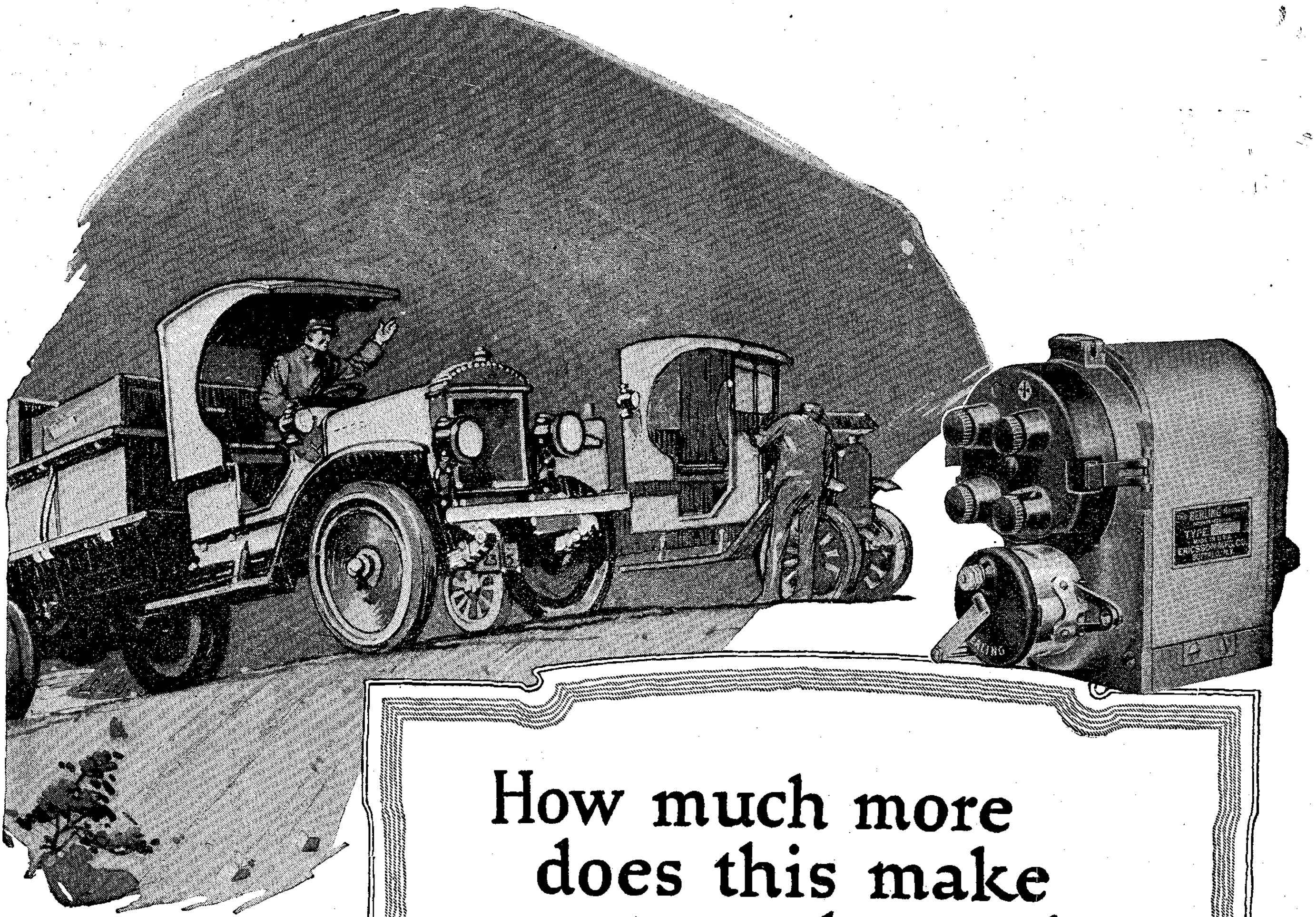
Consider that the Champion Fordson tractor plug is also regular factory equipment in Fordson tractors and that Fordson builders recommend *this* plug to Fordson owners—

Could there be stronger proof to guide you in the choice of spark plugs to handle and recommend to owners of Ford cars and Fordson tractors?

CHAMPION
X
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF

For FORD CARS
Champion X
Price 90c

Champion Spark Plug Co., Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Co., of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario



How much more does this make a truck worth?

THE truck owner loses $10, $20 or more—every time magneto-trouble stalls his motor.

Sometimes he is to blame for letting first-cost guide him in his selection of a truck.

For—by adopting a magneto cheaper than the Berling, a manufacturer can make his product seem to cost a little less—the maker has to pay from $10 to $50 extra for the Berling.

But how about the man who buys that truck?—won't it cost him much more than the extra cost of the Berling Magneto—if he has to put up with a less reliable magneto?

ERICSSON MFG. CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE Berling Magneto's supremacy is due to years of strenuous tests by engineering departments.

The results of these tests form the sole reason why the Berling has been adopted by leaders in every branch of the automotive field.

Leaders do not buy magnetos on the basis of first-cost.

Berling Magneto

WORTH MORE DOES MORE

EXPERT MEDICAL ADVICE ON INFLUENZA

(*Continued from page 23*)

approved by government experts. Says General Blue:

"It is very important that every person who becomes sick with influenza should go home at once and go to bed. This will help keep away dangerous complications and will, at the same time, keep the patient from scattering the disease far and wide. It is highly desirable that no one be allowed to sleep in the same room with the patient. In fact, no one but the nurse should be allowed in the room.

"If there are cough and sputum or running of the eyes and nose, care should be taken that all such discharges are collected on bits of gauze or rag or paper napkins and burned. If the patient complains of fever and headache, he should be given water to drink, a cold compress to the forehead, and a light sponge. Only such medicine should be given as is prescribed by the doctor. It is foolish to ask the druggist to prescribe and may be dangerous to take the so-called 'safe, sure, and harmless' remedies advertised by patent-medicine manufacturers.

"If the patient is so situated that he can be attended only by some one who must also look after others in the family, it is advisable that such attendant wear a wrapper, apron, or gown over the ordinary house clothes while in the sick-room, and slip this off when leaving to look after the others.

"Nurses and attendants will do well to guard against breathing in dangerous disease germs by wearing a simple fold of gauze or mask while near the patient. . . .

"In guarding against disease of all kinds, it is important that the body be kept strong and able to fight off disease germs. This can be done by having a proper proportion of work, play, and rest, by keeping the body well clothed, and by eating sufficient, wholesome, and properly selected food. In connection with diet, it is well to remember that milk is one of the best all-around foods obtainable for adults as well as children. So far as a disease like influenza is concerned health authorities everywhere recognize the very close relation between its spread and overcrowded homes. While it is not always possible, especially in times like the present, to avoid such overcrowding, people should consider the health danger and make every effort to reduce the home overcrowding to a minimum. The value of fresh air through open windows can not be overemphasized.

"Where crowding is unavoidable, as in street-cars, care should be taken to keep the face so turned as not to inhale directly the air breathed out by another person.

"It is especially important to beware of the person who coughs or sneezes without covering his mouth and nose. It also follows that one should keep out of crowds and stuffy places as much as possible, keep homes, offices, and workshops well aired, spend some time out of doors each day, walk to work if at all practicable—in short, make an effort to breathe as much fresh air as possible."

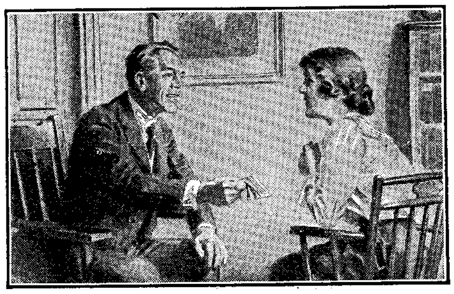
A statement issued by the British Royal College of Physicians, and published in the London *Times Weekly* (November 15), declares that "this outbreak is essentially identical, both in itself and in its complications, including pneumonia, with that of 1890," and "has no relation to plague, as some have suggested." The following timely advice is given to the public:

"Well-ventilated, airy rooms promote well-being, and to that extent, at any rate, are inimical to infection; drafts are due to unskilful ventilation, and are harmful; chilling of the body surface should be prevented by wearing warm clothing out of doors. Good, nourishing food, and enough of it, is desirable; there is no virtue in more than this. Alcoholic excess invites disaster; within the limits of moderation each person will be wise to maintain unaltered whatever habit experience has proved to be most agreeable to his own health. The throat should be gargled every four to six hours, if possible, or, at least, morning and evening, with a disinfectant gargle, of which one of the most potent is a solution of twenty drops of liquor soda chlorinate in a tumbler of warm water. A solution of common table salt, one teaspoonful to the pint of warm water, is suitable for the nasal passage; pour a little into the hollowed palm of the hand and snuff up the nostrils two or three times a day.

"Since we are uncertain of the primary cause of influenza, no form of inoculation can be guaranteed to protect against the disease itself. From what we know as to the lack of enduring protection after an attack, it might in any case be assumed that no vaccine could protect for more than a short period. But the chief dangers of influenza lie in its complications, and it is probable that much may be done to mitigate the severity of the affection and to diminish its mortality by raising the resistance of the body against the chief secondary infecting agents. No vaccines should be administered except under competent medical advice. No drug has as yet been proved to have any specific influence as a preventive of influenza. At the first feeling of illness or rise of temperature the patient should go to bed at once and summon his medical attendant. Relapses and complications are much less likely to occur if the patient goes to bed at once and remains there till all fever has gone for two or three days; much harm may be done by getting about too early. Chill and overexertion during convalescence are fruitful of evil consequences. The virus of influenza is very easily destroyed, and extensive measures of disinfection are not called for. Expectoration should be received, when possible, in a glazed receptacle in which is a solution of chlorid of lime. Discarded handkerchiefs should be immediately placed in disinfectant, or, if of paper, burned.

"The liability of the immediate attendants to infection may be materially diminished by avoiding inhalation of the patient's breath, and particularly when he is coughing, sneezing, or talking. A handkerchief should be held before the mouth, and the head turned aside during coughing or sneezing. The risk of conveyance of infection by the fingers must be constantly remembered, and the hands should be washed at once after contact with the patient or with mucus from the nose or throat. Each case must be treated, as occasion demands, under the direction of the medical attendant. No drug has as yet been proved to have any specific curative effect on influenza, tho many are useful in guiding its course and mitigating its symptoms. In the uncertainty of our present knowledge considerable hesitation must be felt in advising vaccine treatment as a curative measure.

"A period of enfeeblement following an attack of influenza should never be disregarded, as it is apt to mask the presence of other morbid conditions."



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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

OUR WAR-DEBT AND OUR ABILITY TO PAY IT

IT is contended by a writer in the New York *Times Annalist* that "historic precedents justify the hope that reduced operating expenses will create a sufficient tax-accumulation to retire our bonds as they fall due." First, he recalls what our condition was before the war, when we were "a modest nation" compared with what we are now, our national debt "less than that of our largest city." Our net debt during the war, however, has grown to $17,000,000,000, but it is a debt that we "owe to ourselves," and a further comforting fact is that "nearly every civilized country has due to us balances that will take a generation to settle." Citing a maxim of finance, that "the measure of power lies in unlimited credit," he notes that our situation now as to debt, "instead of being a cause for alarm, is rather an indication of the new place the United States has taken among nations." He proceeds:

"Let us first analyze our national debt and then try to gather the full meaning of the words Banker for the World. In round figures, the war has cost us 22¼ billions, of which 8 billions have been loaned to our Allies and 14¼ billions spent by the United States. Bear in mind, however, that nearly all of the cost has gone across the counter of American producers. Nearly 28 billions have been raised by bonds or certificates, of which more than 10 billions in short-time paper have been redeemed and been paid. The net amount raised by loans has, therefore, been about 18 billions, while taxes and custom revenues produced something more than 5½ billions.

"Money owed by a Government to its own people is a source of strength. Liberty Loans have made 20,000,000 people more nearly partners in the success of the American enterprise than the franchise had accomplished since we separated from England. Money owed to a government by the nations of the world, with whom it is in active commercial competition, is another line of fortifications in defense of the frontier. Let us, then, consider our debts and our debtors, and how we both propose to pay. Our long-time loans may be scheduled as follows:

First Loan	$2,000,000,000
Second Loan	3,808,766,000
Third Loan	4,170,019,650
Fourth Loan	6,989,047,000
	$16,967,832,650

"The totals of each of the above loans have changed substantially since allotment, through conversions with a correspondingly increasing charge on the service. However, the gross amount is substantially unchanged. Of the old loans the Treasury statement of March 31 showed the following totals:

Consol. 2's of 1930	$599,724,050
4's of 1925	118,489,900
Panama Canal 2's, 1906	48,954,180
Panama Canal 2's, 1908	25,947,400
Panama Canal 3's, 1911	50,000,000
Conversion 3's, 1946-7	28,894,500
Postal Savings 2½'s, 1931-7	10,758,560
Postal Savings 2½'s, 1938	302,140,000
	$1,184,908,590

"The short-term loans in the shape of certificates of indebtedness and War-Savings Stamps at the present writing are as follows:

4½% certificates, Series E	$639,493,000
4½% certificates, Series 4F	625,216,500
4½% certificates, Series 4G	614,069,000
	$1,878,778,500

"In addition to the above a series of certificates of indebtedness, designated as TA, bearing interest at four per cent. and maturing July 15, 1919, was issued to a small amount in anticipation of next year's income taxes. The sale proved to be slow, and further issuance was discontinued and a new issue for the same purpose and of a similar maturity bearing interest at 4½ per cent. was substituted. The sale of these securities through the agency of the Federal Reserve Banks is in the nature of a continuous operation, and no totals so far have been announced.

"The sale of War-Savings Stamps and certificates has increased the national debt by $1,257,000,000, or within 400 million of the maximum under the first authorization. A second series, however, amounting to two billion dollars, has been authorized, so that the operation will probably continue into the coming year. The Treasury for the fiscal year 1917-1918 estimated receipts of $663,200,000 from this source and about a billion for 1918-1919. The first estimate was out of line, owing to the difficulty in getting the plan into smooth operation. Subsequent results have, however, justified the average of expectations.

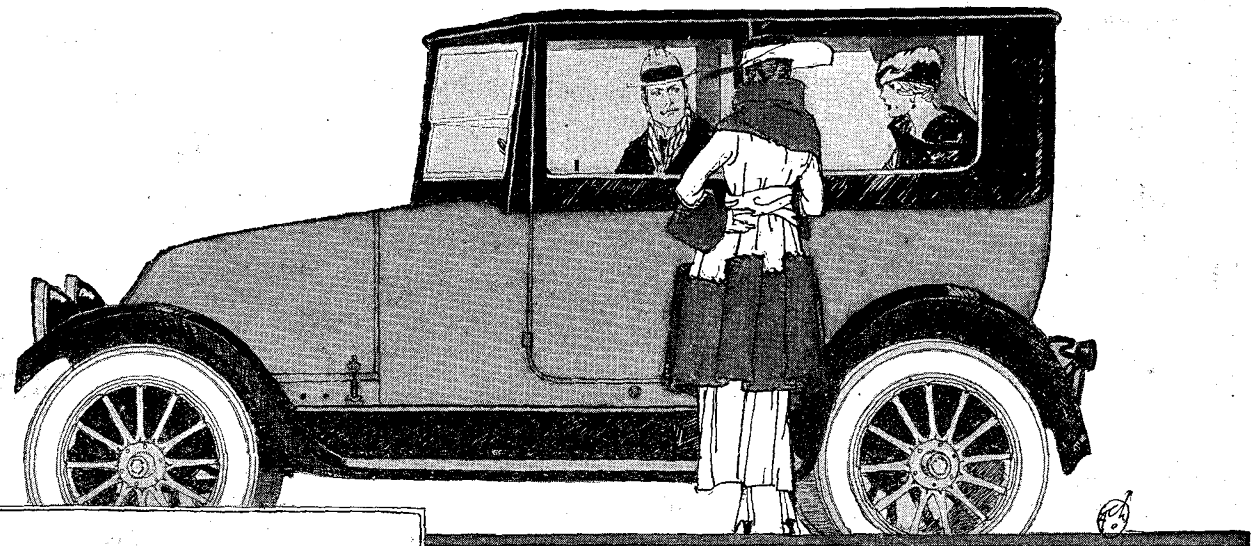
"The prewar debt, in the light of recent figures, is almost negligible, and the outstanding certificates in anticipation of taxes and the Fourth Liberty Loan will be redeemed in due course by the flow of funds owing to the Government in taxes and subscription payments. The problem of how to deal with the eighteen-billion-dollar war-debt is the vital question. How much of this sum represents a charge on the coming generation and how much an invaluable national asset? We have loaned abroad the following items:

Great Britain	$3,745,000,000
France	2,445,000,000
Italy	1,160,000,000
Russia	325,000,000
Belgium	183,520,000
Greece	15,790,000
Cuba	15,000,000
Servia	12,000,000
Roumania	6,666,666
Liberia	5,000,000
Czecho-Slav Republic	7,000,000
	$7,919,976,666

"Here, then, are figures totaling nearly half of our war-debts that are not only self-supporting but also a double-edged weapon in the international market. In the first place, they represent money spent at home on American goods, from which the American manufacturer has taken his toll of profit; and in the second place, they have put the world in our debt to an extent that will be difficult to pay in the normal manner of exchange of goods.

"Imports of foreign commodities or even gold will take a decade to halve the debt, for the gold can not be spared, nor do we wish it, and our creditors will find it difficult to increase their exports to a point capable of bringing about a balance in their favor. The imports from Europe are bound to be offset by our own exports, some able economists predicting a balance of a billion dollars in our favor for the next five years. Regardless of the demands to be made upon us from this source, it is probable that the peak-load of expenditure has been reached and the period of readjustment and redemption set in.

"Charging off, then, our loans to the Allies as an asset, let us then consider how we may best meet the bill due the American people. Vague discussions of the creation of a huge sinking-fund have been heard, altho, for some reason or other, in history these operations have not been entirely successful. Fortunately the bulk of our debt has an early callable date, and the Treasury has recently come in for much applause by advocating no more loans unless they be in the nature of a one to five-year currency. Experience teaches that



Franklin Light Weight and Air Cooling add to Franklin fineness a day-by-day delivery to the owners of—

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline —instead of 10

10,000 miles to the set of tires —instead of 5,000

50% slower depreciation than any other fine car

There Are Hard Days Ahead For the Wasteful Motor Car

TODAY when you are considering a motor car, you have something more definite in mind than a year ago, because your standard is bound to be different than it was then. You are buying a car to ride in—*as much as you require*—but you are naturally more exacting as to costs, comfort, and staying qualities of the car.

Everybody recognizes the fact that the performance of motor cars in general is unchanged. And the live question now is which car will give you a *full measure* of usefulness—and still stick to the new standard of *keeping down waste.*

Cars that insisted upon bulky, wasteful, rigid weight before the war now find themselves out of line with the trend of public thought and unable to change for months to come on account of the material situation. And with the people frowning upon waste, there will be hard days ahead for the wasteful motor car.

It's all summed up in the old question of unnecessary motor car weight and rigid construction. Unnecessary weight means unnecessary expense to move it —more fuel; and, combined with rigidity, it gives tires no chance to wear out—they are pounded out long before they should be.

The Franklin Car, on the other hand, anticipated these requirements sixteen years ago. It has always been built on the principle of utility, cutting out all excessive weight at the outset, and relying on flexibility instead of rigidity, and now, without change, it meets your need and desire for a car to use—a car to ride in with the utmost safety, comfort, reliability at the least expense.

The fineness of the product is best indicated by the facts of Franklin performance in the hands of owners under all conditions.

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The Franklin CAR

Get the habit of doing things right. This will mean greater production; less waste; increased earnings. Work for good times all the time.—W. B. Wilson, U. S. Secretary of Labor.

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7% City, 6%-Farm—First Mortgages. Our own money invested in all mortgages offered investors. Our farm mortgages are made only on Central Texas, black waxy, hog-wallow lands. Not more than 50% of value loaned—usually less. Twenty years in business. Write for booklet, "Safe Investments."

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6% NET For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 77. $25 Certificates of Deposits also for saving investors

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the full benefit and effect of war-taxes are rarely felt until after the war. England, after the Napoleonic wars, came back with a rapidity that astonished the Exchequer itself. Taxes rolled up in such a volume and expenses dropt with demobilization to such an extent that the Government found itself anticipating the callable date in national debts by market purchases, and even then it was found convenient gradually to reduce the scale of taxation.

"Our experience after the Civil War was very similar to England's, and the Treasury's surplus annually accumulated to a point that forced the Government to buy back at high premiums the bonds it was not privileged to call. This was true, tho to a lesser degree, with the Spanish war-loan.

"It seems as tho the two operations of liquidating our own debts and the debt of Europe to the United States dovetailed perfectly into one gradual and stupendous task. While Europe is paying her indebtedness to us without interfering with the development of international trade by the sale of foreign securities in our home market our buyers here must receive the tools to operate with through the redemption and repurchase of their Liberty Bonds. In this half of the deal safety, as usual, lies in the middle course. It is hoped that taxes will be maintained at a level that will infallibly provide funds for fixt redemptions with a sufficient surplus to get a flying start by purchase around the present low levels."

OUR SAVING STILL AS NECESSARY AS IN WAR-TIME

That there is still the same great need of saving in this country as before the armistice was signed, the reason being that reconstruction will require the use of all our resources, was contended by the Federal Reserve Board in a statement recently prepared for circulation throughout the country. The Board is confident that the present "is no time for relaxation, either of our financial precautions or measures which must be regarded as vitally necessary to insure the conservation of our banking and credit resources." As the armistice foreshadowed the end of "the most remarkable era in American finance," so it marked the opening up of another "which will be replete with new and momentous problems." For a long time to come the liquid capital of the country "will be inadequate to meet the needs of the world." Some process of husbanding it must, therefore, be applied. The statement continues:

"Immediately the problem will be that of preventing credit from expanding too far, and, so far as practicable, of reducing any excess that already exists. The economic history of the period immediately succeeding wars of the past has shown that in practically every instance there has been a tendency toward the use of bank funds for the purpose of promoting the development of industries and enterprises involving a considerable investment of capital.

"The Federal Reserve banks are the one unexhausted reservoir of banking credit in the world. To them is assigned the function of maintaining the liquid character of the assets held against the demand obligations of the banks, and, by regulation of discount rates, to regulate, as conditions permit, the uses and limits of credit. This function, almost of necessity, has been temporarily suspended during the war, but, with the return of peace, a resumption of the duties of the reserve system as a regulator of credit again presents itself. Reduction of loans on war-paper is a problem to be faced at once by the banks, for the transition period will, it is stated, unquestionably involve new and large needs for credit and capital. Present conditions in the world are quite different from those which existed after previous wars, because all the leading countries are involved. To-day banking and credit inflation is general, while there has been far-reaching alteration in the distribution of gold. A gradual redistribution of the gold-supply is, therefore, to be looked for as one of the features of the financial future.

"Coincident with the reduction of domestic war-loans there may probably be expected to develop a direct demand upon our banking resources for accommodation designed to facilitate the movement of goods to other countries. Such accommodation has been extended in large measure ever since the opening of the European War—first, through the extension of loans to belligerent countries, privately placed with bankers in the United States, and, later, when the United States itself became a belligerent, through the issue of government bonds, whose proceeds were advanced to foreign countries and were then used by them in payment for supplies purchased in the United States. It may be possible, as has already been intimated, that additional credits may from time to time have to be opened in favor of the Allied nations, but from this time forward the bulk of our foreign financing will necessarily return to a peace basis, and the services of our banks will lie in supplying the means for financing the movement of consumable goods to the foreign countries by which they are most needed.

"One effect of the war has been to produce shortages of materials of production in many different directions, a fact which implies that the reserve stock of such articles, always relatively small, as compared with total consumption, has been allowed to become exhausted. To meet all current demands, and thus to reestablish such reserve stocks, will be a task calling for the increase of production in many lines, particularly as the current requirements of the European nations for material to be used in reconstruction systems will constitute an abnormal addition to current needs. It must be expected, therefore, that the demands of the nation and of the world for capital and for goods will continue to be more or less active for a good while to come. The fear of depression of trade express in many quarters need not be entertained with respect to trade as a whole; depression may be expected only in those lines in which demand has been suddenly suspended or curtailed in the process of readjusting consumption and production."

In conclusion, the Board insists that this demand for capital "must be met from the ordinary sources of saving and accumulation and not through the creation of banking credit." Merely to rely upon bank loans as the source from which to draw the means for supporting industrial operations "would raise the question whether, instead of resorting to intensive saving, accompanied by reduction of prices, we had resolved to fall back upon inflation of bank liabilities and of the currency."

FEWEST FAILURES IN TWENTY-SIX YEARS

General trade in November after being active during the first week of the month was rather quiet in the last two-thirds, or since the armistice was signed, and yet *Bradstreet's* finds that "business failures reflected few signs of this." In fact, the later weeks of November saw "a largely reduced number of casualties," the net result being "a strikingly small total of failures and a reduction in liabilities." One of the causes for quiet in November the writer believes to have been the fact that traders were "making up their minds what the

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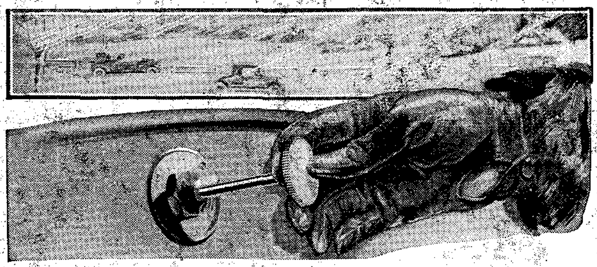
Cold weather has no terrors for the motorist whose car is equipped with an Imperial Primer. One stroke of the Plunger, within easy reach on the dashboard, sprays vaporized, firable mist of gasoline into the manifold and enables you to start instantly.



An Imperial Primer on your automobile prevents the usual winter-time drain on batteries and self-starters, a feature which alone is worth many times the price asked.

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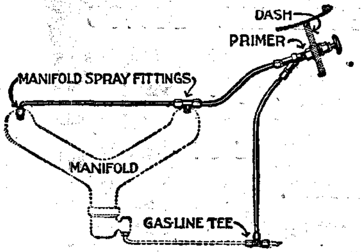
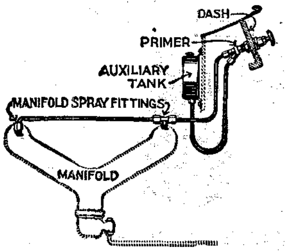
For All Makes of Cars Tractors and Trucks

Imperial Primer Outfit with Gas Line Tee, $5.50



consists of Primer Pump, Gas Line Tee, Manifold Spray Fittings and Tubing, readily installed on any make of car, including Fords. When ordering this Outfit, always specify outside diameter of main gasoline line tubing.

Imperial Primer Outfit with Auxiliary Tank, $6.00



is similar to the Gas Line Tee Outfit, except that it has an auxiliary tank which holds 1½ pints of gasoline, instead of the Gas Line Tee. All connections made with the well-known Imperial Compression Couplings.

You should be able to purchase an Imperial Primer from your dealer. If not, write us, and we will see that you are supplied promptly.

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Now that the restrictions have been removed on oxygen and acetylene gases, Imperial Welding and Cutting Equipment is again available for use in industrial work. War has shown the value of Imperial Outfits both at home and abroad, and the work of peace-time readjustment will prove them to be equally effective.

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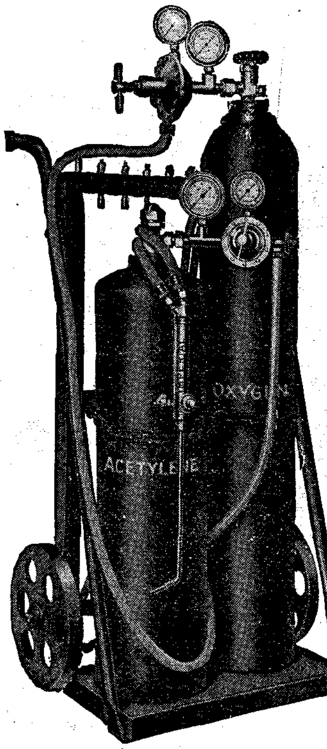

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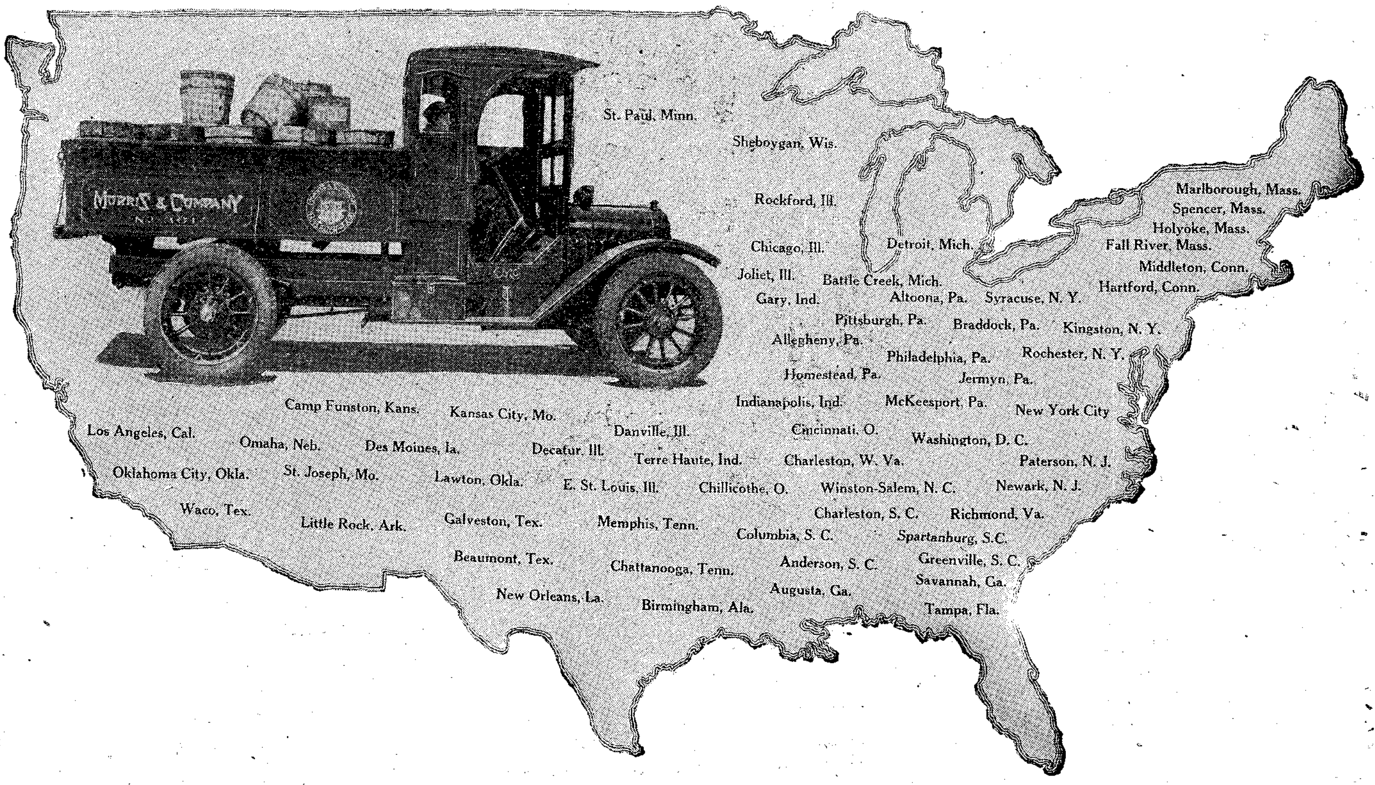
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Kingston, N. Y.
Allegheny, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Rochester, N. Y.
Homestead, Pa.
Jermyn, Pa.
Camp Funston, Kans.
Kansas City, Mo.
Indianapolis, Ind.
McKeesport, Pa.
New York City
Los Angeles, Cal.
Omaha, Neb.
Des Moines, Ia.
Decatur, Ill.
Danville, Ill.
Cincinnati, O.
Washington, D. C.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
St. Joseph, Mo.
Lawton, Okla.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Charleston, W. Va.
Paterson, N. J.
E. St. Louis, Ill.
Chillicothe, O.
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Newark, N. J.
Waco, Tex.
Little Rock, Ark.
Galveston, Tex.
Memphis, Tenn.
Charleston, S. C.
Richmond, Va.
Columbia, S. C.
Spartanburg, S. C.
Beaumont, Tex.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Anderson, S. C.
Greenville, S. C.
Savannah, Ga.
Augusta, Ga.
New Orleans, La.
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From Chicago, Where Morris & Company Put Their First GMC Trucks in Operation in 1915, The Morris & Company Fleet Has Spread to 63 American Cities

Nothing short of the very best in motor truck equipment is good enough to deliver Morris & Company's "Supreme" Hams and Bacon.

"We bought our first GMC trucks in 1915. That they have given splendid satisfaction is proven by the fact that we have bought, and are buying, them continuously."

Morris & Company

General Manager

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

One of the units of the General Motors Corporation

Pontiac, Michigan

Branches and Distributors in Principal Cities

(425)

GMC TRUCKS

new order of things will mean to things commercial and industrial."

So far as failures were concerned, however, the month made a fine showing. There were only 549 reported to *Bradstreet's* for the whole month, a decrease of 20 per cent. from October, 16 per cent from the low level of July, and 43 per cent. from November a year ago. This total was the smallest total recorded in any month since 1893, when the compilation of failures by months was begun by *Bradstreet's*. Liabilities for November totaled only $9,642,486, a sum 11 per cent. smaller than in October, and 12 per cent. below that of November a year ago. On this subject it is further stated:

"For eleven months of the calendar year failures number only 8,810, a decrease of 26 per cent. from the like period of 1917, and a trifle more than half what they were in 1915, the high-water mark year for failures in the country's history. Liabilities for eleven months totaled $128,016,124, a decrease of 14.6 per cent. from 1917, just one-half what they were in 1915, and 60 per cent. less than in 1914. The failures, assets, and liabilities monthly and quarterly for two years past follow:

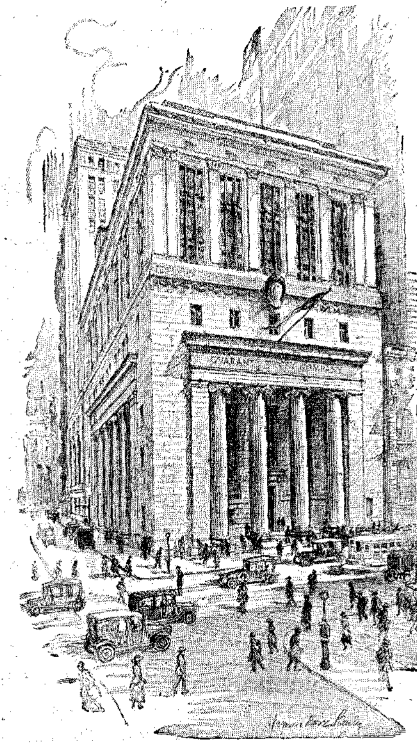
1918	*Number*	*Assets*	*Liabilities*
January	1,219	$7,244,578	$16,629,531
February	918	6,232,570	11,468,534
March	893	6,650,940	12,542,179
First quarter	3,030	$20,128,088	$40,640,244
April	829	6,500,538	12,549,811
May	792	4,721,058	9,067,663
une	747	3,664,931	7,827,988
Second quarter	2,368	$14,886,527	$29,445 462
Six months	5,398	$35,014,615	$70,085,706
uly	771	6,298,568	$12,868,600
ugust	747	4,078,291	9,238,060
eptember	657	8,656,405	15,267,592
Third quarter	2,175	$19,033,264	$37,374,252
Nine months	7,573	$54,047,879	$107,459,964
October	688	$5,040,331	$10,913,674
November	549	5,010,644	9,642,486
1917			
anuary	1,558	$14,702,267	$24,342,506
ebruary	1,126	5,390,711	12,186,528
March	1,147	5,465,630	11,518,610
First quarter	3,831	$25,558,608	$48,047,644
pril	1,096	$5,473,947	$11,140,899
ay	1,189	7,109,912	14,282,275
ne	1,041	5,224,461	11,767,111
Second quarter	3,326	$17,808,320	$37,190,285
Six months	7,157	$43,366,928	$85,237,929
ly	1,050	$11,722,383	$17,089,053
ugust	1,001	6,266,733	13,296,645
ptember	872	5,033,282	10,478,691
Third quarter	2,923	23,022,398	$40,864,389
Nine months	10,080	$66,389,326	$126,102,318
tober	1,005	$6,131,632	$13,023,219
vember	963	5,298,490	10,956,334

"The following table gives the number, ssets, and liabilities of those failing during ovember, as compared with the same onth of preceding years for twenty-five ears past:

	Number	*Assets*	*Liabilities*
18	549	$5,010,644	$9,642,486
17	963	5,298,490	10,956,334
16	1,265	4,070,588	9,578,710
15	1,399	9,130,817	19,871,295
14	1,586	13,366,004	24,850,367
13	1,233	10,297,707	23,618,400
12	1,103	5,879,093	13,771,638
11	1,092	8,180,553	14,973,895
10	946	7,121,635	14,191,178
09	982	5,262,447	10,585,900
08	993	8,138,573	14,001,604
07	1,108	20,850,695	32,653,269
06	810	4,199,577	8,587,366
05	816	4,040,703	8,320,268
04	809	4,187,312	8,610,996
03	885	6,894,438	12,574,690
02	818	3,075,651	6,548,898
01	879	4,460,837	10,101,874
00	837	6,408,510	13,480,524
9	794	5,596,442	12,544,207
8	936	7,086,965	13,788,982
7	1,058	5,487,572	10,394,545
6	1,226	13,034,018	23,104,052
5	1,248	7,965,374	14,801,667
4	1,188	7,325,193	12,666,907
3	1,423	7,969,444	15,996,199

"The results for eleven months of this

Peace Conditions and Investments



WITH the return to a peace basis, and the removal of war-time uncertainties, sound bonds and notes, at present prices, are attracting investors. Desirable issues, of both long and short term maturities, may now be had to yield a liberal income return.

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False Notions On Teeth-Cleaning

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

They Ignore the Film

The old idea of brushing teeth was to remove food particles. Some ways also aimed to polish teeth.

But time soon proved those methods insufficient. Teeth still discolored, still decayed. Tartar formed, and pyorrhea remained undiminished. Statistics show that tooth troubles constantly increased.

Millions of users have discovered that the tooth brush fails to save their teeth.

Now science knows the reason. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which dentists call bacterial plaque. It constantly forms on the teeth, and it clings. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. Old-time brushing methods could not properly combat it.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus tooth troubles are largely traced to that film.

Science now has found a way to combat that film. It has proved itself to many able authorities by four years of clinical tests. Today it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we offer you a Free tube to let you prove it out.

The Scientific Way

As a cleanser and polisher, Pepsodent holds supreme place among tooth pastes. But it also goes further.

It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated, and the usual activating agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed forbidden.

Now science has found an activating method harmless to the teeth. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, used in Pepsodent, makes the use of active pepsin possible.

Before it was offered to users, able dental authorities proved its value by clinical tests. They placed its results beyond question. Now we offer the proof to you in the shape of a home test.

Send the coupon for a One-Week Tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

A week's trial will convince you that Pepsodent does what nothing else has done. You will see that your teeth are protected as they never were before. You will not return after that, we think, to any old-time method.

Cut out the Free coupon now.

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

One-Week Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 280, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

Name..

Address..

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(149A)

year compare with eleven months of the nineteen preceding years as follows:

	Number	*Assets*	*Liabilities*
1918	8,810	$64,098,854	$128,016,124
1917	12,048	78,449,448	150,081,871
1916	15,149	76,232,839	157,605,641
1915	17,447	146,369,386	256,483,716
1914	14,567	178,719,626	323,489,444
1913	12,885	141,063,337	253,422,989
1912	12,502	89,828,596	180,353,034
1911	11,358	93,040,616	167,930,763
1910	10,374	78,439,301	163,265,451
1909	10,690	63,943,956	128,513,843
1908	12,756	157,663,308	276,261,863
1907	8,969	225,251,756	307,227,939
1906	8,480	55,299,143	109,847,422
1905	9,049	56,578,551	109,062,376
1904	9,368	71,051,292	133,739,834
1903	8,685	75,381,374	136,599,319
1902	9,080	44,187,522	92,419,176
1901	9,589	55,695,341	118,428,207
1900	8,833	50,938,945	109,913,257
1899	8,687	37,061,409	84,325,135

ADVANCE IN GUARANTEED STOCKS

The market for guaranteed stocks is seldom active, and has not been active recently, but *The Wall Street Journal* finds a "considerably firmer tone compared with a month or two ago evident in these issues." This trend it declares to have been "in sympathy with the upward movement in the market for high-grade bonds," a fact which is explained by their known desirability for investment purposes. There are stocks in this class which "compare most favorably with the best grade of bonds." The writer gives interesting details as follows:

"Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago original (now preferred) stock is outstanding to the amount of $19,714,285. There are no bonds on the property, so that dividends on this issue represent a first claim on the earnings, irrespective of lease to Pennsylvania Railroad, by which 7 pe cent. dividends are guaranteed. This property can be regarded as self-sustaining under almost any condition, as it comprises 468 miles main line trackage from Pittsburg to Chicago. The preferred stock is followed by $52,436,300 guaranteed special (now common) stock, entitled to 7 per cent. dividends under terms of lease to Pennsylvania. Special dividend, estimated around $5 a share, is expected shortly from funds accumulated in the treasury of company, understood to consist in part of sinking-fund cash in excess of amount tha was needed to retire its bonds which wer paid off at maturity, and not refunde by new bond issue.

"American Telegraph & Cable stock the property of which company is lease to Western Union until 1932, is quote around 57–62. While the company at on time was regarded as being overcapitalized it is a question whether its cables could b duplicated at present costs for labor an material at anywhere near the $14,000,00 capitalization of the company. Cabl business to Europe has been exceedingl heavy for the last few years, and even if th lease expired now instead of in 1932, ther is little question that stockholders woul be given a new lease on satisfactory terms In the meantime the price of the stock ha discounted possible reduction in rate i 1932, and the yield is so high as to affor a holder opportunity to amortize part o cost of stock out of dividends, if he i conservatively inclined. Following tabl gives present quotations for a number o important guaranteed stocks compared wit a month ago:

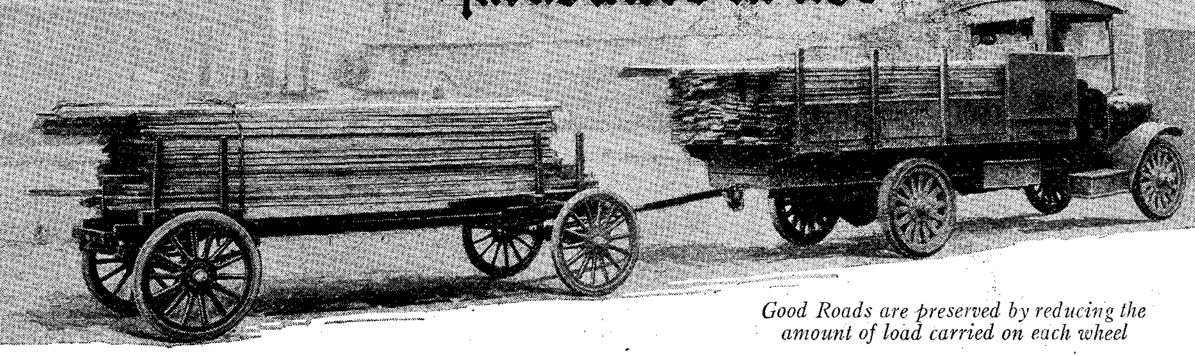
	Guarantor	*Price Now*	*Month Ago*
Albany & Sus	D. & H.	180–190	165–18
Amer. Tel. & Cable	West. Un.	57– 62	53– 5
Cleve. & Pitts. original	Penn.	68– 73	65– 7
Erie & Pittsburg	Penn.	55– 65	50– 6
Lack. Rail. of N. J.	D., L. & W.	70– 75	67– 7
Little Miami R.R.	Penn.	85– 95	80– 9
Morris & Essex	D., L. & W.	72– 76	67– 7
Northern Central	Penn.	72– 78	68– 7
Pitt., Ft. Wayne & Chi. orig.	Penn.	130–140	120–13
Rensselaer & Saratoga	Del. & Hud.	115–130	110–12
United N. J. R.R. & Canal.	Penn.	187–195	188–19

"At present prices many of these stock yield in excess of 5 and 6 per cent. an are highly regarded for permanent investment purposes. Market for such securitie

Trailmobile

Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office

Thousands in Use



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Cuts Hauling Cost to the Bone

The Motorless Motor Truck

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Also semi-trailers

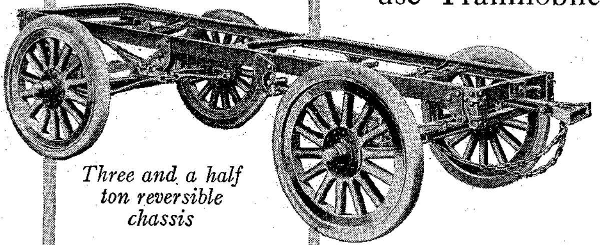
Bodies for every business

Orders filled subject to Government requirements and restrictions.

WITH a Trailmobile a truck hauls twice as much; a driver gets double the work done with practically the same effort; less gasoline and oil are used than would be required for two trucks; standing time is reduced because the Trailmobile can be loaded while the truck is away; a light truck and a Trailmobile can travel faster than a heavy truck.

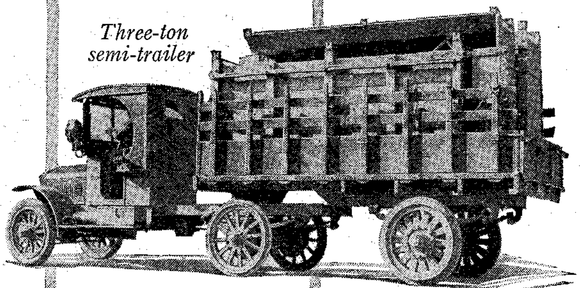
With a Trailmobile attached, a passenger car or roadster can do the work of a one or two-ton truck, delivering farm produce to the market, hauling tools and building materials, making long distance deliveries.

Trailmobiles cost little to buy. They only increase the operating expense of the truck that hauls them about 10 per cent. Maintenance costs practically nothing. So economical is Trailmobile Transportation that it makes it profitable for many to use Trailmobiles and truck where the operation of truck alone would not be warranted.



Three and a half ton reversible chassis

Trailmobiles are built like a truck by automotive engineers. They have truck axles, truck bearings, truck wheels and a truck frame. They carry full loads at truck speeds without undue strain on themselves or the power unit. They track perfectly and do not sidesway.



Three-ton semi-trailer

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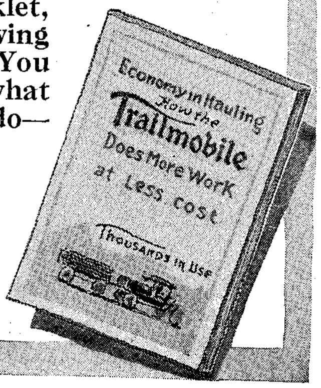
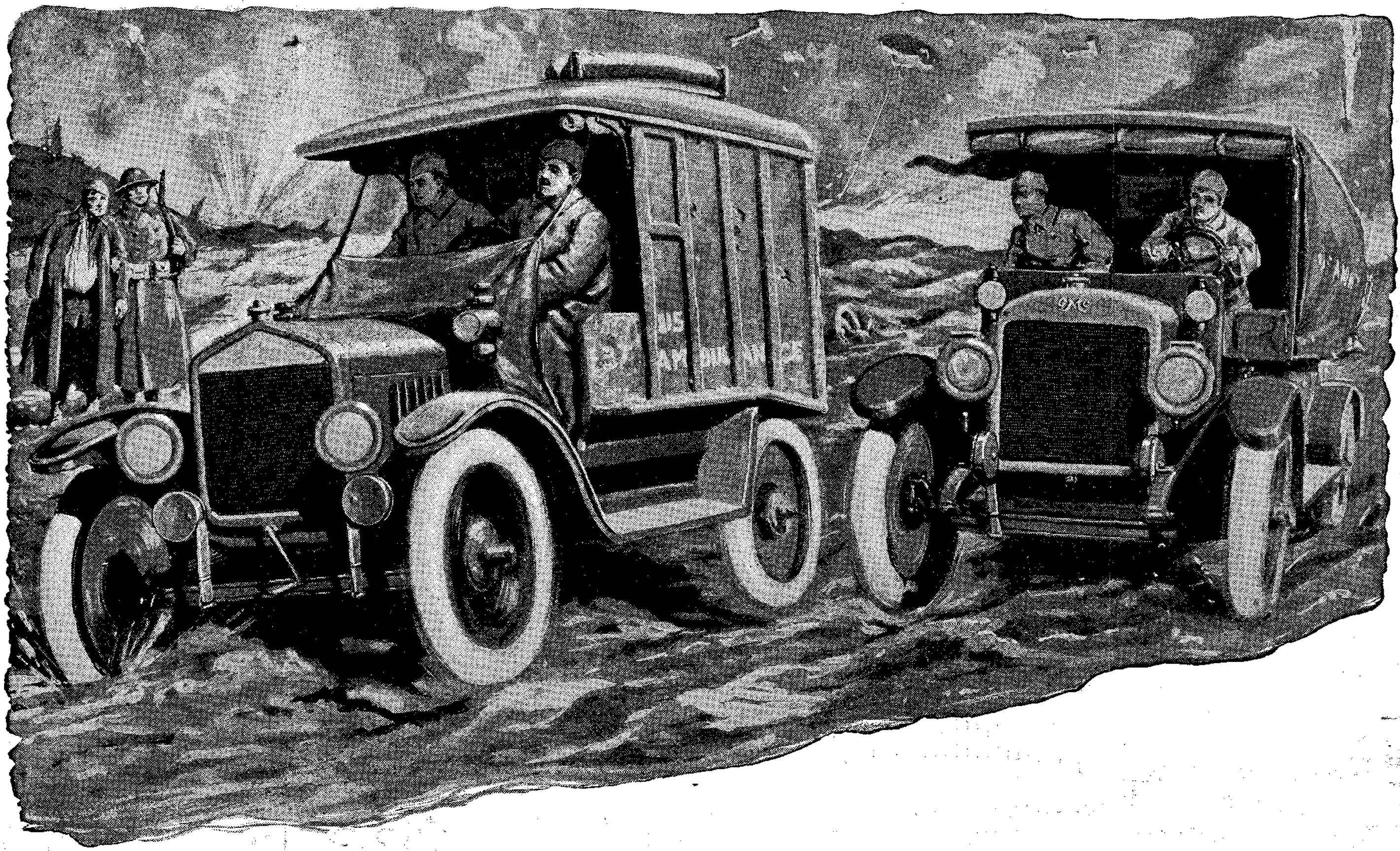
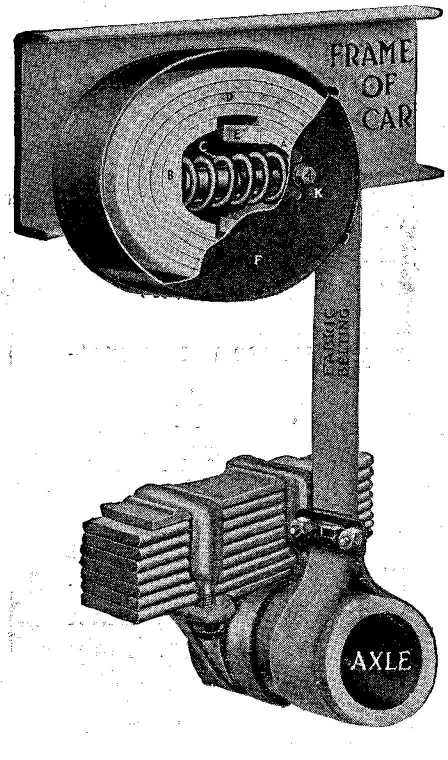
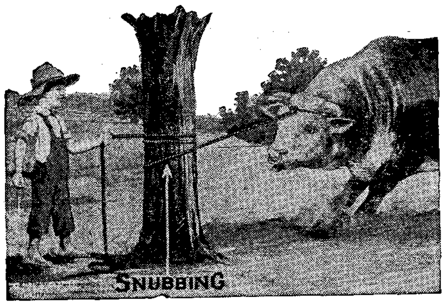




FIRST CHOICE in War as in Peace



The harder the Bull pulls, the tighter the rope coils around the tree to hold him. The harder the Springs try to rebound, and throw you from the seat, the tighter the layers of the Snubber coil to prevent it.



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The Government selected Gabriel Snubbers as standard equipment for its Ford and General Motors war ambulances, just as they have been selected year after year as standard equipment for motor cars all over the world.

Dealers: Improve the service and reputation of your new and used cars by selling Gabriel Snubbers.

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however, is somewhat slower than in case of some active bonds, which explains in part the high yield obtainable."

NO DECLINE YET IN COMMODITY PRICES

Bradstreet's index-number of commodity prices as of December 1 shows an advance of six-tenths of one per cent. over November 1. At the same time reports from England show that the decline which began earlier in the year was not maintained, but was recovered. These results were surprising in quarters where it was hoped that the signing of the armistice would lead to lower prices. The first is the more remarkable because from July 1 to November 1 prices had declined. The present index-number is 19.0376, which is only slightly below the level for July 1, which was 19.1879. A comparison of prices on December 1, with those for December 1, 1917, reflected a rise of 8 per cent., and with those for December 1, 1916, showed an advance of 39 per cent. In some comments on present conditions *Bradstreet's* says:

"Directly after the outbreak of war in August, 1914, prices for commodities advanced, and, following almost immediately the termination of hostilities, quotations, as if to contradict predictions, moved upward. There is much talk about liquidation being essential to the development of what might be termed normality, but if we except the easier trends affecting manufactured products and some raw materials, the signs thus far manifested indicate nothing else than marked strength. Indeed, the situation as to foodstuffs is plainly stronger than ever; it is in such commodities that the public is most vitally interested, and, obviously, the trends do not admit of liquidation in the wage-compensation of workers, this being a fact that the chieftains of industry clearly recognize. Nor does the immediate outlook provide much hope of lower quotations, competition being practically negligible, while this country must stand as it does ready to supply the stricken peoples of Europe with edible products, this being a duty we shall be called upon to perform for some time to come. On the other hand, it is probable, indeed a reasonable certainty, that manufactured products will recede, the props of war-work having been withdrawn, while buyers in general prefer to await reduced prices, and, incidentally, the Government is intent upon marketing supplies that have now become unnecessary for the purposes of war. In other words, the operation of supply and demand, unaffected by governmental support, will have full sway in the field of manufactures. But between manufactured and certain raw materials and foodstuffs the indications are for a clean-cut line of demarcation. The groups that make up the index-number are as follows:

	Dec. 1, 1917	*Oct. 1, 1918*	*Nov. 1, 1918*	*Dec. 1 1918*
Breadstuffs	$0.2204	$0.2026	$0.1999	$0.1996
Live stock	.6475	.7100	.6960	.6770
Provisions	4.2124	4.5359	4.5889	4.9709
Fruits	.4205	.3725	.3725	.3195
Hides and leather	2.3250	2.2150	2.2050	2.1650
Textiles	5.0851	5.7554	5.7029	5.6049
Metals	1.2952	1.3662	1.3062	1.2364
Coal and coke	.0102	.0120	.0120	.0120
Oils	.9670	1.3121	1.2734	1.2734
Naval stores	.0904	.1255	.1348	.1546
Building materials	.1517	.2047	.2046	.2113
Chemicals and drugs	1.6250	1.5253	1.5278	1.5065
Miscellaneous	.5462	.6795	.6870	.7065
Total	$17.5966	$19.0167	$18.9110	$19.0376

"Seven out of the thirteen groups declined within a month's time, while four advanced and two, oils and coal and coke, remained stationary. Breadstuffs receded slightly, chiefly because of a break in corn. Live stock fell, owing to recessions in sheep and hogs, but in this group beeves soared to a new record. Fruits worked off on a sharp break in the price of lemons. Hides and leather turned downward because of a drop in oak leather. Textiles eased, thanks to lower quotations for cotton, hemp, jute, and flax, the commodities named, owing to the cessation of hostilities, having become susceptible to bearish pressure. Metals went back on lower prices for tin and lead. Chemicals and drugs dropt chiefly because of the reduced price of carbolic acid. On the other hand, provisions, buoyed by extraordinary prices for eggs, family beef, mess pork, bacon, hams, butter, cheese, mackerel, codfish, and coffee, ascended to a new peak-point, the increase in the group as a whole being 8.3 per cent. as compared with November 1. Naval stores continued firm, the present level being close to the record touched on April 1, 1911. Building materials advanced, chiefly as a result of slightly higher prices for brick, lime, and nails. The miscellaneous group ascended, largely because of an upward reaction in the price of hops, which commodity had been very weak, but which turned strong on buying by brewers for stocking up purposes and by English interests. Of the individual commodities, twenty-nine advanced within a month's time, while twenty receded and fifty-six remained steady."

In this matter of high prices a writer in the New York *Journal of Commerce* notes that "it is undoubtedly true that prices have risen decidedly more in the United States than in other countries and that they have also risen much more rapidly." He adds that this is true, in spite of the fact that "the United States has been a belligerent only about a year and a half, while England has been in the struggle for more than four years." He inclines to think our scheme of price-fixing "has, if anything, been more drastic than that of Great Britain, altho rationing has gone to greater lengths there than it has here." In general, he believes that England "has emerged from the war in some respects better off economically than the United States, since there has been less disturbance, relatively speaking, to her price-level and her banking situation than to that of this country." The blame, or at least most of the blame, he places on "hasty and unthinking public finance." England with much greater burdens, relatively speaking, "has felt smaller effects from them and will find it easier to get back to a normal condition than shall we." Most of the harm done here he believes could have been avoided "had we been willing to take the necessary steps looking to that end."

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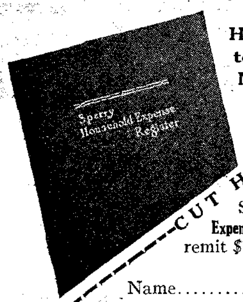

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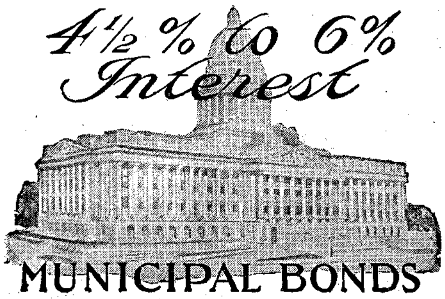

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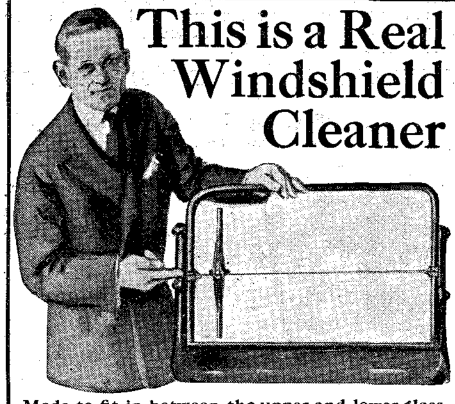

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"L. H.," Jewell, Kan.—"Which is correct, 'The audience all rose to *its* feet,' or 'The audience all rose to *their* feet'?"

"Their feet" is better, as the word "all" is used, but why say more than "The audience rose," inasmuch as it could not well rise otherwise than upon its feet?

"R. C. S.," Portland, Ore.—"Is the expression, 'Hardware and Plumbing Supplies Jobbers,' meaning jobbers of hardware and plumbing supplies, correct?"

The sentence submitted is awkward in form and sound, it would be better to start the sentence with the word "Jobbers," as you do in explaining what you mean. It is well worth the additional preposition.

"C. N. C.," White Salmon, Wash.—"Kindly tell me why in the chronological tables the birth of Christ is listed 4 B.C. when one would naturally expect that date to be A.D."

The actual date of the birth of Christ is uncertain, but the majority of authorities place it in 4 B.C., which means that the Christian era was started four years too late.

"P. J. T.," Michigan City, Ind.—"Kindly give the proper pronunciation of the name *Katisha* from the opera 'Mikado'."

Katisha is pronounced *ka"ti-sha'—a* as in *fat*, *i* as in *hit*, *a* as in *artistic*.

"F. T. A.," Lakewood, N. J.—"Kindly explain the difference between the Russian and the Christian calendars. I understand that there is thirteen days' difference in the dates. Is their date earlier or later than ours? At what time did this difference change from twelve to thirteen days?"

According to "The New International Encyclopedia" (vol. iv, p. 323), "So perfect was the Julian style of reckoning that it prevailed generally among Christian nations, and remained undisturbed till the accumulation of the remaining error of 11 minutes or so had amounted, in 1582, to 10 complete days, the vernal equinox falling on the 11th instead of the 21st of March, as it did at the time of the council of Nicæa, 325 A.D. This shifting of days had caused great disturbances by unfixing the times of the celebration of Easter, and hence of all the other movable feasts, and, accordingly, Pope Gregory XIII., after careful study with the aid of Clavius, the astronomer ordained that 10 days should be deducted from the year 1582, by calling what, according to the old calendar, would have been reckoned the 5th of October the 15th of October, 1582; and, in order that this displacement might not recur, it was further ordained that every hundredth year (1700, 1800, 1900, etc.) should not be counted a leap year, excepting every fourth hundredth beginning with 1600. In this way the difference between the civil and natural year will not amount to a day in 3000 years. In Spain, Portugal, and part of Italy, the Pope was exactly obeyed. In France the change took place in the same year, by calling the 10th the 20th of December. In the Low Countries the change was from the 15th of December to the 25th; but it was resisted by the Protestant part of the community till the year 1700. The Catholic nations, in general, adopted the style ordained by their Sovereign Pontiff; but the Protestants were then too much inflamed against Catholicism in all its relations to receive even a purely scientific improvement from such hands. The Lutherans of Germany, Switzerland, and, as already mentioned, of the Low Countries, at length gave way in 1700, when it had become necessary to omit 11 instead of 10 days. A bill to this effect had been brought before the Parliament of England in 1585, but does not appear to have gone beyond a second reading in the House of Lords. It was not till 1751, and after great inconveniences had been experienced for nearly two centuries from the differences of the reckoning, that an act was passed for equalizing the style in Great Britain and Ireland with that used in other countries of Europe. It was then enacted that 11 days should be omitted after the 2d of September 1752, so that the ensuing day should be the 14th A similar change was made about the same time in Sweden and Tuscany. Russia and Greece are now the only countries using the old style; a practise which renders it necessary, when a letter is thence addressed to a person in another country, that the date should be given thus: Apri 1–14 or June 27–July 10. It will be observed that the years 1800 and 1900, not being considered by us as leap years, have interjected two more days, making the difference 13 days between old and new style." Therefrom it may be seen that the Russians are 13 days *behind* us Before the Gregorian reform, the error increased by one day in about 160 years.

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